BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

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CHAUCER VOL. II.

She gathereth floures partie white & red
To make a sotel gerlond for hire hed

ondon Printed for John Bell British Library Dec.r 14th 1782

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From *Urry's* Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From *Tyrwhitt's* Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----
Of ditees and of songes glade,
The which he---made,
The londe fulfilled is over all. GOWER.

My maister CHAUCER---chiefe poete of Bretayne----
Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre----
That made first to dystylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence
Into our tunge thurgh his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of English tong is dede----
My mayster CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
Universel fadir in science----
This londis verray tresour and richesse----
The firste fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.

Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, orlege and regulere,
In eloquence balme, condict and diall,
Mylky fountane, clere strand, and rois riall,
Of fresche endite throw Albioun iland braid. DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! rose of rethouris all,
As in oure toung flour imperial
That raise in Brittane evir, quha reidis right
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
The fresche enamilt termes celestiall:
This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every toung terrestriall
As far as Mayi's morrow dois midnight. DUNBAR.

VOL. II.

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THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHANNE that April with his ſhoures ſote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in ſwiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his ſote brethe
Enſpired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge ſonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And ſmale foules maken melodie,
That ſlepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages,
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to ſeken ſtrange ſtrondes,
To ſerve halwes couthe in ſondry londes;

For a grammatical and metrical analyſis of the firſt eighteen lines ſee the *Eſſay*, &c. p. 167—170.

℣. 8. *Hath in the Ram*] Rather the *Bolle*. See the reaſons in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. p. 177.

℣. 13. *And palmeres*] The different ſorts of pilgrims are thus diſtinguiſhed by Dante, *Vita nuova*, p. 80, "Chiamanſi *Palmi-*"*eri*, inquanto vanno oltra mare, laonde molte volte recano "la palma;—*Peregrini*, inquanto vanno alla caſa di Galizia; "—*Romei*, inquanto vanno a Roma." But he ſpeaks as an Italian. Chaucer ſeems to conſider all pilgrims to foreign parts as palmers.

And ſpecially from every ſhire's ende
Of Englelond to Canterbury they wende,
The holy bliſsful martyr for to ſeke
That hem hath holpen whan that they were ſeke.
Befelle that in that ſeſon on a day,
In Southwerk at The Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hoſtelrie
Wel nine-and-twenty in a compagnie
Of ſondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawſhip, and pilgrimes were they alle
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the ſtables weren wide,
And wel we weren eſed atte beſte.
And ſhortly when the ſonne was gon to reſte,
So hadde I ſpoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawſhip anon,
And made forward erly for to riſe,
To take oure way ther as I you deviſe.
But natheles while I have time and ſpace,
Or that I forther in this Tale pace,

ỽ. 20. *The Tabard*] See Mr. Speght's note, as cited in the *Diſcourſe, &c.* n. 6.

ỽ. 29. *wel—eſed*] *Bien aiſés*. The later French uſage of *aiſe* ſing. and *aiſes* plur. unaccented, ſeems to be a corruption.

ỽ. 33. *And made forward*] More properly *forword*. See below, ver. 831, 50, 54. from the Sax. *fore-word*, promiſe. *Made* (contracted from *maked*) is a diſſyllable. See ver. 4361.

Me thinketh it accordant to reſon
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, ſo as it ſemed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre,
And eke in what araie that they were inne;
And at a knight than wol I firſte beginne.
  A *Knight* ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firſte began
To riden out he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteſie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre

℣. 43. *A Knight*] The courſe of adventures of our Knight may be illuſtrated by thoſe of a real knight of Chaucer's age, who (for any thing that appears to the contrary) might have been upon this very pilgrimage; his epitaph is in Leland's *Itin.* v. iii. p. 111; "Icy giſt le noble et vaillant Chivaler Matheu "de Gourney, *&c.*——qui en ſa vie fu a la bataille *de Benamaryn*, et ala apres a la ſiege d'Algezire ſur les Sarazines et "auſſi a les batailles de l'Eſcluſe, de Creſſy, de Deyngeneſſe, "de Peyteres, de Nazare, d'Ozrey et a pluſours autres batailles et aſſeges en les quex il gaigna noblement graunt los et "honour."—He died in 1406 at the age of ninty-ſix. Why Chaucer ſhould have choſen to bring his knight from Alexandria and Lettowe rather than from Creſſy and Poitiers is a problem difficult to reſolve, except by ſuppoſing that the ſlighteſt ſervices againſt infidels were in thoſe days more honourable than the moſt ſplendid victories over Chriſtians.

℣. 48. *ferre*] *i. e. ferer*, the comparative of *fer*, far. So Chaucer uſes *derre* for *derer*, the comparat. of *dere*, dear, ver. 1450; "Ther was no man that Theſeus hath *derre.*" *Ferrer* is uſed at length by Peter of Langtoft, and *ferreſt*, the ſuperl. below, ver. 496.

As well in Criſtendom as in Hetheneſſe,
And ever honoured for his worthineſſe.
At Aliſandre he was whan it was wonne:
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce:
In Lettowe hadde he reyſed and in Ruce,

ỽ. 51. *At Aliſandre*] Alexandria in Egypt was won (and immediately after abandoned) in 1365 by Pierre de Luſignan King of Cyprus. The ſame prince, ſoon after his acceſſion to the throne in 1352, had taken Satalie, the ancient Attalia; and in another expedition, about 1367, he made himſelf maſter of the town of Layas in Armenia. Compare 1 *Memoire ſur les ouvrages de Guillaume de Machaut. Acad. des Inſ.* t. xx. p. 426, 432, and *Memoire ſur la vie de Philippe de Maizières*, t. xvii. p. 493. See alſo *Froiſſart*, v. iii. p. 21. Walſingham mentions the taking of Alexandria, [p. 180.] and adds, "Interfuerunt "autem huic captioni cum rege Cypriæ plures Anglici et A-"quitanici, referentes tam in Angliam quam in Aquitaniam "pannos aureos et holoſericos, ſplendoreſque gemmarum ex-"oticos, in teſtimonium tantæ victoriæ."

ỽ. 52. *he hadde the bord begonne----in Pruce.*] He had been placed at the head of the table, the uſual compliment to extraordinary merit, as the commentators very properly explain it. When our military men wanted employment it was uſual for them to go and ſerve in Pruſe or Pruſſia with the Knights of the Teutonick order, who were in a ſtate of conſtant warfare with their Heathen neighbours in Lettowe, (Lithuania) Ruſe, (Ruſſia) and elſewhere. A Pagan king of Lettowe is mentioned by Walſingham, p. 180, 343.

ỽ. 54. *reyſed*] This is properly a German word. Kilian in v. *Reyſen*, "iterfacere---et Ger. militare, facere ſtipendium." The editions (except M.) and ſeveral mſſ. have changed it into *ridden*, which indeed ſeems to have been uſed by Chaucer in the ſame ſenſe ver. 48.

No Criſten man ſo ofte of his degre:
In Gernade at the ſiege eke hadde he be
Of Algeſir, and ridden in Belmarie:
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete ſee
At many a noble armee hadde he be.

℣. 56. *In Gernade*] The city of Algezir was taken from the Mooriſh King of Granada in 1344. Mariana, [l. xvi. c. 11,] among other perſons of diſtinction who came to aſſiſt at the ſiege in 1343, names particularly "de Inglaterra, con licentia del "Rey Eduardo, los Condes de Arbid, y de Soluzber," which I ſuppoſe we may ſafely interpret to mean the Earls of Derby and Saliſbury. Knighton ſays that the Earl of Derby was there, X *Script.* 2583.

℣. 57. *in Belmarie*:] I cannot find any country of this name in any authentick geographical writer. Froiſſart [V. iv. c. 23,] reckons it among the kingdoms of Africa; "Thunes, Bovgie, "Maroch, *Bellemarine*, Tremeſſen;" and Chaucer [v. 1772,] ſpeaks of it as producing lions. The battle of Benamarin, mentioned in Sir M. Gourney's epitaph, is ſaid by a late author of *Viage de Eſpanna*, p. 73, n. 1, to have been ſo called "por haber quedado vencido en ella Albohacen, Rey de Marruecos, "del linage de Aben Marin." Perhaps, therefore, the dominions of that family in Africa might be called abuſively Benamarin, and by a further corruption Belmarie.

℣. 59. *the Grete ſee*] This is generally underſtood to mean the Pontus Euxinus; but I doubt whether the name of Mare Maggiore was given to that ſea by any other nation beſide the Italians. Sir John Mandeville, p. 89, calls that part of the Mediterranean which waſhes the coaſt of Paleſtine "the Grete "ſee," an appellation which it might poſſibly have acquired there to diſtinguiſh it from the two inland ſeas (as they were improperly ſtyled) the ſea of Tiberias and the Dead ſea.---In *mſ. T.* it is *the Grekiſh ſee*, a reading to which I ſhould have had no objection if I had found it confirmed by any better mſ. In the middle ages the Mediterranean ſea from Sicily to Cyprus

At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramiſſene
In liſtes thries, and ay ſlain his fo.
  This ilke worthy Knight hadde ben alſo
Sometime with the Lord of Palatie
Agen another Hethen in Turkie,
And evermore he hadde a ſovereine pris,
And though that he was worthy he was wiſe,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne ſayde
In alle his lif unto no manere wight:
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
  But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fuſtian he wered a gipon
Alle beſmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

was ſometimes called Mare Græcum, *Hoved.* p. 709. So Bracton ſpeaks of Eſſoigns, "de ultra et de citra Mare Græcorum," l. v. tr. 2, c. 3. The ſee of Grece is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Chaucer himſelf, ver. 4884.——And in *Iſumbras*, fol. 130, b. "Tyl he come to the Grekes ſee."

℣. 60. *noble armee*] I have printed this as the moſt intelligible reading, though I am not quite ſatisfied with it; the mſſ. have *arme*, *aryve*, and *ryver*.

℣. 65. *the Lord of Palatie*] Palathia in Anatolia, *Sp.* The nature of his lordſhip may be explained from *Froiſſ.* v. iii. c. 22; he gives an account there of ſeveral Hauts Baronsin thoſe parts who kept poſſeſſion of their lands paying a tribute to the Turk; he names particularly le Sire de Sathalie, le Sire de la Palice, et le Sire de Haute-Loge.

With him ther was his ſone, a yonge *Squier*,
A lover and a luſty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in preſſe;
Of twenty yere of age he was I geſſe.
Of his ſtature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of ſtrengthe;
And he hadde be ſometime in chevachie
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of ſo litel ſpace,
In hope to ſtonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle full of freſhe floures white and rede:
Singing he was or floyting alle the day;
He was as freſhe as is the moneth of May:
Short was his goune, with ſleves long and wide;
Wel coude he ſitte on hors, and ſayre ride:

℣. 84. *deliver*] Nimble; ſo below, ver. 15422, *deliverly*, nimbly: the word is plainly formed from the Fr. *libre*. The Italians uſe *ſuelto* or *ſciolto* in the ſame ſenſe.

℣. 85. *in chevachie*] *Chevauchée*, French. It moſt properly means an expedition with a ſmall party of cavalry, but is often uſed generally for any military expedition. Hollinſhed calls it *a rode*.

℣. 89. *Embrouded*] Embroidered, from the Fr. *broder*, originally *border*.

℣. 91. *floyting*] Playing on the flute; ſo in *H. F.* iii. 133,

> And many a floite and litlyng horne
> And pipes made of grene corne

The firſt ſyllable for a time retained the broad ſound of its original. See *Du Cange, Flauta. Kilian, Fluyte*. In ſome copies it is changed to *ſlowting*.

He coude ſonges make, and wel endite,
Juſte and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write:
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He ſlep no more than doth the nightingale:
  Curteis he was, lowly and ſerviſable,
And carf before his fader at the table.
  A *Yeman* hadde he, and ſervantes no mo
At that time, for him luſte to ride ſo,

℣. 97. *nightertale*] Night-time, from the Sax. *nihtern dæl*, *nocturna portio*. Lydgate uſes *nightertyme*. *Traged*. fol. 141, b. 156, b.

℣. 100. *And carf before his fader*] The practice of ſquires (of the higheſt quality) carving at their fathers' tables has been fully illuſtrated by M. de Ste Palaye, *Ac. des Inſc.* t. xx. p. 604.

℣. 101. *A Yeman hadde he*] The late editions call this character the Squire's Yeman, but improperly; the pronoun *he* relates to the Knight. Chaucer would never have given the ſon an attendant when the father had none.——Yeman, or yeoman, is an abbreviation of yeongeman, as youthe is of yeongthe. Young men being moſt uſually employed in ſervice, ſervants have, in many languages, been denominated from the ſingle circumſtance of age, as παις, *puer*, *garcon*, boy, grome. As a title of ſervice or office Yoman is uſed in the ſtat. 37 Edward III. c. 9 and 11, to denote a ſervant of the next degree above a *garſon* or groom; and at this day in ſeveral departments of the royal houſehold the attendants are diſtributed into three claſſes of Serjeants or Squiers, Yeomen and Grooms. In the houſehold of the Mayor of London ſome officers of the rank of Yeoman are ſtill, I believe, called Young Men. See *Chamberlain's State of Gr. Brit.*—In the ſtatute 20 R. II. c. 2, Yoman and Vadletz are ſynonymous terms. The Chanone's Yeman, who is introduced below, ver. 16030, is a common ſervant. See alſo ver. 2770. The title of Yeoman was given, in a ſecondary ſenſe, to people of middling rank not in ſervice,

And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene;
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily:
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
  A not-hed hadde he with a broune visage:
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage:
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene:

So the Miller, ver. 3947, is careful "'To saven his estat of Yemanrie." The appropriation of the word to signify a small landholder is more modern I apprehend.

ỽ. 104. *peacock arwes*] Arrows with peacock feathers. See Mr. Warton's illustration of this passage, *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, p. 4;0.—There is a patent in *Rymer*, 15 R. II. "de arte sagittandi per Valettos Regis exercendâ." The Yeomen, and all other servants of the royal household, of whatever state or office, under the degree of Yeomen, are ordered to carry bows and arrows with them whenever they ride, &c. in the king's train.

ỽ. 109. *A not-hed*] A head like a nut, from the hair probably being cut short. It has since been called a round-head for the same reason.

ỽ. 115. *A Cristofre*] I do not see the meaning of this ornament. By the stat. 37 Edw. III. yomen are forbidden to wear any ornaments of gold or silver.

A forſter was he ſothely as I geſſe.
  Ther was alſo a Nonne, a *Prioreſſe*,
That of hire ſmiling was ful ſimple and coy,
Hire greteſt othe n'as but by Seint Eloy,
And ſhe was cleped Madam Eglentine;
Ful wel ſhe ſange the ſervice devine,
Entuned in hire noſe ful ſwetely;
And Frenche ſhe ſpake ful fayre and fetiſly,
After the ſcole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe:
At mete was ſhe wel ytaughte withalle,
She lette no morſel from hire lippes falle,

ṽ. 120. *Seint Eloy*] In Latin *Sanctus Eligius*. I have no authority but that of edit. *Urr.* for printing this ſaint's name at length. In all the mſſ. which I have ſeen it is abbreviated St. Loy, both in this place and in ver. 7146. The metre will be ſafe if *othe* be pronounced as a diſſyllable.

ṽ. 124. *And Frenche ſhe ſpake*] It has been mentioned before [*Eſſay*, &c. n. 55,] that Chaucer thought but meanly of the Engliſh-French ſpoken in his time. It was proper however that the Prioreſſe ſhould ſpeak ſome ſort of French not only as a woman of faſhion, (a character which ſhe is repreſented to affect, ver. 139, 140,) but as a religious perſon. The inſtructions from the Abbot of St. Albans to the nuns of Sopewell, in 1338, were in the French language. See *Auct. Add. M. Paris*, p. 1171.

ṽ. 127. *At mete*] The following circumſtances of behaviour at table are copied from *Rom. de la R.* 14178—14199;

Et bien ſe garde qu'elle ne moeille
Ses doys au brouet juſqu' es jointes, &c.
Si ſagement port ſa bouchee,
Que ſur ſon pied goutte n'en chee
De ſouppe, ne de ſaulſe noire.——
Et doit ſi bien ſa bouche terdre
Tant qu'el n'y laiſſe greſſe aherdre
Au moins en la levre deſſeure.——

Ne wette hire fingres in hire ſauce depe;
Wel coude ſhe carie a morſel and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire breſt:
In curteſie was ſette ful moche hire leſt:
Hire over lippe wiped ſhe ſo clene
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing ſene
Of greſe whan ſhe dronken hadde hire draught;
Full ſemely after hire mete ſhe raught:
And ſikerly ſhe was of grete diſport,
And ful pleaſant and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court and ben eſtatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
  But for to ſpeken of hire conſcience,
She was ſo charitable and ſo pitous
She wolde wepe if that ſhe ſaw a mous
Caughte in a trappe if it were ded or bledde.
Of ſmale houndes hadde ſhe that ſhe fedde
With roſted fleſh, and milk, and waſtel brede,
But ſore wept ſhe if on of hem were dede,
Or if men ſmote it with a yerde ſmert;
And all was conſcience and tendre herte.
  Ful ſemely hire wimple ypinched was,
Hire noſe tretis, hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful ſmale, and therto ſoft and red;
But ſikerly ſhe hadde a fayre forehed:
It was almoſt a ſpanne brode I trowe,
For hardily ſhe was not undergrowe.

Ful fetiſe was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of ſmale corall aboute hire arm ſhe bare
A pair of bedes gauded all with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful ſhene
On whiche was firſt ywritten a crouned A,
And after *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another *Nonne* alſo with hire hadde ſhe
That was hire chapelleine, and *Preeſtes* thre.
A *Monk* ther was, a fayre for the maiſtrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;

ỽ. 159. *gauded all with grene*] Having the gawdies green; ſome were of ſilver gilt, *Monaſt.* v. iii. p. 174; "Tria paria "precularium del corall cum le gaudeys argenti deaurata." So in Gower, *Conf. Am.* f. 190;

> A paire of bedes blacke as ſable
> She toke and hynge my necke about.
> Upon *the gaudees* all without
> Was wryte of gold, *pur repoſer*.

ỽ. 163. *Another Nonne, &c.*] See *Diſcourſe, &c.* p. 180.

ỽ. 165. *a fayre for the maiſtrie*] We ſhould ſay *a fair one*; but in Chaucer's time ſuch tautology was not, I ſuppoſe, elegant; ſo below, ver. 189;

> Therfore he was a prickaſour *a right.*

As to the phraſe *for the maiſtrie*, I take it to be derived from the French *pour la maiſtrie*, which I find in an old book of phyſick applied to ſuch medicines as we uſually call Sovereign, excellent above all others. *Mſ. Bod.* 761. *Secreta b. Samp. de Clowburnel*, fol. 17, b. "Ciroigne bone pur la maiſtrie a briſer "et a meurer apoſtemes, &c. Medicine magiſtrel pur feſtre, &c. Medicine pur la maiſtrie pur feſtre," &c. And in another treatiſe in the ſame mſ. *Medulla Cirurgie Rolandi*, ſimilar phraſes are uſed in Latin, fol. 77, "Pocio bona pro ma-"giſterio ad vulnera ſananda," &c. fol. 79, "Contra lu-"pum, &c. medicamen magiſtrale." In the ſame ſenſe the Monk is ſaid to be fair *for the maiſtrie* above all others. The phraſe is uſed by R. of Glouceſter, p. 553; "An ſtede he gan

A manly man to ben an abbot able;
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in ſtable,
And whan he rode men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whiſtling wind as clere
And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Beneit,
Becauſe that it was olde and ſomdele ſtreit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen
That ſaith that hunters ben not holy men,

"prikie wel *vor the maiſtrie.*" The ſeveral chymical preparations known by the name of *magiſterium* of lead, biſmuth, &c. I conceive to have originally acquired that name from their being conſidered at firſt as *maſterly operations*.

℣. 166. *loved venerie*] *i. e.* hunting; if the word in Chaucer's time had born any other ſenſe he would hardly have put it into the mouth of Emilia in ver. 2310. The monks of that age are repreſented as fond of field-ſports. See below, ver. 189—192, and *P. P.* fol. *L. a.* Knighton ſays that an abbot of Leiceſter, who died in 1377, "in venatione leporum inter omnes "regni dominos famoſiſſimus et nominatiſſimus habebatur." X *Scriptor.* p. 2631. He adds indeed that the abbot was uſed to aſſert, what perhaps may have been partly true, "ſe non "delectaſſe in hujuſmodi frivolis venationibus, niſi ſolum pro "obſequiis dominis regni præſtandis, et affabilitate eorum captandâ, et gratia in ſuis negotiis adipiſcendâ."

℣. 169. *his bridel---Gingeling*] See this faſhion of hanging bells on bridles, &c. illuſtrated by Mr. Warton, *Hiſt. of Eng. Po.* p. 164. See alſo below, ver. 14800, 1.

℣. 177. *a pulled hen*] See below, ver. 6694;

Swiche arrogance n'is not worth an hen.

I do not ſee much force in the epithet *pulled*. *Ca.* 1, reads *pullet*.

Ne that a monk whan he is rekkeles
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre;
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre;
And I say his opinion was good.
What! shulde he studie and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved:

ỽ. 179. *whan he is rekkeles*] *Mſ. C.* reads *cloisterles*; to which the only objection is, that if it had been the true reading there would have been no occasion to explain or paraphrase it in ver. 181. The text alluded to is attributed by Gratian, *Decret. P.* ii. *Cau.* xvi. q. i. c. 8, to a Pope Eugenius—"Sicut piscis sine "aquâ caret vitâ, ita sine monasterio monachus." In *P. P.* according to *mſ. Cotton, Vesp. B.* xvi, (for the passage is omitted in the printed editions) a similar saying is quoted from Gregory;

> Gregori the grete clerk gart write in bokes
> The rule of alle religioun riytful and obedient
> Riyt as fishes in a flod whan hem faileth water
> Deien for drowthe whan thei drie liggen
> Riyt so religious roten and sterven
> That out of covent or cloistre coveiten to dwelle.

As the known senses of *rekkeles* (*viz.* careless, negligent,) by no means suit with this passage, I am inclined to suspect that Chaucer possibly wrote *reghelles*, *i.e.* without rule. *Regol* (from *regula*) was the Saxon word for a rule, and particularly for a monastick rule. Hence *regol-lif*, regularis seu monastica vita; *regol-lage*, regularium lex; and in the quotation from Orm, *Essay*, &c. n. 52, *an reghel boc* signifies the book of rules by which the Augustinian canons were governed.

ỽ. 187. *As Austin bit*] *i. e.* biddeth: Chaucer frequently abbreviates the third person singular of the present tense in this

Therfore he was a prickasoure a right.
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight.
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
  I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond;
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was:
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint;
He was a lord ful fat and in good point:
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led;
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat:

manner. See ver. 976, 983, *rit* for *rideth*; ver. 4069, 15686, *fint* for *findeth*; ver. 4191, *rist* for *riseth*; ver. 5038, 5071, 5, *stant* for *standeth*; ver. 7239, *sit* for *sitteth*; ver. 7998, *smit* for *smiteth*.

℣. 193. *his sleves purfiled*] From the Fr. *pourfiler*, which properly signifies to work upon the edge. *Pur* Eng. and *pour* Fr. are generally corruptions of the Latin *pro*.—It is not clear what species of fur the gris was, only that it was one of the better sorts. See *Du Cange* in v. *Griseum*. If it was the same with *vair*, (commonly called *menever*, *i. e. menu vair*) as he supposes, it was probably next in esteem to ermin. See the statute 37 E. III. c. 10 and 12. One of Wolsey's ordinances for the reformation of the Augustinian monks in 1519 is directed against the foppery here described; "In manicis sub nullo modo fur-"ruris utantur aut pellibus, nisi prout iis permissum est in sta-"tutis Benedictinis." *Monast.* v. ii. p. 567.

℣. 203. *His bootes souple*] This is part of the description of a

He was not pale as a forpined goſt;
A fat ſwan loved he beſt of any roſt:
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.
  A *Frere* ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A limitour, a ful ſolempne man:
In all the ordres foure is non that can
So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen at his owen coſt;
Until his ordre he was a noble poſt.
Ful wel beloved and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the Toun,
For he had power of confeſſion,
As ſaide himſelfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was a licenciat.
Ful ſwetely herde he confeſſion,
And pleſant was his abſolution.
He was an eſy man to give penance
Ther as he wiſte to han a good pitance,
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is ſigne that a man is wel yſhrive;
For if he gave he dorſte make avant
He wiſte that a man was repentant;
For many a man ſo hard is of his herte
He may not wepe although him ſore ſmerte;

ſmart abbot by an anonymous writer of the 12th century; "Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quaſi innatæ eſſent, ſine plicâ "porrectas." *Mſ. Bod. James*, n. 6, p. 121.

Therfore in ſtede of weping and praieres
Men mote give ſilver to the poure freres.
His tippet was ay farſed ful of knives
And pinnes for to given fayre wives:
And certainly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he ſinge and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris;
His nekke was white as the flour de lis;
Therto he ſtrong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hoſteler and gay tapſtere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere;
For unto ſwiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought as by his faculte
To haven with ſike lazars acquaintance:
It is not honeſt, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no ſwiche pouraille,
But all with riche and ſellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit ſhuld ariſe
Curteis he was, and lowly of ſerviſe:
Ther n'as no man no wher ſo vertuous;
He was the beſte begger in all his hous,

℣. 233. *farſed*] Stuffed, from the Fr. *farcir*.

℣. 237. *Of yeddinges*] This word, being not underſtood, has been changed in ſome copies into *tidinges* and *weddinges*. It probably means a kind of ſong, from the Sax. *geddian* or *giddian*, to ſing. See the *Saxon Boethius*, cap. i. l. *ult.* where the words *thus ſingende cuæth*, are rendered in the poetical verſion, p. 152, *gyddode thus*. See more inſtances in *Lye's Saxon Dict.* The Saxon ʒ paſſes frequently into *y*.

And gave a certaine ferme for the grant
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt:
For though a widewe hadde but a ſhoo,
(So pleſant was his *In principio)*
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went;
His pourchas was wel better than his rent:
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp;
In lovedayes ther coude he mochel help;

ỳ. 256. *In principio*] This phraſe is commonly explained to refer to the beginning of St. John's Goſpel; it may alſo refer to the beginning of Geneſis. In an old French romance, *l'Hiſtoire des trois Maries*, it ſeems to ſignify ſome paſſage in the concluſion of the maſs. *Acad. des Inſ.* t. xiii. p. 521;

> Moult aiſe fui quant *audio*
> Le Preſtre dire *in principio*,
> Car la Meſſe ſi eſt finee.

It is not very material in which of theſe ſenſes it is underſtood either here or in ver. 15169.

ỳ. 258. *His pourchas was, &c.*] From the *Rom. de la Roſe*, 12288;

> Mieux vault mon pourchas que ma rente.

See *R. R.* 6838.

ỳ. 260. *In lovedayes*] A day appointed for the amicable ſettlement of differences was called á Love-day. *Bracton*, l. v. fol. 369, "ſi ante judicium capiatur dies amores."—*Rot. Parl.* 13 H. IV. n. 13, "agayn the fourme of a love-day taken bytwen the ſame parties." The gloſſary calls them, improperly, Meetings for pleaſure and diverſion. They were meetings for buſineſs, though it is probable that the buſineſs when finiſhed was uſually followed by a treat given to the arbitrators, &c. See the *Par. Roll.* quoted above. In *P. P.* fol. xxvii, Sloth in the character of a prieſt ſays,

> I can holde lovedayes, and here a reve's rekenynge,
> And in cannon or in decretals I cannot read a lyne.

For ther was he nat like a cloiſterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure ſcolere,
But he was like a maiſter or a pope:
Of double worſted was his ſemicope,
That round was as a belle out of the preſſe.
Somwhat he liſped for his wantonneſſe
To make his Engliſh ſwete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde ſonge,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright
As don the ſterres in a froſty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.
  A *Marchant* was ther with a forked berd;
In mottelee, and highe on hors he ſat,
And on his hed a Flaundriſh bever hat.
His bootes claſped fayre and fetiſly;
His reſons ſpake he ful ſolempnely,
Souning alway the encreſe of his winning:
He wold the ſee were kept for any thing
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eſchanges ſheldes ſelle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit beſette;
Ther wiſte no wight that he was in dette,
So ſtedefaſtly didde he his governance
With his bargeines and with his cheviſance.

ꝟ. 278. *the ſee were kept*] *i. e.* guarded. The old ſubſidy of tonnage and poundage was given to the king " pur la ſauf-" garde et cuſtodie del mer," 12 Edw. IV. c. 3.

Forſothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But ſoth to ſayn I n'ot how men him calle.
A *Clerk* ther was of Oxenforde alſo,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake,
But loked holwe, and therto ſoberly.
Ful thredbare was his overeſt courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office;
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red
Of Ariſtotle and his philoſophie
Then robes riche, or fidel or ſautrie:
But all be that he was a philoſophre
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente
On bokes and on lerning he it ſpente,
And beſily gan for the ſoules praie
Of hem that yave him wherwith to ſcolaie.

℣. 292. *his overeſt courtepy*] His uppermoſt ſhort cloke of coarſe cloth. See ver. 6964, and *P. P.* fol. 33, b. l. *ult.*

And kyt her copes, and courtepies hem made.

It is a Teutonick word, from kort, *curtus*, and pije, *penula coactiles, ex villis craſſioribus*. *Kilian* in vv.

℣. 300. *Yet hadde he*] Hadde is here to be pronounced as a diſſyllable, the *h* in *he* being conſidered as a conſonant: ſo below, ver. 388. See alſo ver. 9859, 11784, 11805, 12532, 12834, in all which inſtances (and many others) the *e* feminine is to be pronounced before *h*.

℣. 304. *to ſcolaie*] To attend ſchool, from the old Fr. verb *eſcoloier*. It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Lydgate, *Traged.* fol.

Of ſtudie toke he moſte cure and hede;
Not a word ſpake he more than was nede,
And that was ſaid in forme and reverence,
And ſhort and quike, and full of high ſentence:
Souning in moral vertue was his ſpeche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.
  A *Sergeant of the Lawe* ware and wiſe,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was alſo, ful riche of excellence;
Diſcrete he was, and of gret reverence;
He ſemed ſwiche, his wordes were ſo wiſe:
Juſtice he was ful often in aſſiſe
By patent and by pleine commiſſioun:
For his ſcience and for his high renoun
Of fees and robes had he many on:
So grete a pourchaſour was no wher non:
All was fee ſimple to him in effect,
His pourchaſing might not ben in ſuſpect:

99. So Chaucer uſes to *werreie*, ver. 10324, 14338, and to *feſteye*, ver. 10659, from *guerroier* and *feſtoier*.

℣. 307. *in forme and reverence*] With propriety and modeſty. In the next line "ful of high ſentence" means only, I apprehend, full of high or excellent ſenſe.——Mr. Warton will excuſe me for ſuggeſting theſe explanations of this paſſage in lieu of thoſe which he has given in his *Hiſt. of Eng. Po.* p. 451. The credit of good letters is concerned that Chaucer ſhould not be ſuppoſed to have made a pedantick formality and a preciſe ſententious ſtyle on all ſubjects the characteriſticks of a ſcholar.

℣. 322. *in ſuſpect*] In ſuſpicion. See ver. 8781, 12197.

No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle
That fro the time of King Will. weren falle;
Therto he coude endite and make a thing;
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing;
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlée cote
Girt with a seint of silk with barres smale.
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.
  A *Frankelein* was in this compagnie;
White was his berd as is the dayesie:

ỽ. 331. *a seint of silk with barres smale*] It appears from our Author's translation of *R. R.* ver. 1103, that barres were called *cloux* in French, and were an usual ornament of a girdle. See Mr. Warton's *Hist.* p. 377, 426. *Clavus* in Latin, from whence the Fr. *cloux* is derived, seems to have signified not only an outward border, but also what we call a stripe. *Mountfaucon*, t. iii. P. i. ch. vi. A bar in heraldry is a narrow stripe or *fascia*. *Du Cange* in v. *Clavatus*, quotes the *Statut. Andegav. an.* 1423, in which the clergy, and especially the regulars, are forbid to wear *zonas auro clavatas*.

ỽ. 333. *A Frankelein*] Fortescue [*de L. L. Ang.* c. 29,] describes a Franklain to be a *Pater familias*——*magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed with (but after) the *miles* and *armiger*, and is distinguished from the *libere tenentes* and *valecti*, though as it should seem the only real distinction between him and other freeholders consisted in the largeness of his estate. *Spelman*, in v. *Frankelein*, quotes the following passage from Trivet's Fr. Chronicle, [*mss. Bibl. R. S.* n. 56,] "Thomas de "Brotherton (filius Edwardi I. Mareschallus Angliæ) apres la "mort son pere espousa la fille de un Francheleyn apelee Alice." The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the Frankelein.

Of his complexion he was fanguin;
Wel loved he by the morwe a fop in win:
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen fone,
That held opinion that plein delit
Was veraily felicite parfite.
An houfholder and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous
Of fifh and flefh, and that fo plenteous
It fnewed in his hous of mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the fondry fefons of the yere
So changed he his mete and his foupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme and many a luce in ftewe.

ỽ. 342. *Seint Julian*] was eminent for providing his votaries with good lodgings and accomodations of all forts. In the title of his legende, [*mf. Bod.* 1596, f. 4,] he is called "St. Julian, "the gode herberjour:" it ends thus;

> Therfore yet to this day thei that over lond wende
> Thei biddeth Seint Julian anon that gode herborw he hem fende,
> And Seint Julianes pater-nofter ofte feggeth alfo,
> For his fader foule and his moderes, that he hem bring thereto.

Of the virtue of St. Julian's pater-nofter fee *The Decam.* d. ii. n. 2.

ỽ. 344. *envyned*] Stored with wine. Cotgrave has preferved the Fr. word *envinè* in the fame fenfe. This is the reading of *mff. Afk.* 1, 2, and others. The common editions read *viendid*.

Wo was his coke but if his fauce were
Poinant and fharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
At feffions ther was he lord and fire;
Ful often time he was knight of the fhire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of filk
Heng at his girdel white as morwe milk.

ỽ. 357. *At feffions*] At the feffions of the peace. The juftices, by the ftat. 34 Ed. III. c. 1, were to be in each county, "un "Seigneur et ovefque lui trois ou quatre des meultz vauez du "countee, enfemblement ove afcuns fages de la ley." A wealthy frankelein might perhaps be commiffioned under this defcription; but I know not how he could be a knight of the fhire, as they by 46 Edw. III. were to be *Chivalers et Serjantz des meulx vauez du pais;* unlefs we fuppofe either that the rank of Serjant (Efquire) was as undefined as it is now, or that his office of Juftice made him an Efquire within the meaning of the act.

ỽ. 359. *An anelace*] See the *Gloff. to M. Paris* in v. *Anelacius.* It was a kind of knife or dagger ufually worn at the girdle. In that paffage of M. Paris, p. 242, where Petrus de Rivallis is mentioned as "geftans anelacium ad lambare, quod clericum "non decebat," it may be doubted whether the wearing of an anelace fimply, or the wearing of it at the girdle, was an indecent thing in a clerk. The five city-mechanicks, a few lines below, are defcribed as wearing knives, and probably at their girdles, (fee ver. 370.) though the latter circumftance is not clearly expreffed. In the picture of Chaucer which is inferted in fome copies of Occleve's book *De Regimine Principis* he is reprefented with a knife hanging from a button upon his breaft. See *mf. Harl.* 4866, *Cotton, Otho, A.* xviii.

ỽ. 359. *a gipciere*] Fr. *gibeciere*, a purfe. The mechanicks, ver. 370, have alfo their pouches.

A ſhereve hadde he ben and a countour;
Was no wher ſwiche a worthy vavaſour.
An *Haberdaſher*, and a *Carpenter*,
A *Webbe*, a *Deyer*, and a *Tapiſer*,
Were alle yclothed in o livere
Of a ſolempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freſhe and newe hir gere ypiked was;
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with ſilver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del:
Wel ſemed eche of hem a fayre burgeis
To ſitten in a gild halle on the deis:

℣. 361. *a countour*] This word has been changed in ed. *Urr.* (upon what authority I know not) to *coroner*. The mſſ. all read *countour* or *comptour*. At the ſame time it is not eaſy to ſay what office is meant. I have a notion that the foreman of the inqueſt in the Hundred-court was called a *Countour*; but the law-gloſſaries do not take notice of any ſuch ſenſe of the word, and I cannot at preſent produce any thing ſtronger in ſupport of it than the following paſſage of *R. G.* p. 538; ſpeaking of an Hundred court ſummoned by the Conſtable of Glouceſter Caſtle, he ſays that——

He hald this Hundred mid gret-folk and honour,
And Adam of Arderne was is [his] chef *Countour*.

Though this may poſſibly mean that Adam acted as accomptant or ſteward of the court.

℣. 362. *vavaſour*] The preciſe import of this word is often as obſcure as its original. See *Du Cange* in v. In this place it ſhould perhaps be underſtood to mean the whole claſs of middling landholders.

℣. 372. *on the deis*] This word occurs ſo frequently in our old authors that it may be worth the while to endeavour to give a more ſatisfactory explanation of it than is to be found in the gloſſaries. I apprehend that it originally ſignified the

Everich for the wifdom that he can
Was fhapelich for to ben an alderman.

wooden floor [*d'ais*, Fr. *de affibus*, Lat.] which was laid at the upper end of the hall, as we ftill fee it in college-halls, *&c.* That part of the room therefore which was floored with planks was called the *dais*, (the reft being either the bare ground or at beft paved with ftone) and being raifed above the level of the other parts it was often called *the high dais*. In royal halls there were more *dais* than one, each of them probably raifed above the other by one or more fteps, and that where the king fat was called *the higheft dais*. At a dinner which Charles V. of France gave to the Emperour Charles IV. in 1377, Chriftine de Pifan fays, [*Hift. de Ch. V.* P. iii. c. 33.] "cinq *dois* [*dais*] avoit en la fale "plains de Princes et de Barons, et autres tables par-tout.— "et eftoient les *deux grans dois* et les drecouers fais de bar- "rieres a l'environ"--As the principal table was always placed upon a *dais*, it began very foon by a natural abufe of words to be called itfelf *a dais*, and people were faid to fit at the *dais*, inftead of at the table upon the *dais*. It was fo in the time of M. Paris, *Vit. Abb.* p. 1070, "Priore prandente ad magnam "menfam, quam *deis* vocamus."——Menage, whofe authority feems to have led later antiquaries to interpret *dais* a *canopy*, has evidently confounded *deis* with *ders*. *Ders* and *derfeiet* (from *dorfum*, as he obferves) meant properly the hangings at the back of the company, [*Du Cange*, v. *Dorfale*,] but as the fame hangings were often drawn over fo as to form a kind of canopy over their heads the whole was called a *ders*. *Chriftine*, p. iii. c. 41, "Sus chafcun des trois [the Emperour and the "Kings of France and Bohemia] avoit un ciel, diftincte l'un de "l'autre, de drap d'or a fleurs de lis; et pardeffus ces trois en "avoit un grant, *qui couvroit tout au long de la table, et tout* "*derriere eux pendoit* et eftoit de drap d'or." This laft *ciel* or canopy "which covered the whole length of the table, and "hung down behind the company," was a *ders*. That it was quite a different thing from a *deis* appears from what follows; "A l'autre *dois* [*dais*] au plus près," fhe fays "feoit---le Dau- "phin and others. "Et fus le chief du Daulphin avoit un ciel,

For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent;
And elles certainly they were to blame:
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped Madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.
  A *Coke* they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,

" et puis un autre pardessus qui toute la table couvroit." *Dais* here plainly means *a table*. The Dauphin sat at the second table, and had a canopy over his own head, and another which covered the whole table. In short, one of Menage's own citations, if properly corrected, will fully establish the distinct senses of these two words. *Ceremon. de Godefroy*, p. 335, " Le " Roy se vint mettre à table *sur un haut ders* [read *deis*] fait et " préparé en la grande salle du logis Archiepiscopal, *sous un* " *grand ders*, le fond du quel estoit tout d'or." He has another citation from Martene, *de Mon. Rit.* l. i. c. xi. p. 109, in which he himself allows that *dasium* (the same as *dais*) must signify *un estrade*, a raised floor. It appears from the same citation that the ascent to the *dasium* was by more steps than one.—See below, ver. 2202, 9585, 10373, and Gower, *Conf. Amat.* fol. 155, *a*. Sittende *upon the hie deis*.

℣. 381. *for the nones*] " That is, as I conceive, *for the occasion*. This phrase, which was very frequently though not al- " ways very precisely used by our old writers, I suppose to " have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From " *pro-nunc* I suppose came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*, " just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has " been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*."——I have repeated this note from the last edit. of Shakespeare, vol. v. p. 239, as I have not found any reason to alter my opinion with respect to the original of this phrase. I will add here a list of several passages in these Tales in which it is used in the same

And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roſte, and ſethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie;
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his ſhinne a mormal hadde he.

ſenſe. See ver. 525, 547, 3469, 13948, 15339. See alſo *R. G.* p. 285,

And he hadde *vor the nones* tweye ſuerdes by hys ſyde.

ỽ. 383. *And poudre marchant*] What kind of ingredient this was I cannot tell. Cotgrave mentions a *pouldre blanche* and a *pouldre de duc*, which ſeem both to have been uſed in cookery. I muſt take notice that the epithet *tart*, in moſt of the mſſ. is annexed to *poudre marchant*, and I rather wiſh I had left it there, as for any thing that I know it may ſuit that as well as *galingale*.

ỽ. 384. *London ale*] Whether this was a different ſort of ale from that of the provinces or only better made I know not, but it appears to have been in requeſt above a century after Chaucer. In the account of the feaſt of Archbiſhop Warham in 1504 are the following articles. *Lel. Collect. App.* P. ii. p. 30.

De cerviſa Londini iiii dol. — — vi. li.
De cerviſa Cant. vi. dol. prec. dol. xxv s.
De cerviſa Ang. Bere xx. dol. prec. dol. xxiii s. iv d.

So that London ale was higher priced than Kentiſh by 5 s. a barrel.

ỽ. 386. *Maken mortrewes*] Lord Bacon, in his *Nat. Hiſt.* i. 48, ſpeaks of "a mortreſs made with the brawn of capons ſtamped and ſtrained." He joins it with the cullice *(coulis)* of cocks. It ſeems to have been a rich broth or ſoup, in the preparation of which the fleſh was ſtamped or beat in a mortar, from whence it probably derived its name, *une mortreuſe*, tho' I cannot ſay that I have ever met with the French word.

ỽ. 388. *a mormal*] A cancer or gangrene; ſo the Gloſſ. and I believe Chaucer meant nomore, by his confining the diſeaſe to the ſhin. The original word, *Malum mortuum*, Lat. *Maux-*

For blanc manger that made he with the beft.
A *Shipman* was ther woned fer by weft;
For ought I wote he was of Dertemouth:
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun;
The hote fommer hadde made his hewe al broun:
And certainly he was a good felaw;
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward while that the chapmen flepe:
Of nice confcience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught and hadde the higher hand
By water he fent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His ftremes and his ftrandes him befides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non fwiche from Hull unto Cartage.

morz, Fr. feems to have fignified a kind of dead palfy, which took away entirely the ufe of the legs and feet. *Du Cange* in v. *Malum mortuum.* Jonfon, in imitation of this paffage, has defcribed a cook with an——" old mortmal on his fhin." *Sad Shepherd, A.* ii. *S.* 6.

℣. 393. *All in a goune of falding*] I have added *all* for the fake of the verfe, but perhaps unneceffarily, as fome of the mff. read—

In a goune of falding *unto* the knee.

The reader has been forewarned [*Effay*, &c. p. 165,] that Chaucer is not always correct in the difpofition of his accents.

℣. 400. *Of nice confcience*] H. Stephens informs us that nice

Hardy he was, and wiſe, I undertake;
With many a tempeſt hadde his berd be ſhake:
He knew wel alle the havens as they were
Fro Gotland to the Cape de Finiſtere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.
With us ther was a *Doctour of Phiſike*;
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To ſpeke of phiſike and of ſurgerie,
For he was grounded in aſtronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel:
Wel coude he fortunen the aſcendent
Of his images for his patient.

was the old French word for *niais*, one of the ſynonymes of *Sot. Apol. Herod.* l. i. c. 4. Our Author uſes it elſewhere in its original ſenſe for *fooliſh*, ver. 6520;

> But ſay that we ben wiſe, and nothing *nice*.

℣. 405. *His herberwe, his mone*] In ver. 11347 he uſes herberwe for the place of the ſun, which perhaps it may ſignify here. *Lodemanage* ſeems to be formed (as the gloſſ. obſerves) by adding a French termination to the Sax. *ladman*, a guide or pilot. It would have been more Engliſh to have ſaid lodemanſhip, as ſeamanſhip, horſemanſhip, &c. From the ſame property of leading the north-ſtar, in ver. 2061, is called the *lode-ſterre*; and hence alſo our name of loadſtone for the magnet.

℣. 418. *by his magike naturel*] The ſame practices are alluded to in *H. F.* iii. 175;

> And clerkes eke, which conne wel
> All this magyke naturel,
> That craftely do her ententes
> To maken in certayne aſcendentes
> Ymages, lo! through which magyke
> To maken a man ben hole or ſeke.

He knew the caufe of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moift, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour:
He was a veray parfite practifour.
The caufe yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the fike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To fend him dragges and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir frendfhip n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Efculapius,
And Diofcorides and eke Rufus,
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,
Serapion, Rafis, and Avicen,
Averrois, Damafcene, and Conftantin,
Bernard, and Gatifden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mefurable was he,
For it was of no fuperfluitee,
But of gret nourifhing, and digeftible:
His ftudie was but litel on the Bible.

ỽ. 433. *Old Hippocras*] Whoever is curious to know more of the phyficians mentioned in this catalogue may confult the Account of Authors, &c. in ed. *Urr.*——*Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.*—and the *Flench. Medicor. Vet. ap. eund. Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. I fhall only obferve that the names of Hippocras or Ypocras, and Gallien, were ufed, even by the Latin writers of the middle ages, for Hippocrates and Galen. See the infcriptions in the library at St. Albans, *Monaft.* t. i. p. 184;

Magnus eram medicus, Hypocras fum nomine dictus.
Alter et egregius vocitatus eram Galienus.

See below, ver. 12240.

In ſanguin and in perſe he clad was alle
Lined with taffata and with ſendalle.
And yet he was but eſy of diſpence;
He kepte that he wan in the peſtilence;
For gold in phiſike is a cordial,
Therfore he loved gold in ſpecial.
  A good *Wif* was ther *of* beſide *Bathe*,
But ſhe was ſom del defe, and that was ſcathe.
Of cloth making ſhe hadde ſwiche an haunt
She paſſed hem of Ipres and of Gaunt.
In all the pariſh wif ne was ther non
That to the offring before hire ſhulde gon,
And if ther did, certain ſo wroth was ſhe
That ſhe was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorſte ſwere they weyeden a pound
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede:
Hire hoſen weren of fine ſcarlet rede,
Ful ſtreite yteyed, and ſhoon ful moiſt and newe:
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live;
Houſbondes at the chirche dore had ſhe had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe,
But therof nedeth not to ſpeke as nouthe;

ỳ. 549. *Moiſt and newe*] Moiſt is here uſed in a peculiar ſenſe, as derived from *muſtus*; for according to Nonius, 2, 518, "Muſtum non ſolum vinum, verum etiam novellum quiquid eſt, recte dicitur." So in ver. 17009 moiſty ale is oppoſed to old.

ỳ. 464. *as nouthe*] The uſe of nouthe for now, in this place,

And thries hadde ſhe ben at Jeruſaleme;
She hadde paſſed many a ſtrange ſtreme:
At Rome ſhe hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine:
She coude moche of wandring by the way;
Gat-tothed was ſhe, ſothly for to ſay:
Upon an ambler eſily ſhe ſat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat
As brode as is a bokeler or a targe,
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of ſporres ſharpe.
In felawſhip wel coude ſhe laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love ſhe knew parchance,
For of that arte ſhe coude the olde dance.

  A good man ther was of religioun
That was a poure *Perſone* of a toun,
But riche he was of holy thought and werk;
He was alſo a lerned man, a Clerk,
That Criſtes goſpel trewely wolde preche;
His pariſhens devoutly wolde he teche;
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adverſite ful patient,

has ſo much the appearance of a botch, that it may be proper to obſerve that the word was in uſe before Chaucer's time. See *R. G.* p. 455, 8. In the latter inſtance it is in the middle of the verſe.

℣. 470. *Gat-tothed*] Whether we read thus, with the generality of the mſſ. or *cat-tothed*, with *mſſ. Aſk.* 1, 2, or *gap-tothed*, with ed. *Urr.* I confeſs myſelf equally unable to explain what is meant by this circumſtance of deſcription. The Wife uſes the phraſe when ſpeaking of herſelf in ver. 6185.

And ſwiche he was ypreved often ſithes;
Ful loth were him to curſen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute
Unto his poure pariſhens aboute
Of his offring, and eke of his ſubſtance;
He coude in litel thing have ſuffiſance:
Wide was his pariſh, and houſes fer aſonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In ſikeneſſe and in miſchief to viſite
The ferreſt in his pariſh moche and lite
Upon his fete, and in his hand a ſtaf:
This noble enſample to his ſhepe he yaf,
That firſt he wrought and afterward he taught,
Out of the goſpel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto
That if gold ruſte what ſhuld iren do?
For if a preeſt be foule on whom we truſt
No wonder is a lewed man to ruſt;
And ſhame it is if that a preeſt take kepe
To ſee a ſhitten ſhepherd and clene ſhepe:
Wel ought a preeſt enſample for to yeve
By his cleneneſſe how his ſhepe ſhulde live.
He ſette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his ſhepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London unto Seint Poules
To ſeken him a chanterie for ſoules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold,
But dwelt at home and kepte wel his fold,

So that the wolf ne made it not miſcarie:
He was a ſhepherd and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were and vertuous
He was to ſinful men not diſpitous,
Ne of his ſpeche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching diſcrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven with faireneſſe,
By good enſample, was his beſineſſe;
But it were any perſone obſtinat,
What ſo he were of highe or low eſtat,
Him wolde he ſnibben ſharply for the nones:
A better preeſt I trowe that no wher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no ſpiced conſcience
But Criſtes lore, and his apoſtles twelve
He taught, but firſt he folwed it himſelve.
With him ther was a *Ploweman*, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother;
A trewe ſwinker and a good was he,
Living in pees and parfite charitee:
God loved he beſte with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or ſmerte,
And than his neighebour right as himſelve.
He wolde threſh, and therto dike and delve,
For Criſtes ſake, for every poure wight
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

ỽ. 528. *ſpiced conſcience*] This phraſe occurs again ver. 6017, but I do not underſtand it.

His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre ſwinke and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was alſo a Reve, and a Millere,
A Sompnour, and a Pardoner alſo,
A Manciple, and myſelf; ther n'ere no mo.
The *Miller* was a ſtout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun and eke of bones,
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wraſtling he wold bere away the ram.
He was ſhort ſhuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore that he n'olde heve of barre
Or breke it at a renning with his hede;
His berd as any ſowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode as though it were a ſpade.
Upon the cop right of his noſe he hade
A wert, and theron ſtode a tufte of heres
Rede as the briſtles of a ſowes eres:
His noſe-thirles blacke were and wide:
A ſwerd and bokeler bare he by his ſide:
His mouth as wide was as a forneis:
He was a jangler and a Goliardeis,

ỽ. 550. *the ram*] This was the uſual prize at wreſtling-matches. See below, ver. 13671, and *Gamelyn*, ver. 343, 555. M. Paris mentions a wreſtling-match at Weſtminſter in the year 1222, at which a ram was the prize, p. 265.

ỽ. 562. *a Goliardeis*] *Un Goliardois*, Fr. *Goliardus*, or *Goliardenſis*, Lat. This jovial ſect ſeems to have been ſo called from Golias, the real or aſſumed name of a man of wit toward the end of the 12th century, who wrote the *Apocalypſis Goliæ* and other

And that was moſt of ſinne and harlotries:
Wel coude he ſtelen corne and tollen thries;
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde,
A white cote and a blew hode wered he:
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and ſoune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.
  A gentil *Manciple* was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take enſemple
For to ben wiſe in bying of vitaille,
For whether that he paide or toke by taille
Algate he waited ſo in his achate
That he was ay before in good eſtate:

pieces in burleſque Latin rhymes, ſome of which have been falſely attributed to Walter Map. See *Tanner's Bibl. Brit.* in v. *Golias*, and *Du Cange* in v. *Goliardus*. There is a poem by one of this ſect in *mſ. Bod.* 3869, *James*, 32, which is entitled *Dicta cujuſdam Goliardi Anglici*, and begins thus;

Omnibus in Gallia, Anglus Goliardus,
Obediens et humilis, frater non baſtardus,
Goliæ diſcipulus, dolens quod tam tardus,
Mandat ſalutem fratribus, nomine Richardus.

The laſt ſtanza is this;

Summa ſalus omnium, filius Mariæ,
Paſcat, potet, veſtiat pueros Goliæ,
Et conſervet ſocios ſanctæ confrariæ
Ad dies uſque ultimos Enoch et Elyæ.

In ſeveral authors of the 12th century, quoted by Du Cange, the *Goliardi* are claſſed with the *joculatores et buffones*.

℣. 565. *a thomb of gold*] If the alluſion be, as is moſt probable, to the old proverb, "Every honeſt miller has a thumb "of gold," this paſſage may mean that our Miller, notwithſtanding his thefts, was an honeſt miller, *i. e.* as honeſt as his brethren.

Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace
That ſwiche a lewed mannes wit ſhal pace
The wiſdom of an hepe of lered men?
  Of maiſters had he mo than thries ten
That were of lawe expert and curious,
Of which ther was a doſein in that hous
Worthy to ben ſtewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as ſcarſly as him liſt deſire,
And able for to helpen all a ſhire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this Manciple ſette hir aller cappe.
  The *Reve* was a ſlendre colerike man,
His berd was ſhave as neighe as ever he can:
His here was by his eres round yſhorne;
His top was docked like a preeſt beforne:
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
Ylike a ſtaff; ther was no calf yſene:
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne;
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne:
Wel wiſte he by the drought and by the rain
The yelding of his ſeed and of his grain.

ꝟ. 588. *ſette hir aller cappe*] Aller is the genitive plural of alle, from the Sax. *ealra*. Hir aller would be properly rendered in Latin *eorum omnium*. See the *Eſſay, &c.* n. 27. To ſet a man's cap is the ſame as to make a fool of him. See ver. 3145,

How that a clerk hath ſet the wrightes cappe.

His lordes ſhepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His ſwine, his hors, his ſtore, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this Reves governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his ſleight and his covine;
They were adradde of him as of the deth.
His wonning was ful ſayre upon an heth;
With grene trees yſhadewed was his place;
He coude better than his lord pourchace:
Ful riche he was yſtored privily:
His lord wel coude he pleſen ſubtilly
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good miſtere;
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This Reve ſate upon a right good ſtot
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot:

ỽ. 617. *a right good ſtot*] I take *ſtot* to be put here for *ſtod*, the Saxon word for a ſtallion. A ſtot ſignified properly a bullock, as it ſtill does in the North. See the *Percy Houſh. Book*, p. 2, and note. The paſſage which Du Cange, in v. *Stottus*, has quoted from Maddox, *Form. Angl.* p. 427, to ſhew that *ſtottus* ſignifies *equus admiſſarius*, proves rather that it ſignifies a bullock. John de Nevill leaves to his eldeſt ſon ſeveral ſpecifick legacies; "et eciam cc vaccas pro ſtauro, cc *ſtottos et ſtirkes*, "mm bidentes," &c. Stirke is the Sax. name for a heifer, ſo that there can be little doubt that cc *ſtottos et ſtirkes* ſhould be rendered cc *bullocks and heifers*.

A long ſurcote of perſe upon he hade,
And by his ſide he bare a ruſty blade.
Of Norfolk was this Reve of which I tell,
Beſide a toun men clepen Baldeſwell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
And ever he rode the hindereſt of the route.
  A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For ſauſefleme he was, with eyen narwe;
As hote he was and likerous as a ſparwe,
With ſcalled browes blake and pilled berd;
Of his viſage children were ſore aferd.
Ther n'as quickſilver, litarge, ne brimſton,
Boras, ceruſe, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinement, that wolde clenſe or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,

℣. 626. *cherubinnes face*] H. Stephens, *Apol. Herod.* l. i. c. 30, quotes the ſame thought from a French epigram;

Nos grands docteurs *au cherubin viſage*, &c.

℣. 627. *ſauſefleme*] I find this word in an old Fr. book of phyſick, which I have quoted before in n. on ver. 165; "Oignement "magiſtrel pur ſauſefleme et pur cheſcune manere de roigne." —Roigne ſignifies any ſcorbutick eruption. So in the *Thouſand Notable Things*, b. i. 70, "A ſawsfleame or red pimpled face "is helped with this medicine following."—Two of the ingredients are quickſilver and brimſtone. In another place, b. ii. 20, oyle of tartar is ſaid "to take away cleane all ſpots, "freckles, and filthy *wheales*." Theſe laſt I ſuppoſe are what Chaucer calls *whelkes*.—The original of the word ſeems to be pointed out in the following paſſage, *Vit. R.* ii, *a Mon. Eveſh.* p. 169; "facies alba---interdum *ſanguinis fleumate* viciata."

Ne of the knobbes ſitting on his chekes:
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke ſtrong win as rede as blood,
Than wolde he ſpeke and crie as he were wood;
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he ſpeken no word but Latin:
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of ſom decree;
No wonder is, he heard it all the day:
And eke ye knowen wel how that a jay
Can clepen watte as wel as can the pope:
But who ſo wolde in other thing him grope
Than hadde he ſpent all his philoſophie;
Ay *Queſtio quid juris?* wolde he crie.
  He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw ſhulde a man not find:
He wolde ſuffre for a quart of wine
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuſe him at the full:
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull;

℣. 648. *Queſtio quid juris*] This kind of queſtion occurs frequently in Ralph de Hengham. After having ſtated a caſe he adds, *Quid juris?* and then proceeds to give the anſwer to it. See *Heng. Mag.* c. xi.; "Eſto autem quod reus nullo modo venerit ad hunc diem. *quid juris?*" *&c.* See alſo c. 12.

℣. 649. *a gentil harlot*] The name of *harlot* was anciently given to men as well as women. See below, ver. 7336. *Herlod*, in Welſh, is ſaid to ſignify ſimply a young man, and *herlodes* a young woman. *Richards*, *Welſh Dict.* in v.; with us it ſeems always to have been a diſgraceful appellation. In *R. R.* ver. 6068, *King of harlots* is Chaucer's tranſlat. of *Roy des ribaulx*.

And if he found o where a good felawe
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In ſwiche a cas of the archedekenes curſe,
But if a mannes ſoule were in his purſe,
For in his purſe he ſhulde ypuniſhed be;
Purſe is the archedekens helle ſaid he,
But wel I wote he lied right in dede;
Of curſing ought eche gilty man him drede,
For curſe wol ſle right as aſſoiling ſaveth,
And alſo ware him of a *ſignificavit.*
  In danger hadde he at his owen giſe
The yonge girles of the diociſe,
And knew hir conſeil and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he ſette upon his hede
As gret as it were for an aleſtake;
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.
  With him ther rode a gentil *Pardonere*
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,

℣. 664. *a ſignificavit*] The writ *de excommunicato capiendo*, commonly called a *ſignificavit*, from the beginning of the writ, which is as follows; "Rex Vicecomiti L. ſalutem. Significavit "nobis venerabilis pater H. L. Epiſcopus," &c. *Cod. Jur. Ecc.* p. 1054.

℣. 665. *In danger hadde he*] *i. e.* within the reach or control of his office. See *Hiſt. Abbat. Pipewell, ap. Monaſt. Angl.* t. i. p. 815; "Nec audebant Abbates eidem reſiſtere, quia aut pro de-"nariis aut pro bladis ſemper fuerunt Abbates *in dangerio* dic-"ti Officialis.——*The yonge girles*, in the next line, may ſignify either the young men or the young women, as girl was formerly an appellation common to both ſexes.

℣. 672. *Of Rouncevall*] I can hardly think that Chaucer

That ſtreit was comen from the court of Rome;
Ful loude he ſang Come hither love to me.
This Sompnour bare to him a ſtiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half ſo gret a ſoun.
This Pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But ſmoth it heng as doth a ſtrike of flax;
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his ſhulders overſpradde:

meant to bring his Pardoner from Roncevaux in Navarre, and yet I cannot find any place of that name in England. An hoſpital "Beatæ Mariæ de Rouncyvalle" in Charing, London, is mentioned in the *Monaſt.* t. ii. p. 443; and there was a Runceval-Hall in Oxford, *Stevens*, v. ii. p. 262; ſo that perhaps it was the name of ſome fraternity.

℣. 674. *Come hither love to me*] This, I ſuppoſe, was the beginning or the burthen of ſome known ſong.—Love is here a diſſyllable, as in ver. 260;

In lóve dáys, ther cóud he móchel helpe.

and in ver. 1627;

Ful ſóth is ſáyde, that lóve né lordſhip.

The double rhyme of *to me* anſwering to *Rome*, proves evidently that Rome in this place is to be pronounced as a diſſyllable; we need therefore have no ſcruple, I think, of pronouncing it in the ſame manner wherever the metre requires two ſyllables. See ver. 4562, 4576, 5388, 5568.—A like uſe may be made of other ſimilar rhymes in Chaucer for eſtabliſhing the pronunciation of the *e* feminine. In ver. 16673 *by me* rhymes to *time*, and in *Troil.* ii. 991, to *time* and *prime*; and accordingly both time and prime are uſed in other places as diſſyllables. See ver. 7884, 10827—10674, 12596.---In theſe caſes the final monoſyllable *me* transfers its accent to the preceding ſyllable, after the manner of the Greek encliticks, and the final *e* of courſe becomes a mere *e* feminine.

℣. 675. *bare—a ſtiff burdoun*] Sang the baſs. See ver. 4163, and *Du Cange* in v. *Burdo.*

Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode for jolite ne wered he non,
For it was truſſed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
Diſhevele, ſauf his cappe, he rode all bare:
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an hare:
A vernicle hadde he ſewed upon his cappe;
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote:
A vois he hadde as ſmale as hath a gote:
No berd hadde he, ne never non ſhulde have;
As ſmothe it was as it were newe ſhave:
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
  But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware
Ne was ther ſwiche an other Pardonere,
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere
Which, as he ſaide, was oure Ladies veil:
He ſaide he hadde a gobbet of the ſeyl

Ѷ. 684. *the newe get*] The new faſhion. *Gette* or *jett* (for the mſſ. differ) is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Occleve, *De Reg. Princ. mſſ. Bod.* 1504, 1786;

> Alſo ther is another *newe gette*,
> All foule waſte of cloth and exceſſif——

Ѷ. 689. *Bret-ful of pardon*] This is the reading of all the mſſ. The ſame word occurs in the ſame ſenſe in ver. 2166, and in *F.* iii. 1033, but I have found no other paſſages in which the word *bret* is uſed. *Fret* (for *freighted, fraught,*) is uſed by Lydgate, in a ballade falſely attributed to Chaucer, edit. *Urr.* p. 552. ver. 269; "Ther kinde is *fret* with doublenes"—and in *Traged.* b. v. c. 7; "*Fret* full of ſtones." b. viii. c. 7, "With "riche ſtones *fret*."—*Fret* may alſo be derived from the Sax. *frætwian, ornare.*

2

Thatte Seint Peter had whan that he went
Upon the see till Jesu Crist him hent:
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie;
And thus with fained flattering and japes
He made the persone and the peple his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast:
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie;
For wel he wiste whan that song was songe
He muste preche and wel afile his tonge
To winne silver, as he right wel coude,
Therfore he sang the merier and loude,
Now have I told you shortly in a clause
Th'estat, th'araie, the nombre, and eke the cause,

℣. 710. *a noble ecclesiast*] It appears from hence that the Pardoner was an itinerant ecclesiastick, of much the same stamp with Frate Cipolla in The Decameron, vi. 10. By the stat. 22 H. VIII. c. 12, all proctors and pardoners going about in any country without sufficient authority are to be treated as vagabonds. Their impositions upon the credulity of the vulgar have been checked by several councils. See *Du Cange* in v. *Quæstiarii* and *Quæstionarius*, under which general names the venders of indulgences are included.

Why that aſſembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hoſtelrie
That highte The Tabard, faſte by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night
Whan we were in that hoſtelrie alight;
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
  But firſte I praie you of your curteſie
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly ſpeke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere,
Ne though I ſpeke hir wordes proprely;
For this ye knowen al ſo wel as I,
Who ſo ſhall telle a Tale after a man
He moſte reherſe as neighe as ever he can
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All ſpeke he never ſo rudely and ſo large,
Or elles he moſte tellen his Tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe:
He may not ſpare although he were his brother;
He moſte as wel ſayn o word as an other.
Criſt ſpake himſelf ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it:
Eke Plato ſayeth, who ſo can him rede,
The wordes moſte ben coſin to the dede.

℣. 743. *Eke Plato ſayeth*] This ſaying of Plato is quoted again, ver. 17156. Our Author probably took it from Boethius, b. iii. pr. 12. See alſo *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7465.

Alſo I praie you to forgive it me
All have I not ſette folk in hir degree
Here in this Tale as that they ſhulden ſtonde:
My wit is ſhort ye may well underſtonde.
Gret chere made oure Hoſte us everich on,
And to the ſouper ſette he us anon,
And ſerved us with vitaille of the beſte;
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leſte.
A ſemely man our Hoſte was with alle
For to han ben a marſhal in an halle;
A large man he was, with eyen ſtepe;
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his ſpeche, and wiſe, and wel ytaught,
And of manhood elaked right him naught:
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after ſouper plaien he began,
And ſpake of mirthe amonges other thinges
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges,
And ſaide thus; Now Lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily,

℣. 761. *amonges*] I have ventured to lengthen the common reading *among* by a ſyllable, as the metre requires it, and Ch. uſes the word ſo lengthened in other places. See ver. 6534;

Ovide, *amonges* other thinges ſmale——

and ver. 9902;

Amonges other of his honeſt thinges.

I ſuſpect that the Sax. *gemang* had originally a termination in *an*, *gemangan*, like many other of the Saxon adverbs and prepoſitions.

For by my trouthe, if that I ſhal not lie,
I ſaw nat this yere ſwiche a compagnie
At ones in this herberwe as is now;
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe and I wiſte how;
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought
To don you eſe, and it ſhall coſte you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you ſpede,
The bliſsful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot as ye gon by the way
Ye ſhapen you to talken and to play;
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non
To riden by the way dombe as the ſton;
And therfore wold I maken you diſport,
As I ſaid erſt, and don you ſome comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on aſſent
Now for to ſtonden at my jugement,
And for to werchen as I ſhal you ſay
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders ſoule that is ded
But ye be mery, ſmiteth of my hed:
Hold up your hondes withouten more ſpeche.
  Our conſeil was not longe for to ſeche;
Us thought it was not worth to make it wiſe,
And granted him withouten more aviſe,
And bad him ſay his verdit as him leſte.
  Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beſte;

℣. 787. *to make it wiſe*] To make it a matter of wiſdom or deliberation; ſo in ver. 3978, 11535, he made it ſtrange——ſignifies——he made it a matter of difficulty.

But take it nat, I pray you, in difdain:
This is the point, to fpeke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to fhorten with youre way
In this viage fhal tellen Tales tway,
To Canterbury ward I mene it fo,
And homeward he fhall tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him beft of alle,
That is to fayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of beft fentence and moft folas,
Shal have a fouper at youre aller coft
Here in this place fitting by this poft,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery
I wol my felven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen coft, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withfay
Shal pay for alle we fpenden by the way.
And if ye vouchefauf that it be fo
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly fhapen me therfore.
  This thing was granted, and our othes fwore

℣. 792. *This is the point*] See the *Difcourfe*, &c. § 7.

℣. 812. *and our othes fwore*] *i. e.* and we fwore our othes,—and praied him, &c. It is too frequent a practice with our Author to omit the governing pronoun before his verbs. See below, ver. 1757, And fawe—for—and they fawe; ver. 5042, and fayn---for---and they fayn; ver. 5054. and yet lith----for—and yet he lith; ver. 6123, and blamed himfelf---for---and

With ful glad herte, and praiden him alfo
That he wold vouchefauf for to don fo,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our Tales juge and reportour,
And fette a fouper at a certain pris,
And we wol reuled ben at his devife
In highe and lowe: and thus by on affent
We ben accorded to his jugement;
And therupon the win was fette anon:
We dronken, and to refte wenten eche on
Withouten any lenger tarying.
  A morwe whan the day began to fpring
Up rofe our Hofte, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas,
And ther our Hofte began his hors areft,
And faide, Lordes, herkeneth if you left:
Ye wete your forword, and I it record:
If even fong and morwe fong accord,

he blamed himfelf; ver. 6398, and made him---for---and I made him.

ỷ. 819. *In highe and lowe*] *In*, or, *De alto et baffo*, barb. Lat. *Haut et bas*, Fr. were expreffions of entire fubmiffion on one fide and fovereignty on the other. So *P. L.* p. 283, fpeaking of the Pope, fays---"He falle at his dome fet it *lowe* and *hie*." See *Du Cange* in v.

ỷ. 827. *a litel more than pas*] A *pas*, with Chaucer, means always, I believe, a foot-pace. See ver. 2899, And riden forth a *pas*—and ver. 12800, Than thou wolt gon a *pas* not but a mile. See alfo ver. 16043—more than trot or *pas*.

Let ſe now who ſhal telle the firſt Tale :
As ever mote I drinken win or ale
Who ſo is rebel to my jugement
Shal pay for alle that by the way is ſpent.
Now draweth cutte or that ye forther twinne ;
He which that hath the ſhorteſt ſhal beginne.
Sire Knight, (quod he) my maiſter and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere (quod he) my Lady Prioreſſe,
And ye ſire Clerk ; let be your ſhamefaſtneſſe,
Ne ſtudieth nought : lay hand to every man.
Anon to drawen every wight began,
And ſhortly for tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or ſort, or cas,
The ſothe is this, the cutte felle on the Knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight ;
And tell he muſt his Tale as was reſon,
By forword and by compoſition,
As ye han herd ; what nedeth wordes mo ?
And whan this good man ſaw that it was ſo,
As he that wiſe was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free aſſent,
He ſaide ; Sithen I ſhal begin this game,
What, welcome be the cutte a Goddes name.

ỽ. 837. *Now draweth cutte*] Draweth is the ſecond perſon plural of the imperative mode. See the *Eſſay*, &c. n. 32. The ceremony of drawing cutte occurs again ver. 12727, *ſeq.* Froiſſart calls it *tirer à la longue paille*, V. i. c. 294.

Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I ſay.
  And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with a right mery chere
His Tale anon, and ſaide as ye ſhul here.

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

Whilom, as olde ſtories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theſeus;
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time ſwiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the ſonne;
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wiſdom and his chevalrie
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia,
And wedded the freſhe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and great ſolempnitee,
And eke hire yonge ſuſter Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his hoſt in armes him beſide.

ṽ. 868. *the regne of Feminie*] The kingdom of the Amazons. So Pentheſilea is called by Gower the Queen of Feminee, *Conf. Amat.* fol. 75, a. 97, b.

And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
I wolde have told you fully the manere
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie
By Thefeus and by his chevalrie,
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amafones,
And how affeged was Ipolita,
The faire hardy quene of Scythia,
And of the fefte that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming;
But all this thing I mofte as now forbere:
I have, God wot, a large feld to ere,
And weke ben the oxen in my plow:
The remenent of my Tale is long ynow.
I wil not letten eke non of this route;
Let every felaw telle his Tale aboute,
And let se now who fhal the fouper winne.
Ther as I left I wil agen beginne.
This duk, of whom I made mentioun,
Whan he was comen almoft to the toun,
In all his wele and in his mofte pride,
He was ware, as he caft his eye afide,
Wher that ther kneled in the highe wey
A compagnie of ladies twey and twey,

v. 886. *And of the temple*] The editions, and all the mff. except two, read *tempeft*. But The Thefeida fays nothing of any tempeft; on the contrary it fays that the paffage

Tofto fornito fu et fenza pene.

I have therefore preferred the reading of *mff.* C. i, and *HA.* as

Eche after other, clad in clothes blake;
But ſwiche a crie and ſwiche a wo they make,
That in this world n'is creature living
That ever herd ſwiche another waimenting;
And of this crie ne wolde they never ſtenten
Till they the reines of his bridel henten.
  What folk be ye that at min home coming
Perturben ſo my feſte with crying?
Quod Theſeus; have ye ſo grete envie
Of min honour, that thus complaine and crie?
Or who hath you miſboden or offended?
Do telle me, if that it may be amended,
And why ye be thus clothed alle in blake?
  The oldeſt lady of hem all than ſpake,
Whan ſhe had ſwouned with a dedly chere,
That it was reuthe for to ſeen and here.
She ſayde, Lord, to whom Fortune hath yeven
Victorie, and as a conqueror to liven,

Theſeus is deſcribed making his offerings, &c. upon his return in a temple of Pallas, *Theſ.* l. ii.

℣. 907—13.] Imitated from The Theſeida;

> Chi ſon coſtoro, che a noſtri lieti aventi
> Cum crini ſparti, batendoſe el pecto,
> Di ſqualor piene in *altri obſcuri* veſtimenti,
> Tutte piangendo, come ſe in deſpecto
> Haveſſen la mia gloria e l'altre genti.

The 3d line, I ſuſpect, ſhould be read thus;

> Di ſqualor piene in *atri* veſtimenti.

Obſcuri was a gloſs for *atri*.

℣. 911. *miſboden*] Injured; ſo in a charter of Canute to the church of St. Paul, *Monaſt.* v. iii. p. 304, that nan man—— heom *miſbeode*.

Nought greveth us your glorie and your honour,
But we beſeke you of mercie and ſocour:
Have mercie on our woe and our diſtreſſe:
Some drope of pitee thurgh thy gentilleſſe
Upon us wretched wimmen let now falle;
For certes, Lord, ther n'is non of us alle
That ſhe n'hath ben a ducheſſe or a quene;
Now be we caitives, as it is wel ſene:
Thanked be Fortune and hire falſe whele
That non eſtat enſureth to be wele.
And certes, Lord, to abiden your preſence,
Here in this temple of the goddeſſe Clemence
We han ben waiting all this fourtenight:
Now helpe us, Lord, ſin it lieth in thy might.
I wretched wight, that wepe and waile thus,
Was whilom wif to King Capaneus
That ſtarfe at Thebes, curſed be that day;
And alle we that ben in this aray,
And maken all this lamentation,
We loſten alle our huſbondes at that toun,
While that the ſiege therabouten lay:
And yet now the olde Creon, wala wa!
That lord is now of Thebes the citee,
Fulfilled of ire and of iniquitee,

℣. 940. *wala wa*] I ſhall take the liberty of conſtantly repreſenting this interjection in this ſimple form, though in the mſſ. it is written very differently, *walaway*, *weilaway*, *welaway*, &c. from whence the more modern vulgar *weladay*. *Wa* and *la* are both Saxon interjections of grief. The compound *wala wa* is uſed in *Chr. Sax. Gibſ.* p. 191.

He for deſpit, and for his tyrannie,
To don the ded bodies a vilanie,
Of alle our lordes, which that bën yſlawe,
Hath alle the bodies on an hepe ydrawe,
And will not ſuffren hem by non aſſent
Neyther to ben yberied ne ybrent,
But maketh houndes ete hem in deſpite.
  And with that word, withouten more reſpite,
They fallen groſſ, and crien pitouſly,
Have on us wretched wimmen ſom mercy,
And let our ſorwe ſinken in thin herte.
  This gentil duk doun from his courſer ſterte
With herte pitous whan he herd hem ſpeke;
Him thoughte that his herte wolde all to-breke
Whan he ſaw hem ſo pitous and ſo mate
That whilom weren of ſo gret eſtate,
And in his armes he hem all up hente,
And hem comforted in ful good entente,
And ſwore his oth, as he was trewe knight,
He wolde don ſo ferforthly his might
Upon the tyrant Creon hem to wreke,
That all the peple of Grece ſhulde ſpeke
How Creon was of Theſeus yſerved,
As he that hath his deth ful wel deſerved.
  And right anon, withouten more abode,
His banner he diſplaide, and forth he rode
To Thebes ward, and all his hoſt beſide:
No ner Athenes n'olde he go ne ride,

℣. 970. *No ner Athenes*] *Nere* is uſed for *nerre*, and that for

Ne take his efe fully half a day,
But onward on his way that night he lay,
And fent anon Ipolita the quene,
And Emelie hire yonge fifter fhene,
Unto the toun of Athenes for to dwell;
And forth he rit; ther n'is no more to tell.
  The red ftatue of Mars, with fpere and targe,
So fhineth in his white banner large,
That all the feldes gliteren up and doun;
And by his banner borne is his penon
Of gold ful riche, in which that ther was ybete
The Minotaure which that he flew in Crete.
Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,
And in his hoft of chevalrie the flour,
Til that he came to Thebes, and alight
Fayre in a feld, ther as he thought to fight.
But fhortly for to fpeken of this thing,
With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,
He fought, and flew him manly as a knight
In plaine bataille, and put his folk to flight;
And by affaut he wan the citee after,
And rent adoun bothe wall, and fparre, and rafter;
And to the ladies he reftored again
The bodies of hir houfbondes that were flain,

nerer, the comparative of *ner*: fo ver. 1852, ferre ne nere; ver. 13450, nere and nere; ver. 16189, never the nere.

V. 981. *ybete*] Probably ftamped, that operation being anciently, I fuppofe, performed by the hammer. See ver. 11948, 11951.

To don the obſequies, as was tho the giſe.
But it were all to long for to deviſe
The grete clamour and the waimenting
Whiche that the ladies made at the brenning
Of the bodies, and the gret honour
That Theſeus, the noble conquerour,
Doth to the ladies whan they from him wente;
But ſhortly for to telle is min entente.
Whan that this worthy duk, this Theſeus,
Hath Creon ſlaine, and wonnen Thebes thus,
Still in the feld he toke all night his reſte,
And did with all the contree as him leſte:
To ranſake in the tas of bodies dede,
Hem for to ſtripe of harneis and of wede,
The pillours dide hir beſineſſe and cure,
After the bataille and diſcomfiture;
And ſo befell that in the tas they found,
Thurgh girt with many a grevous blody wound,
Two yonge knightes ligging by and by,
Bothe in on armes wrought ful richely;
Of whiche two Arcita highte that on,
And he that other highte Palamon.

℣. 1016. *And he that other*] *He* is inſerted for the ſake of the metre; but perhaps we ſhould rather read, with ſome of the mſſ. *And that other knight highte Palamon.* See the n. on ver. 393.—*Highte* is a diſſyllable here, as in other places, ver. 618, 862, 1730, 3097, *et al.* It is difficult to determine preciſely what part of ſpeech it is; but upon the whole I am inclined to conſider it as a word of a very ſingular form, a verb

Not fully quik ne fully ded they were,
But by hir cote armure and by hir gere
The heraudes knew him wel in ſpecial,
As tho that weren of the blod real
Of Thebes and of ſuſtren two yborne.
Out of the tas the pillours han hem torne,
And han hem caried ſoft unto the tente
Of Theſeus, and he ful ſone hem ſente
To Athenes, for to dwellen in priſon
Perpetuel, he n'olde no raunſon.
And whan this worthy duk had thus ydon
He toke his hoſt, and home he rit anon,
With laurer crouned as a conquerour,
And ther he liveth in joye and in honour
Terme of his lif; what nedeth wordes mo?
And in a tour in anguiſh and in wo
Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite
For evermo, ther may no gold hem quite.
 Thus paſſeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it felle ones in a morwe of May

active with a paſſive ſignification. See ver. 1560, where I *highte* muſt ſignify I am called, as in the verſe preceding to *highte* ſignifies to be called. According to this hypotheſis, in the preſent inſtance, and in ver. 618, 862, 1730, where *highte* ſignifies was called, it is put for highted; and in ver. 3097, where it ſignifies is called, for highteth.—It ſhould be obſerved that the Sax. *hatan*, *vocare*, *promittere*, from whence *highte* is derived, is a verb active of the common form, and ſo is *highte* itſelf, when it ſignifies to promiſe. See ver. 6606, 8372.

That Emelie, that fayrer was to ſene
Than is the lilie upon his ſtalke grene,
And freſher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the roſe colour ſtrof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two)
Er it was day, as ſhe was wont to do,
She was ariſen, and all redy dight,
For May wol have no ſlogardie a night;
The ſeſon priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his ſlepe to ſterte,
And ſayth, Ariſe, and do thin obſervance.
  This maketh Emelie han remembrance
To don honour to May, and for to riſe:
Yclothed was ſhe freſhe for to deviſe.
Hire yelwe here was broided in a treſſe
Behind hire back, a yerde long I geſſe;
And in the gardin at the ſonne upriſt
She walketh up and doun wher as hire liſt:
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,
To make a ſotel gerlond for hire hed;
And as an angel hevenlich ſhe ſong.
The grete tour that was ſo thikke and ſtrong,
Which of the caſtel was the chef dongeon,
(Wher as theſe knightes weren in priſon,

ѵ. 1053. *at the ſonne upriſt*] I ſhould have had no objection to the reading of ed. *Urr. as* the ſonne *upriſt*, *i. e. upriſeth*, if I had found it in any mſ. The common reading is ſupported by Lydgate, *Tb.* fol. 364, *a.* where *upriſt* is uſed for upriſing.

Of which I tolde you, and tellen ſhal)
Was even joinant to the gardin wall,
Ther as this Emelie had hire playing.
  Bright was the ſonne and clere that morwening,
And Palamon, this woful priſoner,
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler
Was riſen, and romed in a chambre on high,
In which he all the noble citee ſigh,
And eke the gardin, ful of branches grene,
Ther as this freſhe Emelia the ſhene
Was in hire walk, and romed up and doun.
  This forweful priſoner, this Palamon,
Goth in his chambre roming to and fro,
And to himſelfe complaining of his wo:
That he was borne ful oft he ſayd Alas!
  And ſo befell, by aventure or cas,
That thurgh a window thikke of many a barre
Of yren gret, and ſquare as any ſparre,
He caſt his eyen upon Emelia,
And therwithal he blent and cried A!
As though he ſtongen were unto the herte:
  And with that crie Arcite anon up ſterte,

℣. 1080. *he blent*] This word has various ſenſes in Chaucer, as it is derived from blinnan, *ceſſare*; blindan, *cæcare*; or blendan, *miſcere*. It ſeems here to be uſed in a fourth ſenſe, the ſame in which Shakeſpeare uſes the verb to blench, *i. e.* to ſhrink or ſtart aſide. *Johnſon's Dict.* in v. *Blench*. See *Gloſſ.* in v. *Blent*, pa. t. of *Blench*.

And saide, Cosin min, what eyleth thee
That art so pale and dedly for to see?
Why cridest thou? who hath thee don offence?
For Goddes love take all in patience
Our prison, for it may non other be;
Fortune hath yeven us this adversite:
Som wikke aspect or disposition
Of Saturne, by som constellation,
Hath yeven us this, although we had it sworn;
So stood the heven whan that we were born:
We moste endure; this is the short and plain.
  This Palamon answerde, and sayde again,
Cosin, forsoth of this opinion
Thou hast a vaine imagination:
This prison caused me not for to crie,
But I was hurt right now thurghout min eye
Into min herte, that wol my bane be:
The fayrnesse of a lady that I se
Yond in the gardin roming to and fro
Is cause of all my crying and my wo:
I n'ot whe'r she be woman or goddesse,
But Venus is it sothly as I gesse.
  And therwithall on knees adoun he fill,
And sayde; Venus, if it be your will
You in this gardin thus to transfigure,
Beforn me sorweful wretched creature,
Out of this prison helpe that we may scape;
And if so be our destine be shape

By eterne word to dien in priſon,
Of our lignage have ſom compaſſion,
That is ſo low ybrought by tyrannie.
  And with that word Arcita gan eſpie
Wher as this lady romed to and fro,
And with that ſight hire beaute hurt him ſo,
That if that Palamon were wounded ſore
Arcite is hurt as moche as he or more:
And with a ſigh he ſayde pitouſly,
The freſhe beaute ſleth me ſodenly
Of hire that rometh in the yonder place;
And but I have hire mercie and hire grace,
That I may ſeen hire at the leſte way,
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no more to ſay.
  This Palamon, whan he theſe wordes herd,
Diſpitouſly he loked, and anſwerd,
Whether ſayeſt thou this in erneſt or in play?
  Nay, quod Arcite, in erneſt by my fay;
God helpe me ſo, me luſt full yvel pley.
  This Palamon gan knit his browes twey.
It were, quod he, to thee no gret honour
For to be falſe, ne for to be traytour
To me, that am thy coſin and thy brother
Yſworne ful depe, and eche of us to other,
That never for to dien in the peine
Til that the deth departen ſhal us tweine,

ỽ. 1135. *to dien in the peine*] So in Froiſſart, v. i. c. 206, Edw. III. declares that he will not return "juſques à tant qu'il "auroit fin de guerre, ou paix à ſuffiſance, ou à ſon grand hon-"neur: *ou il mourroit en la peine.*" See alſo *R. R.* 3326.

Neyther of us in love to hindre other,
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;
But that thou ſhuldeſt trewely forther me
In every cas as I ſhuld forther thee.
This was thin oth, and min alſo certain;
I wot it wel thou darſt it not withſain:
Thus art thou of my conſeil out of doute,
And now thou woldeſt falſly ben aboute
To love my lady whom I love and ſerve,
And ever ſhal til that min herte ſterve.
  Now certes, falſe Arcite, thou ſhalt not ſo:
I loved hire firſte, and tolde thee my wo
As to my conſeil, and my brother ſworne
To forther me as I have told beforne,
For which thou art ybounden as a knight
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
Or elles art thou falſe I dare wel ſain.
  This Arcita full proudly ſpake again.
Thou ſhalt, quod he, be rather falſe than I,
And thou art falſe, I tell thee utterly;
For *par amour* I loved hire firſt or thou.

ỳ. 1157. par amour *I loved hire*] *i.e.* with love I loved her. This is a genuine old expreſſion. See *Froiſſart*, v. i. c. 196; "Il "*aima* adonc *par amours*, et depuis eſpouſa, Madame Yſabelle "de Juillers"—and Boccace, *Decam.* x. 7, "per amore ami-"ate." So below, ver. 2114, That loveth *par amour*.—From hence paramour or paramours (in one word) was uſed vulgarly to ſignify love, [ſee ver. 3354, 4390, 13772,] and a miſtreſs, ver. 6036.

What wolt thou ſayn? thou wiſteſt nat right now
Whether ſhe were a woman or a goddeſſe:
Thin is affection of holineſſe,
And min is love as to a creature,
For which I tolde thee min aventure,
As to my coſin and my brother ſworne.
  I poſe that thou lovedeſt hire beforne:
Woſt thou not wel the olde clerkes ſawe,
That who ſhall give a lover any lawe?
Love is a greter lawe by my pan
Then may be yeven of any erthly man;
And therfore poſitif lawe and ſwiche decree
Is broken all day for love in eche degree.
A man moſte nedes love maugre his hed;
He may not fleen it though he ſhuld be ded,
All be ſhe maid, or widewe, or elles wif.
  And eke it is not likely all thy lif
To ſtonden in hire grace, no more ſhal I;
For wel thou woſt thy ſelven veraily
That thou and I be damned to priſon
Perpetuel; us gaineth no raunſon.
  We ſtrive as did the houndes for the bone,
They foughtall day, and yet hir part was none:
Ther came a kyte, while that they were ſo wrothe,
And bare away the bone betwix hem bothe.

v. 1165. *the olde clerkes ſawe*] The olde clerk is Boethius, from whoſe book *De Conſolatione* Chaucer has borrowed largely in many places. The paſſage alluded to is in l. iii. met. 12;

Quis legem det amantibus?
Major lex amor eſt ſibi.

And therfore at the kinges court, my brother,
Eche man for himſelf, ther is non other.
Love if thee luſt, for I love, and ay ſhal;
And ſothly, leve brother, this is al.
Here in this priſon moſten we endure,
And everich of us take his aventure.
Gret was the ſtrif, and long betwix hem twey,
If that I hadde leiſer for to ſey:
But to th' effect. It happed on a day,
(To tell it you as ſhortly as I may)
A worthy duk that highte Perithous,
That felaw was to this duk Theſeus
Sin thilke day that they were children lite,
Was come to Athenes his felaw to viſite,
And for to play as he was wont to do,
For in this world he loved no man ſo,
And he loved him as tendrely again:
So wel they loved, as olde bokes ſain,
That whan that on was dede, ſothly to tell,
His felaw wente and ſought him doun in hell:
But of that ſtorie liſt me not to write.
Duk Perithous loved wel Arcite,
And had him knowe at Thebes yere by yere:
And finally, at requeſt and praiere
Of Perithous, withouten any raunſon,
Duk Theſeus him let out of priſon,
Frely to gon wher that him liſt over all,
In ſwiche a giſe as I you tellen ſhall.

This was the forword, plainly for to endite,
Betwixen Theſeus and him Arcite;
That if ſo were that Arcite were yfound
Ever in his lif, by day or night, o ſtound
In any countree of this Theſeus,
And he were caught, it was accorded thus,
That with a ſwerd he ſhulde leſe his hed;
Ther was non other remedie ne rede;
But taketh his leve, and homeward he him ſpedde:
Let him beware, his nekke lieth to wedde.
How gret a ſorwe ſuffereth now Arcite?
The deth he feleth thurgh his herte ſmite;
He wepeth, waileth, crieth, pitouſly,
To ſleen himſelf he waiteth prively.
He ſaid, Alas the day that I was borne!
Now is my priſon werſe than beforne;
Now is me ſhape eternally to dwelle
Not only in purgatorie but in helle.
Alas! that ever I knew Perithous,
For elles had I dwelt with Theſeus,
Yfetered in his priſon evermo;
Than had I ben in bliſſe and not in wo:
Only the ſight of hire whom that I ſerve,
Though that I never hire grace may deſerve,
Wold have ſuffliced right ynough for me.
O dere coſin Palamon, quod he,

V. 1214. *o ſtound*] One moment. For this reading we are obliged to *mſ. C.* i, *vulg.* or *ſtound.*

Thin is the victorie of this aventure;
Ful bliſful in priſon maieſt thou endure:
In priſon? certes nay, but in paradiſe.
Wel hath Fortune yturned thee the diſe,
That haſt the ſight of hire and I th' abſence.
For poſſible is, ſin thou haſt hire preſence,
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
That by ſome cas, ſin Fortune is changeable,
Thou maieſt to thy deſir ſomtime atteine:
But that I am exiled, and barreine
Of alle grace, and in ſo gret deſpaire,
That ther n'is erthe, water, fire, ne aire,
Ne creature, that of hem maked is,
That may me hele or don comfort in this,
Wel ought I ſterve in wanhope and diſtreſſe.
Farewel my lif, my luſt, and my gladneſſe.
   Alas! why plainen men ſo in commune
Of purveiance of God or of Fortune,
That yeveth hem ful oft in many a giſe
Wel better than they can hemſelf deviſe?
Som man deſireth for to have richeſſe,
That cauſe is of his murdre or gret ſikneſſe;
And ſom man wold out of his priſon fayn,
That in his houſe is of his meynie ſlain.
Infinite harmes ben in this matere:
We wote not what thing that we praien here.
We faren as he that dronke is as a mous:
A dronken man wot wel he hath an hous,

ỽ. 1264. *A dronken man*] This is alſo from Boeth. l. iii. pr. 2.

But he ne wot which is the right way thider,
And to a dronken man the way is slider,
And certes in this world so faren we.
  We seken fast after felicite,
But we go wrong ful often trewely.
Thus we may sayen alle, and namely I,
That wende, and had a gret opinion,
That if I might escapen fro prison
Than I had ben in joye and parfite hele,
Ther now I am exiled fro my wele.
Sin that I may not seen you Emelie
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no remedie.
  Upon that other side Palamon,
Whan that he wist Arcita was agon,
Swiche sorwe he maketh, that the grete tour
Resouned of his yelling and clamour.
The pure fetters on his shinnes grete
Were of his bitter salte teres wete.
  Alas! quod he, Arcita, cosin min,
Of all our strif, God wot, the frute is thin.
Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large,
And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.
Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede,
Assemblen all the folk of our kinrede,

ỽ. 1281. *The pure fetters*] The *very* fetters; so in the *Duch.* ver. 583, the *pure* deth. The Greeks used καθαρος in the same sense, [Τιμων καθαρος. A *very* Timon, *Aristoph.* Opv. 1548,] and the Latins *purus putus*. See *Froiss.* v. ii. c. 104, *pur* Anglois de courage.

And make a werre ſo ſharpe on this contree,
That by ſom aventure or ſom tretee
Thou maiſt have hire to lady and to wif
For whom that I muſt nedes leſe my lif.
For as by way of poſſibilitee,
Sith thou art at thy large of priſon free,
And art a lord, gret is thin avantage,
More than is min, that ſterve here in a cage:
For I may wepe and waile while that I live,
With all the wo that priſon may me yeve,
And eke with peine that love me yeveth alſo,
That doubleth all my tourment and my wo.
 Therwith the fire of jalouſie up ſterte
Within his breſt, and hent him by the herte
So woodly, that he like was to behold
The box-tree, or the aſhen ded and cold.
Than ſaid he; O cruel Goddes! that governe
This world with binding of your word eterne,
And writen in the table of athamant
Your parlement and your eterne grant,
What is mankind more unto yhold
Than is the ſhepe that rouketh in the fold?
For ſlain is man right as another beeſt,
And dwelleth eke in priſon and arreſt,
And hath ſikneſſe and gret adverſite,
And often times gilteles parde.
 What governance is in this preſcience
That gilteles turmenteth innocence?

And yet encreſeth this all my penance,
That man is bounden to his obſervance
For Goddes ſake to leten of his will,
Ther as a beeſt may all his luſt fulfill.
And whan a beeſt is ded he hath no peine;
But man after his deth mote wepe and pleine,
Though in this world he have care and wo:
Withouten doute it maye ſtonden ſo.
The anſwer of this lete I to divines,
But wel I wote that in this world gret pine is.
Alas! I ſee a ſerpent or a thefe,
That many a trewe man hath do meſchefe,
Gon at his large, and wher him luſt may turn.
But I moſte ben in priſon thurgh Saturn,
And eke thurgh Juno, jalous and eke wood,
That hath wel neye deſtruied all the blood
Of Thebes, with his waſte walles wide.
And Venus ſleeth me on that other ſide
For jalouſie, and fere of him Arcite.
Now wol I ſtent of Palamon a lite,
And leten him in his priſon ſtill dwelle,
And of Arcita forth I wol you telle.
The ſommer paſſeth, and the nightes long
Encreſen double wiſe the peines ſtrong
Both of the lover and of the priſoner;
I n'ot which hath the woſuller miſtere.
For ſhortly for to ſay, this Palamon
Perpetuelly is damned to priſon,

In chaines and in fetters to ben ded;
And Arcite is exiled on his hed
For evermore as out of that contree,
Ne never more he ſhal his lady ſee.
  You lovers axe I now this queſtion,
Who hath the werſe, Arcite or Palamon?
That on may ſe his lady day by day,
But in priſon moſte he dwellen alway:
That other wher him luſt may ride or go,
But ſen his lady ſhal he never mo.
Now demeth as you liſte, ye that can,
For I wol tell you forth as I began.
  Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Ful oft a day he ſwelt and ſaid Alas!
For ſen his lady ſhal he never mo.
And ſhortly to concluden all his wo,
So mochel ſorwe hadde never creature
That is or ſhal be while the world may dure.
His ſlepe, his mete, his drinke, is him byraft,
That lene he wex, and drie as is a ſhaft.
His eyen holwe, and griſly to behold,
His hewe falwe, and pale as aſhen cold,
And ſolitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his mone:

v. 1346. *exiled on his hed*] So in *Froiſſ.* v. i. c. 241, orders were given "que nul *ſur ſa teſte* ne s'advancaſt d'aller devant." In v. ii. c. 41, he uſes indifferently "ſur la teſte" and "ſur peine de la teſte."

And if he herde ſong or inſtrument,
Than wold he wepe, he mighte not be ſtent.
So feble were his ſpirites, and ſo low,
And changed ſo, that no man coude know
His ſpeche ne his vois, though men it herd.
And in his gere, for all the world he ferd
Nought only like the lovers maladie
Of Ereos, but rather ylike manie,
Engendred of humours melancolike,
Beforne his hed in his celle fantaſtike.
And ſhortly turned was all up ſo doun
Both habit and eke diſpoſitioun
Of him, this woful lover Dan Arcite,
What ſhuld I all day of his wo endite?
  Whan he endured had a yere or two
This cruel torment, and this peine and wo,
At Thebes, in his contree, as I ſaid,
Upon a night in ſlepe as he him laid,
Him thought how that the winged god Mercury
Beforne him ſtood, and bad him to be mery.
His ſlepy yerde in hond he bare upright;
An hat he wered upon his heres bright:
Arraied was this god (as he toke kepe)
As he was whan that Argus toke his ſlepe,

v. 1378. *Beforne his hed in his celle*] This is the reading of *mſ. E.* The *mſſ. C.* 1, and *HA.* read beforn his *owen* celle—and perhaps their authority ought to have been followed in the text

And ſaid him thus; To Athenes ſhalt thou wende;
Ther is thee ſhapen of thy wo an ende.

And with that word Arcite awoke and ſtert.
Now trewely how ſore that ever me ſmert,
Quod he, to Athenes right now wol I fare;
Ne for no drede of deth ſhal I not ſpare
To ſe my lady, that I love and ſerve;
In hire preſence I rekke not to ſterve.
And with that word he caught a gret mirrour,
And ſaw that changed was all his colour,
And ſaw his viſage all in another kind;
And right anon it ran him in his mind,
That ſith his face was ſo disfigured
Of maladie the which he had endured,
He mighte wel, if that he bare him lowe,
Live in Athenes evermore unknowe,
And ſen his lady wel nigh day by day.
And right anon he changed his aray,
And clad him as a poure labourer.
And all alone, ſave only a ſquier,
That knew his privite and all his cas,
Which was diſguiſed pourely as he was,
To Athenes is he gon the nexte way.
And to the court he went upon a day,
And at the gate he proffered his ſervice,
To drugge and draw what ſo men wold deviſe.
And ſhortly of this matere for to ſayn,
He fell in office with a chamberlain,

The which that dwelling was with Emelie,
For he was wiſe, and coude ſone eſpie
Of every ſervent which that ſerved hire:
Wel coude he hewen wood, and water bere,
For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,
And therto he was ſtrong and big of bones
To don that any wight can him deviſe.
A yere or two he was in this ſervice,
Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright,
And Philoſtrate he ſayde that he hight.
But half ſo wel beloved a man as he
Ne was ther never in court of his degre.
He was ſo gentil of conditioun,
That thurghout all the court was his renoun.
They ſayden that it were a charite
That Theſeus wold enhaunſen his degre,
And putten him in worſhipful ſervice,
Ther as he might his vertues exerciſe.
And thus within a while his name is ſpronge
Both of his dedes and of his good tonge,
That Theſeus hath taken him ſo ner
That of his chambre he made him a ſquier,

ṽ. 1430. *Philoſtrate*] In The Theſeida Arcite takes the name of Pentheo. See the *Diſcourſe*, &c. p. 186. The name of Philoſtrate might be ſuggeſted to Chaucer either by Boccace's poem entitled *Philoſtrato*, or by The Decameron, in which one of the characters is ſo called. In The Midſum. Night's Dream, of which the principal ſubject is plainly taken from this Tale, a Philoſtrate is alſo introduced as a favourite ſervant of Theſeus, and maſter of his ſports.

And gave him gold to mainteine his degre;
And eke men brought him out of his contre
Fro yere to yere ful prively his rent;
But honeſtly and ſleighly he it ſpent,
That no man wondred how that he it hadde.
And thre yere in this wiſe his lif he ladde,
And bare him ſo in pees and eke in werre
Ther n'as no man that Theſeus hath derre.
And in this bliſſe let I now Arcite,
And ſpeke I wol of Palamon a lite.
In derkeneſſe and horrible and ſtrong priſon
This ſeven yere hath ſitten Palamon,
Forpined, what for love and for diſtreſſe.
Who feleth double ſorwe and hevineſſe
But Palamon? that love diſtraineth ſo,
That wood out of his wit he goth for wo,
And eke therto he is a priſonere
Perpetuell, not only for a yere.
Who coude rime in Engliſh proprely
His martirdom? forſoth it am not I,
Therfore I paſſe as lightly as I may.
It fell that in the ſeventh yere, in May
The thridde night, (as olde bokes ſayn,
That all this ſtorie tellen more plain)
Were it by aventure or deſtinee,
(As whan a thing is ſhapen it ſhal be)
That ſone after the midnight Palamon,
By helping of a frend, brake his priſon,

And fleeth the cite faſte as he may go,
For he had yeven drinke his gayler ſo
Of a clarre made of a certain wine,
With narcotikes and opie of Thebes fine,
That all the night though that men wold him ſhake,
The gailer ſlept, he mighte not awake:
And thus he fleeth as faſte as ever he may.
  The night was ſhort, and faſte by the day,
That nedes coſt he moſte himſelven hide;
And to a grove faſte ther beſide
With dredful foot than ſtalketh Palamon:
For ſhortly this was his opinion,
That in that grove he wold him hide all day,
And in the night than wold he take his way
To Thebes ward, his frendes for to preie
On Theſeus to helpen him werreie:
And ſhortly, eyther he wold leſe his lif
Or winnen Emelie unto his wif.
This is the effect, and his entente plein.
  Now wol I turnen to Arcite agein,
That litel wiſt how neighe was his care,
Til that Fortune had brought him in the ſnare.

℣. 1479. *That nedes coſt*] The ſenſe of this paſſage, as it ſtands in the mſſ. is ſo obſcure that I am inclined to adopt the alteration propoſed in *Gl. Urr.* v. *Nede*; "That nedes *caſt* he "moſte himſelven hide;" *i. e.* that he muſt needs caſt or contrive to hide himſelf.—But I find the ſame expreſſion in *L. W.* 2686;

Or *nedes coſte* this thing mote have an ende.

The beſy larke, the meſſager of day,
Salewith in hire ſong the morwe gray,
And firy Phebus riſeth up ſo bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the ſight,
And with his ſtremes drieth in the greves
The ſilver dropes hanging on the leves.
And Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theſeus the ſquier principal,
Is riſen, and loketh on the mery day;
And for to don his obſervance to May,
Remembring on the point of his deſire,
He on his courſer, ſterting as the fire,
Is ridden to the feldes him to pley,
Out of the court, were it a mile or twey;
And to the grove of which that I you told
By aventure his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
Were it of woodbind or of hauthorn leves,
And loud he ſong agen the ſonne ſhene.
  Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou faire freſhe May,
I hope that I ſome grene here getten may.
And from his courſer with a luſty herte
Into the grove ful haſtily he ſterte,
And in a path he romed up and doun,
Ther as by aventure this Palamon
Was in a buſh, that no man might him ſe,
For ſore afered of his deth was he.

Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite;
God wot he wold have trowed it ful lite.
But ſoth is ſaid, gon ſithen are many yeres,
That feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres.
It is ful faire a man to bere him even
For al day meten men at unſet ſteven.
Ful litel wote Arcite of his felaw,
That was ſo neigh to herken of his ſaw,
For in the buſh he ſitteth now ful ſtill.
  Whan that Arcite had romed all his fill,
And ſongen all the roundel luſtily,
Into a ſtudie he fell ſodenly,
As don theſe lovers in hir queinte geres,
Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,
Now up, now doun, as boket in a well.
Right as the Friday, ſothly for to tell,
Now ſhineth it, and now it raineth faſt;
Right ſo can gery Venus overcaſt
The hertes of hire folk, right as hire day
Is gerfull, right ſo changeth ſhe aray.
Selde is the Friday all the weke ylike.
  Whan Arcite hadde yſonge, he gan to ſike,

ỽ. 1524. *feld hath eyen*] An old monkiſh verſe to this effect is quoted in *mſ. Bod. James*, n. 6, p. 161; "Campus habet "lumen, et habet nemus auris acumen."

ỽ. 1537. *Now ſhineth it, and now*] I have printed this line ſo upon the credit of edit. *M.* which profeſſes to follow mſſ. tho' perhaps we might ſafely read with *mſ. A.* Now *itte* ſhineth now.—*Itte* may have been a diſſyllable formerly as well as *atte*.

And ſet him doun withouten any more;
Alas! (quod he) the day that I was bore!
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee
Wilt thou werreien Thebes the citee?
Alas! ybrought is to confuſion
The blood real of Cadme and Amphion:
Of Cadmus, which that was the firſte man
That Thebes built, or firſte the toun began,
And of the citee firſte was crouned king,
Of his linage am I, and his ofspring
By veray line, as of the ſtok real;
And now I am ſo caitif and ſo thral,
That he that is my mortal enemy
I ſerve him as his ſquier pourely.
And yet doth Juno me wel more ſhame,
For I dare not beknowe min owen name,
But ther as I was wont to highte Arcite,
Now highte I Philoſtrat not worth a mite.
Alas! thou fell Mars, alas! thou Juno,
Thus hath your ire our linage all fordo,
Save only me and wretched Palamon,
That Theſeus martireth in priſon.
And over all this, to ſlen me utterly,
Love hath his firy dart ſo brenningly
Yſtiked thurgh my trewe careful hert,
That ſhapen was my deth erſt than my ſhert.
Ye ſlen me with your eyen Emelie;
Ye ben the cauſe wherfore that I die.

Of all the remenant of min other care
Ne ſet I not the mountance of a tare,
So that I coud don ought to your pleſance.
  And with that word he fell doun in a trance
A longe time, and afterward up ſterte
This Palamon, that thought thurghout his herte
He felt a colde ſwerd ſodenly glide;
For ire he quoke, no lenger wolde he hide:
And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,
As he were wood, with face ded and pale,
He ſterte him up out of the buſhes thikke
And ſayde; Falſe Arcite, falſe traitour wicke,
Now art thou hent, that loveſt my lady ſo,
For whom that I have all this peine and wo,
And art my blood, and to my conſeil ſworn,
As I ful oft have told thee herebeforn,
And haſt beiaped here Duk Theſeus,
And falſely changed haſt thy name thus;
I wol be ded, or elles thou ſhalt die:
Thou ſhalt not love my lady Emelie,
But I wol love hire only and no mo,
For I am Palamon thy mortal ſo.
And though that I no wepen have in this place,
But out of priſon am aſtert by grace,
I drede nought that eyther thou ſhalt die
Or thou ne ſhalt nat loven Emelie:
Cheſe which thou wolt, for thou ſhalt not aſterte.
  This Arcite, tho with ful diſpitous herte,

Whan he him knew, and had his tale herd,
As fers as a leon pulled out a ſwerd,
And ſayde thus; By God that ſitteth above,
N'ere it that thou art ſike and wood for love,
And eke that thou no wepen haſt in this place,
Thou ſhuldeſt never out of this grove pace,
That thou ne ſhuldeſt dien of min hond;
For I defie the ſuretee and the bond
Which that thou ſaiſt that I have made to thee.
What! veray fool, thinke wel that love is free,
And I wol love hire maugre all thy might.
But for thou art a worthy gentil knight,
And wilneſt to darraine hire by bataille,
Have here my trouth, to-morwe I will not faille,
Withouten weting of any other wight,
That here I wol be founden as a knight,
And bringen harneis right ynough for thee,
And cheſe the beſte, and leve the werſte for me:
And mete and drinke this night wol I bring
Ynough for thee, and clothes for thy bedding;
And if ſo be that thou my lady win,
And ſle me in this wode, ther I am in,
Thou maiſt wel have thy lady as for me.
This Palamon anſwerd, I grant it thee:
And thus they ben departed til a morwe,
Whan eche of hem hath laid his faith to borwe.
O Cupide! out of alle charitee,
O regne! that wolt no felaw have with thee,

Ful ſoth is ſayde, that love ne lordſhip
Wol nat his thankes have no felawſhip.
Wel finden that Arcite and Palamon.
  Arcite is ridden anon unto the toun,
And on the morwe, or it were day light,
Ful prively two harneis hath he dight,
Both ſuffiſant and mete to darreine
The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine;
And on his hors, alone as he was borne,
He carieth all this harneis him beforne;
And in the grove, at time and place yſette,
This Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.
Tho changen gan the colour in hir face,
Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace
That ſtondeth at a gappe with a ſpere,
Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,
And hereth him come ruſhing in the greves,
And breking bothe the boughes and the leves,
And thinketh here cometh my mortal enemy,
Withouten faile he muſt be ded or I;
For eyther I mote ſlain him at the gappe,
Or he mote ſlen me if that me miſhappe.

℣. 1628. *his thankes*] With his good will. See alſo ver. 2109, 5854, and ver. 2116, hir *thankes*, with their good will. So in the *Sax. Chron.* p. 243, " ſume here *thankes*, and ſume here " *unthankes*;" *aliqui libenter et aliqui ingratis.*

℣. 1644. *And breking*] The mſſ. all read *breketh*. But it is more likely, I think, that the firſt tranſcriber ſhould have made a miſtake in that word than that Chaucer ſhould have offended ſo unneceſſarily againſt grammar.

So ferden they in changing of hir hewe,
As fer as eyther of hem other knewe.
Ther n'as no good day, ne no saluing,
But ftreit withouten wordes reherfing
Everich of hem halpe to armen other
As frendly as he were his owen brother;
And after that with fharpe fperes ftrong
They foineden eche at other wonder long.
Thou mighteft wenen that this Palamon
In his fighting were as a wood leon,
And as a cruel tigre was Arcite:
As wilde bores gan they togeder fmite,
That frothen white as fome for ire wood:
Up to the ancle foughte they in hir blood:
And in this wife I let hem fighting dwelle,
And forth I wol of Thefeus you telle.

The deftinee, miniftre general,
That executeth in the world over al
The purveiance that God hath fen beforne,
So ftrong it is, that though the world had fworne
The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,
Yet fomtime it fhall fallen on a day

Ỽ. 1658. *In his fighting were as*] *As* has been inferted for the fake of the metre, but I am not fatisfied with it. Perhaps we fhould read *fightinge*, and pronounce the final *e*. In the Saxon, verbals of this form are faid to terminate in *ange*, *inge*, *onge*, *unge*. *Hickes*, *Gr. AS.* c. 3, xvii.

Ỽ. 1670, 1.] So in *The Thefeida*, l. v.;

> Ma come nui vegian venir in hora
> Cofa che in mille anni non aviene.

That falleth nat efte in a thouſand yere,
For certainly our appetites here,
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
All is this ruled by the ſight above.
This mene I now by mighty Theſeus,
That for to hunten is ſo deſirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day
That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride
With hunte and horne, and houndes him beſide;
For in his hunting hath he ſwiche delite,
That it is all his joye and appetite
To ben himſelf the grete harts bane;
For after Mars he ſerveth now Diane.
  Clere was the day, as I have told or this,
And Theſeus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolita, the fayre quene,
And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,
On hunting ben they ridden really:
And to the grove, that ſtood ther faſte by,
In which ther was an hart as men him told,
Duk Theſeus the ſtreite way hath hold,
And to the launde he rideth him ful right,
Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight,
And over a brooke, and ſo forth on his wey.
This duk wol have a cours at him or twey
With houndes, ſwiche as him luſt to commaunde.
And when this duk was comen to the launde,

Under the ſonne he loked, and anon
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,
That foughten breme, as it were bolles two;
The brighte ſwerdes wenten to and fro
So hidouſly that with the leſte ſtroke
It ſemed that it wolde felle an oke,
But what they weren nothing he ne wote:
This duk his courſer with his ſporres ſmote,
And at a ſtert he was betwix hem two,
And pulled out a ſwerd and cried, Ho!
No more, up peine of leſing of your hed;
By mighty Mars he ſhal anon be ded
That ſmiteth any ſtroke that I may ſen!
But telleth me what miſtere men ye ben,
That ben ſo hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any juge or other officere,
As though it were in liſtes really.
  This Palamon anſwered haſtily
And ſaide; Sire, what nedeth wordes mo?
We have the deth deſerved bothe two:
Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives,
That ben accombred of our owen lives,
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge
Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge;
And ſle me firſt for ſeinte charitee,
But ſle my felaw eke as wel as me;

v. 1715. *As though it were*] The beſt mſſ. read—As it were in *a liſtes*—which perhaps is right. See before, ver. 1014, on

Or ſle him firſt, for though thou know it lite,
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
That fro thy lond is baniſhed on his hed,
For which he hath deſerved to be ded;
For this is he that came unto thy gate,
And ſayde that he highte Philoſtrate.
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere,
And thou haſt maked him thy chief ſquiere,
And this is he that loveth Emelie.
  For ſith the day is come that I ſhal die
I make plainly my confeſſion,
That I am thilke woful Palamon
That hath thy priſon broken wilfully:
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I
That loveth ſo hot Emelie the bright,
That I wold dien preſent in hire ſight,
Therfore I axe deth and my iewiſe;
But ſle my felaw in the ſame wiſe,
For both we have deſerved to be ſlain.
  This worthy duk anſwerd anon again,
And ſayd, This is a ſhort concluſion;
Your owen mouth, by your confeſſion,
Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde;
It nedeth not to peine you with the corde:
Ye ſhul be ded by mighty Mars the Rede.
  The quene anon for veray womanhede

armes——And *Froiſſart*, v. i. c. 153. "en *unes lices*, qui pour "celle cauſe furent faites."——In the preceding line *other* is the old expreſſion for *or*.

Gan for to wepe, and ſo did Emelie,
And all the ladies in the compagnie.
Gret pite was it, as it thought hem alle,
That ever ſwiche a chance ſhulde befalle,
For gentil men they were of gret eſtat,
And nothing but for love was this debat;
And ſawe hir blody woundes wide and ſore,
And alle criden bothe leſſe and more,
Have mercie Lord upon us wimmen alle,
And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,
And wold have kiſt his feet ther as he ſtood,
Till at the laſt aſlaked was his mood;
(For pitee renneth ſone in gentil herte)
And though he firſt for ire quoke and ſterte,
He hath conſidered ſhortly in a clauſe
The treſpas of hem both, and eke the cauſe;
And although that his ire hir gilt accuſed,
Yet in his reſon he hem both excuſed;
As thus; he thoughte wel that every man
Wol helpe himſelf in love if that he can,
And eke deliver himſelf out of priſon:
And eke his herte had compaſſion
Of wimmen, for they wepten ever in on,
And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,
And ſoft unto himſelf he ſayed; Fie
Upon a lord that wol have no mercie,

ỳ. 1749. *Mars the rede*] So below, ver. 1971. Boccace has given Mars the ſame epithet in the opening of his Theſeida;
——O rubicondo Marte.

But be a leon both in word and dede,
To hem that ben in repentance and drede,
As wel as to a proud diſpitous man
That wol mainteinen that he firſt began.
That lord hath litel of diſcretion
That in ſwiche cas can no diviſion,
But weigheth pride and humbleſſe after on.
And ſhortly whan his ire is thus agon
He gan to loken up with eyen light,
And ſpake theſe ſame wordes all on hight.
  The god of Love, a *benedicite!*
How mighty and how grete a lord is he?
Again his might ther gainen non obſtacles,
He may be cleped a God for his miracles,
For he can maken at his owen giſe
Of everich herte as that him liſt deviſe.
  Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,
That quitely weren out of my priſon,
And might have lived in Thebes really,
And weten I am hir mortal enemy,
And that hir deth lith in my might alſo,
And yet hath love, maugre hir eyen two,
Ybrought hem hither bothe for to die;
Now loketh, is not this an heigh folie?
Who may ben a fool, but if that he love?
Behold for Goddes ſake that ſitteth above,
Se how they blede! be they not wel araied?
Thus hath hir lord, the god of Love, hem paied

Hir wages, and hir fees for hir ſervice,
And yet they wenen for to be ful wiſe
That ſerven Love for ought that may befalle.
And yet is this the beſte game of alle,
That ſhe for whom they have this jolite
Con hem therfore as mochel thank as me.
She wot no more of alle this hote fare,
By God, than wot a cuckow or an hare.
But all mote ben aſſaied hote or cold;
A man mote ben a fool other yonge or old;
I wot it by myſelf ful yore agon,
For in my time a ſervant was I on;
And therfore ſith I know of loves peine,
And wot how ſore it can a man deſtreine,
As he that oft hath ben caught in his las,
I you foryeve all holly this treſpas,
At requeſt of the quene that kneleth here,
And eke of Emelie, my ſuſter dere,
And ye ſhul bothe anon unto me ſwere
That never mo ye ſhul my contree dere,
Ne maken werre upon me night ne day,
But ben my frendes in alle that ye may.
I you foryeve this treſpas every del.
And they him ſware his axing fayr and wel,
And him of lordſhip and of mercie praid,
And he hem granted grace, and thus he ſaid:

ỳ. 1817. *And therfore*] Imitated from *The Theſeida*, l. v. ſ.

Ma pero che gai inamorato fui
E per amor ſovente ſolegiai,
M'e caro molto il perdonare altrui.

To ſpeke of real linage and richeſſe,
Though that ſhe were a quene or a princeſſe,
Eche of you bothe is worthy douteles
To wedden whan time is, but natheles
I ſpeke as for my ſuſter Emelie,
For whom ye have this ſtrif and jalouſie,
Ye wot yourſelf ſhe may not wedden two
At ones, though ye fighten evermo;
But on of you, al be him loth or leſe,
He mot gon pipen in an ivy leſe:
This is to ſay, ſhe may not have you bothe,
Al be ye never ſo jalous ne ſo wrothe.
And forthy I you put in this degree,
That eche of you ſhall have his deſtinee
As him is ſhape, and herkneth in what wiſe;
Lo here your ende of that I ſhal deviſe.
My will is this for plat concluſion
Withouten any replication,
If that you liketh, take it for the beſte,
That everich of you ſhal gon wher him leſte
Freely withouten raunſon or dangere,
And this day fifty wekes, ferre ne nere,
Everich of you ſhal bring an hundred knightes,
Armed for liſtes up at alle rightes,
Alle redy to darrein hire by bataille.
And this behete I you withouten faille
Upon my trouth, and as I am a knight,
That whether of you bothe hath that might,

This is to fayn, that whether he or thou
May with his hundred, as I fpake of now,
Sle his contrary, or out of liftes drive,
Him fhall I yeven Emelie to wive
To whom that Fortune yeveth fo fayr a grace.
  The liftes fhal I maken in this place,
And God fo wifly on my foule rewe,
As I fhal even juge ben and trewe.
Ye fhal non other ende with me maken
That on of you ne fhal be ded or taken;
And if you thinketh this is wel yfaid,
Saith your avis, and holdeth you apaid:
This is your ende and your conclufion.
  Who loketh lightly now but Palamon?
Who fpringeth up for joye but Arcite?
Who coud it tell, or who coud it endite,
The joye that is maked in the place
Whan Thefeus hath don fo fayre a grace?
But doun on knees went every manere wight,
And thanked him with all hir hertes might,
And namely thefe Thebanes often fith.
  And thus with good hope and with herte blith
They taken hir leve, and homeward gan they ride
To Thebes, with his olde walles wide.
  I trowe men wolde deme it negligence
If I foryete to tellen the difpence

v. 1861. *Sle his contrary*] The terms in The Thefeida are fimply——

Chi l'altra parte caccera di fuore
Per forza d'arme, marito li fia.

Of Theſeus, that goth ſo beſily
To maken up the liſtes really,
That ſwiche a noble theatre as it was
I dare wel ſayn in all this world ther n'as:
The circuite a mile was aboute
Walled of ſtone, and diched all withoute;
Round was the ſhape, in manere of a compas
Ful of degrees, the hight of ſixty pas,
That whan a man was ſet on o degree
He letted not his felaw for to ſee.
Eſtward ther ſtood a gate of marbel white,
Weſtward right ſwiche another in th' oppoſite;
And ſhortly to concluden, ſwiche a place
Was never in erthe in ſo litel a ſpace,
For in the lond ther n'as no craftes man
That geometrie or arſmetrike can,
Ne portreiour, ne kerver of images,
That Theſeus ne yaf him mete and wages
The theatre for to maken and deviſe.
  And for to don his rite and ſacrifice
He eſtward hath upon the gate above,
In worſhip of Venus goddeſſe of Love,
Don make an auter and an oratorie,
And weſtward, in the minde and in memorie

ỳ. 1900. *arſmetrike*] So arithmetick was commonly called in our ancient language. See below, ver. 7804, and *The Seven Sages of Rome*, *mſ. Cotton*, *Galba. E.* ix.;

> Geometrie and *ars metrike*,
> Fiſik and alſo retorike.

Of Mars he maked hath right fwiche another,
That cofte largely of gold a fother:
And northward, in a touret on the wall,
Of alabaftre white and red corall
An oratorie riche for to fee,
In worfhip of Diane of chaftitee,
Hath Thefeus don wrought in noble wife.
  But yet had I foryetten to devife
The noble kerving and the portreitures,
The fhape, the contenance, of the figures
That weren in thefe oratories three.
  Firft in the temple of Venus maift thou fee
Wrought on the wall, ful pitous to beholde,
The broken flepes, and the fikes colde,
The facred teres, and the waimentinges,
The firy ftrokes of the defiringes,
That Loves fervantes in this lif enduren,
The othes that hir covenants affuren.
Plefance and Hope, Defire, Foolhardineffe,
Beaute and Youthe, Baudrie and Richeffe,
Charmes and Force, Lefinges and Flaterie,
Difpence, Befineffe, and Jaloufie,

℣. 1915. *Hath Thefeus don wrought*] This fhould rather be *don work*. The participle of the paft time is put improperly for the infinitive mode. But the fame inaccuracy occurs again in ver. 4591;

These marchants *han don* fraught hir fhippes newe——

℣. 1920. *the temple of Venus*] In the defcription of this temple Chaucer has taken very little from Boccace, as he had already inferted a very clofe imitation of this part of The Thefeida in

That wered of yelwe goldes a gerlond,
And hadde a cuckow ſitting on hire hond,
Feſtes, inſtruments, and caroles and dances,
Luſt and array, and all the circumſtances
Of Love, which that I reken and reken ſhall,
By ordre weren peinted on the wall,
And mo than I can make of mention;
For ſothly all the mount of Citheron,
Ther Venus hath hire principal dwelling,
Was ſhewed on the wall in purtreying,
With all the gardin, and the luſtineſſe:
Nought was foryetten the porter Idelneſſe,
Ne Narciſſus the fayre of yore agon,
Ne yet the folie of King Salomon,
Ne yet the grete ſtrengthe of Hercules,
Th' enchantment of Medea and Circes,
Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Creſus caitif in ſervage.

his *Aſſemblee of Foules*, from ver. 183, to ver. 287. If that poem alludes (as I ſuſpect) to the intended marriage between John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaſter, which took place in 1359, it will follow that the poem of Palamon and Arcite muſt have been compoſed after that period.

℣. 1932. *And hadde a cuckow*] *Hadde* is inſerted upon the authority of edit. *M.* I do not recollect to have found it in any mſ.

℣. 1942. *the porter Idelneſſe*] In the *Aſſemb. of F.* ver. 261, Richeſſe is the porter of Venus; but Idelneſſe, Dame Oyſeuſe, is the porter of the Jardin de Deduit. *Rom. de la R.* 645.

Thus may ye ſeen that wiſdom ne richeſſe,
Beaute ne ſleighte, ſtrenghte ne hardineſſe,
Ne may with Venus holden champartie,
For as hire liſte the world may ſhe gie.
Lo, all theſe folk ſo caught were in hire las
Til they for wo ful often ſaid Alas!
Sufficeth here enſamples on or two,
And yet I coude reken a thouſand mo.
The ſtatue of Venus, glorious for to ſee,
Was naked fleting in the large ſee,
And fro the navel doun all covered was
With wawes grene, and bright as any glas.
A citole in hire right hand hadde ſhe,
And on hire hed, ful ſemely for to ſee,
A roſe gerlond freſh and wel ſmelling,
Above hire hed hire doves flickering:
Before hire ſtood hire ſone Cupido,
Upon his ſhoulders winges had he two,
And blind he was, as it is often ſene;
A bow he bare and arwes bright and kene.
Why ſhulde I not as wel eke tell you all
The purtreiture that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mighty Mars the Rede?
All peinted was the wall in length and brede
Like to the eſtres of the griſly place
That highte the gret temple of Mars in Trace,
In thilke colde and froſty region,
Ther as Mars hath his ſovereine manſion.

Firſt on the wall was peinted a foreſt,
In which ther wonneth neyther man ne beſt,
With knotty knarry barrein trees old
Of ſtubbes ſharpe and hidous to behold,
In which ther ran a romble and a ſwough,
As though a ſtorme ſhuld breſten every bough;
And dounward from an hill under a bent
Ther ſtood the temple of Mars Armipotent,
Wrought all of burned ſtele, of which th' entree
Was longe and ſtreite, and ghaſtly for to ſee;
And therout came a rage and ſwiche a viſe
That it made all the gates for to riſe.
The northern light in at the dore ſhone,
For window on the wall ne was ther none
Thurgh which men mighten any light diſcerne:
The dore was all of athamant eterne,
Yclenched overthwart and endelong
With yren tough, and for to make it ſtrong,
Every piler the temple to ſuſtene
Was tonne-gret, of yren bright and ſhene.
Ther ſaw I firſt the derke imagining
Of Felonie, and alle the compaſſing;
The cruel ire, red as any glede,
The pikepurſe, and eke the pale drede,

Ṽ. 1977.] I ſhall throw together a few lines of The Theſeida which Chaucer has plainly copied in this deſcription;

> Ne v'era beſtia ancora ne paſtore——
> Cerri—Nodoſi, aſpri, rigidi e vetuſti——
> E le porte eran de eterno adamante
> Ferrate d'ogni parte tutte quante.

The fmiler with the knif under the cloke,
The fhepen brenning with the blake fmoke,
The trefon of the mordring in the bedde,
The open werre, with woundes all bebledde;
Conteke with blody knif and fharp manace:
All full of chirking was that fory place.
The fleer of himfelf yet faw I there,
His herte blood hath bathed all his here;
The naile ydriven in the fhode on hight,
The colde deth, with mouth gaping upright.
Amiddes of the temple fate Mifchance,
With difcomfort and fory contenance;
Yet faw I Woodneffe laughing in his rage,
Armed Complaint, Outhees, and fiers Outrage;
The carraine in the bufh, with throte ycorven,
A thoufand flain, and not of qualme yftorven;
The tirant, with the prey by force yraft;
The toun deftroied, ther was nothing laft:

℣. 1999. *The cruel ire*] From The Thefeida;

Vide vi le ire roffe come focho
E la paura palida in quel locho.

The pikepurfe (I am forry to fay) is Chaucer's own.

℣. 2002. *The fhepen*] The ftable, from the Sax. fcypen, which fignifies the fame thing. The tranflator of Bede renders *ad ftabula jumentorum*—to neata fcypene. B. iv. c. 24.

℣. 2014. *Outhees*] Outcry, from *hutefium*, a term well known in our law. This line has ufually been printed——

Armed complaint *on theft* and fiers *corage*.

℣. 2019. *the fhippes hoppefteres*] It is needlefs to trouble the reader with the various readings and interpretations of this paffage. To *hoppe*, in Saxon, fignified exactly the fame as to *dance*, though with us it has acquired a ludicrous fenfe; and

Yet ſaw I brent the ſhippes hoppeſteres,
The hunte yſtrangled with the wilde beres;
The ſow freting the child right in the cradel,
The coke yſcalled for all his long ladel:
Nought was foryete by th' infortune of Marte
The carter overridden with his carte;
Under the wheel ful low he lay adoun.
Ther were alſo of Martes diviſion
Th' armerer and the bowyer, and the ſmith,
That forgeth ſharpe ſwerdes on his ſtith;

the termination *ſtre* or *ſter* was uſed to denote a female, like *trix* in Latin. As therefore a female baker was called a bakeſter, a female brewer a breweſter, a female webbe or weaver a webbeſter, ſo, I conceive, a female hopper or dancer was called an *hoppeſter*. It is well known that a ſhip, in moſt languages, is conſidered as a female.---Though the idea of a ſhip dancing on the waves be not an unpoetical one, the adjunct *hoppeſters* does not ſeem ſo proper in this place as the *bellatrici* of The Theſeida, l. vii.;

> Vedevi ancor le navi *bellatrici*,
> In voti carri e li volti guaſtati.

In another reſpect Chaucer has improved upon his original, by repreſenting the ſhips on fire. It ſhould be obſerved that the principal circumſtances in Boccace's deſcription of this temple of Mars are copied from Statius, l. vii.

ꝟ. 2020. *The hunte*] The huntſman, from the Sax. *hunta*. See before, ver. 1680, and below, ver. 2630. I know not what to think of the two following lines. Was Chaucer ſerious, or did he mean, in this and ſome other ſimilar paſſages, to ridicule the minute and often incongruous deſcriptions of the old romancers? The lines are in all the mſſ.

ꝟ. 2027. *Th' armerer and the bowyer*] The editions, and all the mſſ. except Dr. Aſkew's, read—The *barbour* and the *bocher*. I was glad to avail myſelf of the authority of thoſe two

And all above depeinted in a tour
Saw I a Conqueſt, ſitting in gret honour,
With thilke ſharpe ſwerd over his hed
Yhanging by a ſubtil twined thred.
Depeinted was the ſlaughter of Julius,
Of gret Nero and of Antonius:
All be that thilke time they were unborne,
Yet was hir deth depeinted ther beforne,
By manacing of Mars, right by figure,
So was it ſhewed in that purtreiture
As is depeinted in the cercles above,
Who ſhal be ſlaine or elles ded for love.
Sufficeth on enſample in ſtories olde;
I may not reken hem alle though I wolde.
  The ſtatue of Mars upon a carte ſtood
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood,
And over his hed ther ſhinen two figures
Of ſterres that ben cleped in ſcriptures,
That on Puella, that other Rubens.
This god of Armes was araied thus;
A wolf ther ſtood beforne him at his fete
With eyen red, and of a man he ete:

mſſ. to inſert the *armerer* inſtead of the *barbour*, and in conſequence of that emendation I have ventured (from conjecture only) to ſubſtitute the *bowyer* for the *bocher*.

ỽ. 2031. *With thilke ſharpe ſwerd*] *Thilke* is from conjecture only. The mſſ. read—*the*. *Sharpe* is a diſſyllable in other places. See ver. 2028, 2605, 9033.----In the next line I have alſo put *Yhanging* inſtead of *hanging*.

With ſubtil penſil peinted was this ſtorie,
In redouting of Mars and of his glorie.
Now to the temple of Diane the chaſte
As ſhortly as I can I wol me haſte,
To tellen you of the deſcriptioun,
Depeinted by the walles up and doun,
Of hunting and of ſhamefaſt chaſtitee.
Ther ſaw I how woful Caliſtope,
Whan that Diane agreved was with here,
Was turned from a woman til a bere,
And after was ſhe made the lodeſterre:
Thus was it peinted, I can ſay no ferre;
Hire ſone is eke a ſterre as men may ſee.
Ther ſaw I Dane yturned til a tree,
I mene not hire the goddeſſe Diane,
But Peneus daughter, which that highte Dane.
Ther ſaw I Atteon an hart ymaked,
For vengeance that he ſaw Diane all naked:
I ſaw how that his houndes have him caught,
And freten him, for that they knew him naught.
Yet peinted was a litel forthermore
How Athalante hunted the wilde bore,
And Meleagre, and many another mo,
For which Diane wroughte hem care and wo.
Ther ſaw I many another wonder ſtorie,
The which me liſte not drawen to memorie.
This goddeſſe on an hart ful heye ſete,
With ſmale houndes all aboute hire fete,

And underneth hire feet ſhe hadde a mone,
Wexing it was, and ſhulde wanen ſone.
In gaudy grene hire ſtatue clothed was,
With bow in hond, and arwes in a cas.
Hire eyen caſte ſhe ful low adoun,
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.
A woman travailling was hire beforne,
But for hire childe ſo longe was unborne
Ful pitouſly Lucina gan ſhe call,
And ſayed; Helpe, for thou mayeſt beſte of all.
Wel coude he peinten liſly that it wrought,
With many a florein he the hewes bought.
  Now ben theſe liſtes made, and Theſeus
That at his grete coſt arraied thus
The temples, and the theatre everidel,
Whan it was don him liked wonder wel.
But ſtint I wol of Theſeus a lite,
And ſpeke of Palamon and of Arcite.
  The day approcheth of hir returning,
That everich ſhuld an hundred knightes bring,
The bataille to darreine, as I you told;
And til Athenes hir covenant for to hold,
Hath everich of hem brought an hundred knightes
Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.
And ſikerly, ther trowed many a man
That never ſithen that the world began,
As for to ſpeke of knighthood of hir hond,
As fer as God hath maked ſee and lond,

N'as of ſo fewe ſo noble a compagnie;
For every wight that loved chevalrie,
And wold his thankes han a paſſant name,
Hath praied that he might ben of that game,
And wel was him that therto choſen was,
For if ther fell to-morwe ſwiche a cas,
Ye knowen wel that every luſty knight
That loveth *par amour*, and hath his might,
Were it in Englelond or elleſwher,
They wold hir thankes willen to be ther.
To fight for a lady, a *benedicite!*
It were a luſty fighte for to ſe.
  And right ſo ferden they with Palamon.
With him ther wenten knightes many on
Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,
And in a breſt plate, and in a gipon;
And ſom wol have a pair of plates large,
And ſom wol have a Pruce ſheld or a targe;
Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,
And have an axe, and ſom a mace of ſtele.
Ther n'is no newe guiſe that it n'as old.
Armed they weren as I have you told
Everich after his opinion.
  Ther maiſt thou ſe coming with Palamon
Licurge himſelf, the grete King of Trace;
Blake was his berd, and manly was his face;

℣. 2128. *Armed they weren*] This is upon the authority of ed. *M.* The mſſ. read—Armed *were they.*——

The cercles of his eyen in his hed
They gloweden betwixen yelwe and red,
And like a griffon loked he about,
With kemped heres on his browes ſtout;
His limmes gret, his braunes hard and ſtronge,
His ſhouldres brode, his armes round and longe;
And as the guiſe was in his contree,
Ful highe upon a char of gold ſtood he,
With foure white bolles in the trais.
Inſtede of cote armure on his harnais,
With nayles yelwe, and bright as any gold,
He hadde a beres ſkin, cole-blake for old.
His longe here was kempt behind his bak,
As any ravenes fether it ſhone for blake.
A wreth of gold arm-gret, of huge weight,
Upon his hed ſate ful of ſtones bright,
Of fine rubins and of diamants.
About his char ther wenten white alauns,
Twenty and mo, as gret as any ſtere,
To hunten at the leon or the dere,
And folwed him, with moſel faſt ybound,
Colered with gold, and torettes filed round.

℣. 2150. *alauns*] *Alano* is the Spaniſh name of a ſpecies of dog which the dictionaries call a Maſtiff. Sir J. Bouchier's tranſlation of Froiſſart, b. iv. c. 24, "foure courſers and two *allans* "of Spaygne fayre and good."

℣. 2154. *torettes*] Rather *toretes*, with the mſſ. from the Fr. *touret*, which is explained by Cotgrave to ſignify, among other things, the little ring by which a hawke's lune (or leaſh) is faſt-

An hundred lordes had he in his route
Armed full wel, with hertes sterne and stoute.
With Arcita, in stories as men find,
The gret Emetrius the King of Inde,
Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,
Covered with cloth of gold diapred wele,
Came riding like the god of Armes Mars;
His cote armure was of a cloth of Tars,
Couched with perles white, and round, and grete;
His sadel was of brent gold new ybete;
A mantelet upon his shouldres hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling;
His crispe here like ringes was yronne,
And that was yelwe, and glitered as the sonne;
His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,
A fewe fraknes in his face yspreint,
Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint,
And as a leon he his loking caste,
Of five-and-twenty yere his age I caste;
His berd was wel begonnen for to spring;
His vois was as a trompe thondering;

ened unto the jesses. Mr. Warton has shewn, by several quotations, that *torettes* were affixed to the collars of dogs for a similar purpose. *Hist. of Eng. Poet.* p. 364. Our Author says that "the ringe [of the astrolabe] renneth in a manner of a *turet*." *Tr. of Ast.* fol. 291, b.

ỳ. 2171. *fraknes*] The Sax. word for what we call *freckles*.

Upon his hede he wered of laurer grene,
A gerlond freſhe and luſty for to ſene;
Upon his hond he bare for his deduit
An egle tame, as any lily whit:
An hundred lordes had he with him there,
All armed ſave hir hedes in all hir gere,
Ful richely in alle manere thinges;
For truſteth wel that erles, dukes, kinges,
Were gathered in this noble compagnie,
For love and for encreſe of chevalrie.
About this king ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame leon and leopart.
  And in this wiſe theſe lordes all and ſome
Ben on the Sonday to the citee come
Abouten prime, and in the toun alight.
  This Theſeus, this duk, this worthy knight,
Whan he had brought hem into his citee,
And inned hem everich at his degree,
He feſteth hem, and doth ſo gret labour
To eſen hem, and don hem all honour,
That yet men wenen that no mannes wit
Of non eſtat ne coud amenden it.
The minſtralcie, the ſervice at the feſte,
The grete yeftes to the moſt and leſte,
The riche array of Theſeus paleis,
Ne who ſate firſt ne laſt upon the deis,
What ladies fayreſt ben or beſt dancing,
Or which of hem can carole beſt or ſing,

Ne who moft felingly fpeketh of love,
What haukes fitten on the perche above,
What houndes liggen on the floor adoun,
Of all this now make I no mentioun,
But of the effect, that thinketh me the befte;
Now cometh the point, and herkeneth if you lefte.
  The Sonday night or day began to fpring,
Whan Palamon the larke herde fing,
Although it n'ere not day by houres two,
Yet fang the larke, and Palamon right tho
With holy herte, and with an high corage
He rofe, to wenden on his pilgrimage
Unto the blisful Citherea benigne,
I mene Venus, honourable and digne,
And in hire houre he walketh forth a pas
Unto the liftes, ther hire temple was,

ỳ. 2206. *What haukes*] He alludes to the following defcription in *The Thefeida*, l. vii;

L'aula grand d'alti cavalieri
Tutta era piena, e di diverfe gente.
Quivi avevan zugulari e minittrieri
Di diverfi atti copiofamente,
Zilfalchi, aftori, falconi, e fparavieri,
Brachi, livreri, e maftin veramente,
Su per le ftanze e in terra a giacere,
Affai a quor zentili belli a vedere.

ỳ. 2219. *And in hire houre*] I cannot better illuftrate Chaucer's aftrology than by a quotation from the old *Kalendrier de Berg.* edit. 1500, fign. K ii. b.; "Qui veult favoir comme bergiers fcevent quel planete regne chafcune heure du jour et "de la nuit, doit favoir le planete du jour qui veult s'enquerir; "et la premiere heure temporelle du foleil levant ce jour eft "pour celluy planete. la feconde heure eft pour la planete en-

And doun he kneleth, and with humble chere
And herte fore he fayde as ye fhul here:
    Fayreft of fayre, o lady min Venus,
Daughter to Jove, and fpoufe of Vulcanus,
Thou glader of the Mount of Citheron!
For thilke love thou haddeft to Adon

"fuivant. et la tierce pour l'autre," &c. in the following order, *viz.* Saturn, Jupiter. Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury. Luna. To apply this doctrine to the prefent cafe. The firft hour of the Sunday, reckoning from funrife, belonged to the Sun, the planet of the day, the fecond to Venus, the third to Mercury, &c.; and continuing this method of allotment we fhall find that the twenty-fecond hour alfo belonged to the Sun, and the twenty-third to Venus, fo that the hour of Venus really was, as Chaucer fays, two hours before funrife of the following day.——Accordingly we are told in ver. 2273 that the third hour after Palamon fet out for the temple of Venus the fun rofe, and Emelie began to go to the temple of Diane. It is not faid that this was the hour of Diane or the Moon, but it really was; for, as we have juft feen, the twenty-third hour of Sunday belonging to Venus, the twenty-fourth muft be given to Mercury, and the firft hour of Monday falls in courfe to the Moon, the prefiding planet of that day.——After this Arcite is defcribed as walking to the temple of Mars, ver. 2369, in *the nexte houre of Mars*, that is, the *fourth* hour of the day. It is neceffary to take thefe words together, for *the nexte houre* fingly, would fignify the *fecond* hour of the day; but that according to the rule of rotation mentioned above belonged to Saturn, as the *third* did to Jupiter. The *fourth* was *the nexte houre of Mars* that occurred after the hour laft named.

ỳ. 2223. *Fayreft of fayre*] So Palamon in *The Thefeida*;

O bella dea, del buon Vulcan fpofa,
Per cui fe allegra il monte Citherone,
Dee i ti priego, che mi fii pietofa,
Per quello amore che portafti ad Adone.

Have pitee on my bitter teres ſmert,
And take myn humble praier at thin herte.
  Alas! I ne have no langage to tell
The effecte ne the torment of min hell;
Min herte may min harmes not bewrey;
I am ſo confuſe that I cannot ſay:
But mercy, lady bright! that knoweſt wele
My thought, and ſeeſt what harmes that I fele:
Conſider all this, and rue upon my ſore,
As wiſly as I ſhall for evermore
Emforth my might thy trewe ſervant be,
And holden werre alway with chaſtite;
That make I min avow ſo ye me helpe,
I kepe nought of armes for to yelpe,
Ne axe I nat to-morwe to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this cas, ne vaine glorie
Of pris of armes, blowen up and doun,
But I wold have fully poſſeſſioun
Of Emelie, and die in hire ſervise;
Find thou the manere how, and in what wiſe.
I rekke not but it may better be
To have victorie of hem or they of me
So that I have my lady in min armes;
For though ſo be that Mars is god of Armes,

And again, [See below, ver. 2240;]

Io non te chegio in arme aver victoria——
Io cercho ſola Emilia, la qual poi
Donarmi, Dea, ſe donar la mi voi.
  Il modo trova tu, ch'io non ne curo
O ch'io ſia vinto, o ch'io ſia vincitore.

Your vertue is so grete in heven above,
That if you liste I shal wel have my love.
Thy temple wol I worship evermo,
And on thin auter, wher I ride or go,
I wol don sacrifice, and fires bete.
And if ye wol not so, my lady swete!
Than pray I you to-morwe with a spere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere;
Than rekke I not whan I have lost my lif
Though that Arcita win hire to his wif.
This is the effecte and ende of my praiere,
Yeve me my love thou blisful lady dere!
  Whan the orison was don of Palamon
His sacrifice he did, and that anon,
Full pitously, with alle circumstances,
All tell I not as now his observances.
But at the last the statue of Venus shoke,
And made a signe wherby that he toke
That his praiere accepted was that day;
For though the signe shewed a delay,
Yet wist he wel that granted was his bone,
And with glad herte he went him home ful sone.
  The thridde houre inequal that Palamon
Began to Venus temple for to gon

℣.2273. *The thridde houre inequal*] In the astrological system the day (from sunrise to sunset) and the night (from sunset to sunrise) being each divided into twelve hours, it is plain that the hours of the day and night were never equal except just at the equinoxes. The hours attributed to the planets were of this *inequal* sort. See *Kalendrier de Berg. loc. cit.* and our Author's Treatise on the Astrolabe.

Up rofe the fonne, and up rofe Emelie,
And to the temple of Diane gan hie.
Hire maydens that fhe thider with hire ladde
Ful redily with hem the fire they hadde,
Th'encenfe, the clothes, and the remenant all,
That to the facrifice longen fhall,
The hornes ful of mede, as was the gife;
Ther lakked nought to don hire facrififfe.
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes fayre,
This Emelie with herte debonaire
Hire body wefshe with water of a well,
But how fhe did hire rite I dare not tell,
But it be any thing in general,
And yet it were a game to heren all;
To him that meneth wel it n'ere no charge;
But it is good a man to ben at large.
Hire bright here kembed was, untreffed all;
A coroune of a grene oke cerial
Upon hire hed was fet ful fayre and méte:
Two fires on the auter gan fhe bete,
And did hire thinges as men may behold
In Stace of Thebes, and thefe bokes old.

℣. 2283.] "Fu mondo il tempio e *di bei drapi ornato.*" *Thef.* l. vii.

℣. 2291. *Hire bright here*] So Emelie is defcribed in *Thef.* l. xii.;

> Dicho che i fuo crin parevan d'oro.
> Non con trezza reftretti, ma foluti
> E petinati.

℣. 2292. *A coroune*] "Corona di querzia cereale." *Th.* l. vii.

Whan kindled was the fire, with pitous chere
Unto Diane ſhe ſpake as ye may here:
O chaſte goddeſſe of the wodes grene,
To whom both heven, and erthe, and ſee, is ſene,
Quene of the regne of Pluto derke and lowe,
Goddeſſe of maydens, that min herte haſt knowe
Ful many a yere, and woſt what I deſire,
As kepe me fro thy vengeance and thin ire,
That Atteon aboughte cruelly!
Chaſte goddeſſe! wel woteſt thou that I
Deſire to ben a mayden all my lif,
Ne never wol I be no love ne wif:
I am (thou woſt) yet of thy compagnie,
A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And not to ben a wif and be with childe;
Nought wol I knowen compagnie of man;
Now helpe me, Lady, ſith ye may and can,
For tho three formes that thou haſt in thee:
And Palamon, that hath ſwiche love to me,
And eke Arcite, that loveth me ſo ſore,
This grace I praie thee withouten more,
As ſende love and pees betwix hem two,
And fro me torne away hir hertes ſo,
That all hir hote love and hir deſire,
And all hir beſy torment and hir fire
Be queinte, or torned in another place.
And if ſo be thou wolt not do me grace,

Or if my deſtinee be ſhapen ſo
That I ſhall nedes have on of hem two,
As ſende me him that moſt deſireth me.
  Beholde, goddeſſe of clene Chaſtite!
The bitter teres that on my chekes fall:
Sin thou art mayde, and keper of us all,
My mayden hed thou kepe and wel conſerve,
And while I live a mayde I wol thee ſerve.
  The fires brenne upon the auter clere
While Emelie was thus in hire praiere,
But ſodenly ſhe ſaw a ſighte queinte;
For right anon on of the fires queinte
And quiked again, and after that anon
That other fire was queinte and all agon,
And as it queinte it made a whiſteling
As don theſe brondes wet in hir brenning;
And at the brondes ende outran anon
As it were blody dropes many on;
For which ſo ſore agaſt was Emelie,
That ſhe was wel neigh mad, and gan to crie,
For ſhe ne wiſte what it ſignified,
But only for the fere thus ſhe cried
And wept, that it was pitee for to here.
  And therwithall Diane gan appere
With bowe in hond, right as an huntereſſe,
And ſayde, Doughter, ſtint thin hevineſſe.
Among the goddes highe it is affermed,
And by eterne word written and confermed,

Thou ſhalt be wedded unto on of tho
That han for thee ſo mochel care and wo,
But unto which of hem I may not tell.
Farewel, for here I may no longer dwell;
The fires which that on min auter brenne
Shal thee declaren er that thou go henne
Thin aventure of love as in this cas.
And with that word the arwes in the cas
Of the goddeſſe clatteren faſt and ring,
And forth ſhe went and made a vaniſhing,
For which this Emelie aſtonied was,
And ſayde, What amounteth this, alas!
I putte me in thy protection
Diane, and in thy diſpoſition.
And home ſhe goth anon the nexte way.
This is the effecte; ther n'is no more to ſay.
The nexte houre of Mars folwing this
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierce Mars, to don his ſacrifiſe
With all the rites of his payen wiſe.
With pitous herte and high devotion
Right thus to Mars he ſayde his oriſon:

ỳ. 2358. *Shal thee declaren*] This is improper, as the fires *have* already *declared* the event of the combat. In the original, as I remember, the appearance of Diana is prior to the omen.

ỳ. 2372. *payen*] This Fr. word is conſtantly uſed in the beſt mſſ. inſtead of *pagan*.

O ftronge god, that in the regnes cold
Of Trace honoured art, and lord yhold,
And haft in every regne and every lond
Of armes all the bridel in thin hond,
And hem fortuneft as thee lift devife,
Accept of me my pitous facrifife!
If fo be that my youthe may deferve,
And that my might be worthy for to ferve
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of thine,
Than praie I thee to rewe upon my pine,
For thilke peine and thilke hote fire
In which thou whilom brendeft for defire
Whanne that thou ufedeft the beautee
Of fayre yonge Venus frefhe and free,
And haddeft hire in armes at thy wille;
Although thee ones on a time misfille,
Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his las,
And fond thee ligging by his wif, alas!
For thilke forwe that was tho in thin herte
Have reuthe as wel upon my peines fmerte.

ỳ. 2375. *O ftronge god*] The prayer of Arcite in *The Thefeida* begins in the fame manner;

A forte dio, che ne i regni nivofi
Biftonii fervi le tue facre cafe——
Se per alto valere la mia etate
E le mie forze meritan, che io
De i toi fia detto, per quella pietate,
Ch'ebbe Neptuno, alor che con difio
Di Citharea *ufavi* la beltate,
Rinchiufo da Vulcan, ad ogni idio
Facto palefe, humilmente te priego,
Che a li miei prieghi tu non fazi niego.
Io fon come tu vidi giovinetto, &c.

I am yonge and unkonning as thou woſt,
And, as I trow, with love offended moſt
That ever was ony lives creature;
For ſhe that doth me all this wo endure
Ne receth never whether I ſinke or flete;
And wel I wot or ſhe me mercy hete
I moſte with ſtrengthe win hire in the place;
And wel I wot withouten helpe or grace
Of thee ne may my ſtrengthe not availle;
Than helpe me, Lord, to-morwe in my bataille,
For thilke fire that whilom brenned thee,
As wel as that this fire now brenneth me,
And do, that I to-morwe may han victorie:
Min be the travaille and thin be the glorie.
Thy ſoveraine temple wol I moſt honouren
Of ony place, and alway moſt labouren
In thy pleſance and in thy craftes ſtrong;
And in thy temple I wol my baner hong,
And all the armes of my compagnie,
And evermore until that day I die
Eterne fire I wol beforne thee find;
And eke to this avow I wol me bind.

℣. 2404. *Than helpe me*] So in *The Theſeida*;

Donque me ajuta per lo ſanto focho,
Che te arſe gia, ſi come me arde hora.

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

I tempii tuoi eterni ſoneranno
De l'armi del mio vinto compagnone,
Et ancora le mie vi penderanno——
Eterni fochi ſempre vi arderano,
E la barboa [f. barba] e i mei con [f. crin] che offenſione
Di ferro non ſentiron te impromecto.

My berd, my here that hangeth long adoun,
That never yet felt non offenſioun
Of raſour ne of ſhere I wol thee yeve,
And ben thy trewe ſervant while I live.
Now, Lord, have reuthe upon my ſorwes ſore;
Yeve me the victorie; I axe thee no more.
 The praier ſtint of Arcita the ſtronge,
The ringes on the temple dore that honge,
And eke the dores, clattereden ful faſt,
Of which Arcita ſomwhat him agaſt.
The fires brent upon the auter bright
That it gan all the temple for to light;
A ſwete ſmell anon the ground up yaf,
And Arcita anon his hond up haf,
And more encenſe into the fire he caſt,
With other rites mo, and at the laſt
The ſtatue of Mars began his hauberke ring,
And with that ſoun he herd a murmuring
Ful low and dim, that ſayde thus, Victorie;
For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.
 And thus with joye and hope wel to fare
Arcite anon unto his inne is fare
As fayn as foul is of the brighte ſonne.
 And right anon ſwiche ſtrif ther is begonne
For thilke granting in the heven above
Betwixen Venus the goddeſſe of Love,
And Mars the ſterne god Armipotent,
That Jupiter was beſy it to ſtent,

Til that the Pale Saturnus the Colde,
That knew ſo many of aventures olde,
Fond in his olde experience and art
That he ful ſone hath pleſed every part.
As ſooth is ſayd, elde hath gret avantage;
In elde is bothe wiſdom and uſage:
Men may the old out-renne but not out-rede.
  Saturne anon, to ſtenten ſtrif and drede,
Al be it that it is again his kind,
Of all this ſtrif he gan a remedy find.
  My dere doughter Venus! quod Saturne,
My cours that hath ſo wide for to turne
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the ſee ſo wan,
Min is the priſon in the derke cote,
Min is the ſtrangel and hanging by the throte,
The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,
The groyning, and the prive empoyſoning.
I do vengeance and pleine correction
While I dwell in the ſigne of the Leon.
Min is the ruine of the highe halles,
The falling of the toures and of the walles
Upon the minour or the carpenter;
I ſlew Sampſon in ſhaking the piler.

℣. 2451. *out-rede*] Outwit, ſurpaſs in counſel. The ſenſe of this word has been moſt ridiculouſly miſtaken by Dryden;

> For this advantage age from youth has won,
> As not to be *outridden* though *outrun*.

Min ben alſo the maladies colde,
The derke treſons, and the caſtes olde:
My loking is the fader of Peſtilence.
Now wepe no more, I ſhal do diligence
That Palamon, that is thin owen knight,
Shal have his lady, as thou haſt him hight.
Thogh Mars ſhal help his knight yet natheles.
Betwixen you ther mot ſomtime be pees:
All be ye not of o complexion
That cauſeth all day ſwiche diviſion.
I am thin ayel, redy at thy will;
Wepe now no more, I ſhal thy luſt fulfill.
  Now wol I ſtenten of the goddes above,
Of Mars and of Venus goddeſſe of Love,
And tellen you as plainly as I can
The gret effect for which that I began.
  Gret was the feſte in Athenes thilke day,
And eke the luſty ſeſon of that May
Made every wight to ben in ſwiche pleſance
That all that Monday juſten they and dance,

℣. 2469. *Min ben alſo the maladies colde*] I apprehend that *maladies*, in this verſe, is to be pronounced as of four ſyllables;
Min ben alſó the *máladiés* cólde.
So below, ver. 2495;
Ther wás in th' hóſtelríes áll abóute.
And ver. 2591;
Ther n'ére ſwiche cómpagníes néver twéy.
However, if any one ſhould prefer a hobbling line with another ſyllable in it he may read, with the beſt mſſ. *And* min ben alſo, &c.

And ſpenden it in Venus highe ſervice;
But by the cauſe that they ſhulden riſe
Erly a-morwe for to ſeen the fight,
Unto hir reſte wenten they at night.
And on the morwe whan the day gan ſpring
Of hors and harneis noiſe and clattering
Ther was in the hoſtelries all aboute,
And to the paleis rode ther many a route
Of lordes upon ſtedes and palfreis.
  Ther mayeſt thou ſee deviſing of harneis
So uncouth and ſo riche, and wrought ſo wele
Of goldſmithry, of brouding and of ſtele;
The ſheldes brighte, teſteres, and trappures,
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkes, cote armures;
Lordes in paramentes on hir courſeres,
Knightes of retenue, and eke ſquieres,
Nailing the ſperes, and helmes bokeling,
Gniding of ſheldes, with lainers lacing;
Ther as nede is they weren nothing idel:
The fomy ſtedes on the golden bridel
Gnawing, and faſt the armureres alſo
With file and hammer priking to and fro;
Yemen on foot, and communes many on
With ſhorte ſtaves, thicke as they may gon;

ỽ. 2506. *Gniding of ſheldes:*] Rubbing, from the Sax. *gnidan*, *fricare*. I have not ſcrupled to inſert this reading in the text from a ſingle mſ. (*NC.*) and that one of the leaſt authority. Indeed both Caxton's editions ſupport it, for they read *guydyng*, and *n* in many mſſ. is undiſtinguiſhable from *u*. The other readings are *gyngynge*, *gigging*, *grigging*, *girding*, *gyding*, *gryding*.

Pipes, trompes, nakeres, and clariounes,
That in the bataille blowen blody sounes;
The paleis ful of peple up and doun,
Here three, ther ten, holding hir questioun,
Devining of these Theban knightes two,
Som sayden thus, som sayde it shall be so;
Som helden with him with the blacke berd,
Som with the balled, som with the thick herd;
Som saide he loked grim, and wolde fighte;
He hath a sparth of twenty pound of wighte.

Thus was the halle full of devining
Long after that the sonne gan up spring.
The gret Theseus that of his slepe is waked
With minstralcie and noise that was maked,
Held yet the chambre of his paleis riche,
Til that the Theban knightes bothe yliche
Honoured were, and to the paleis fette.

Duk Theseus is at a window sette,
Araied right as he were a god in trone:
The peple preseth thiderward ful sone

℣. 2513. *Pipes, trompes*] *Thesiida*, l. ii.;

A una hora trombe, nachare, e tamburi
Sonaron forte.—

See *Du Cange* in v. *Nacara*, who describes it to be a kind of brazen drum used in the cavalry.

℣. 2516. *Here three*] So in *The Theseida*;

Qui tre, la quatro, e qui sei adunati,
Tra lor mostrando diverse ragione.

℣. 2527. *Held yet the chambre*] So *The Theseida*;

Anchor le riche camere tenea
Del suo palagio.

Him for to feen and don high reverence,
And eke to herken his hefte and his fentence.
  An herand on a fcaffold made an O,
Til that the noife of the peple was ydo,
And whan he faw the peple of noife al ftill
Thus fhewed he the mighty dukes will.
  The lord hath of his high difcretion
Confidered that it were deftruction
To gentil blood to fighten in the gife
Of mortal bataille now in this emprife,
Wherfore to fhapen that they fhal not die
He wol his firfte purpos modifie.
  No man therfore, up peine of loffe of lif,
No maner fhot ne pollax ne fhort knif
Into the liftes fend or thider bring,
Ne fhort fwerd for to ftike with point biting
No man ne draw ne bere it by his fide;
Ne no man fhal unto his felaw ride
But o cours, with a fharpe ygrounden fpere;
Foin if him lift on foot, himfelf to were:

℣. 2535. *an O*] It may be doubted whether this be an abbreviation of *oyez*, or whether the interjection *ho* were ufed to command a ceffation of noife as well as of fighting, &c. For the latter ufe fee ver. 1708, 2658. and *Holinsh*. p. 495; "The "Duke of Norfolke was not fullie fet forward when the king "caft downe his warder, and the heraldes cried, *Ho, ho!*"

℣. 2552. *himfelf to were*] To defend: it is a Saxon word. See *Chr. Sax. Gibf.* p. 57, *hine werede, fe defendit*—and p. 148. See alfo *Lydg. Troy*. b. iv;

That fhelde ne plate might his body *were*.

And he that is at mefchief fhal be take,
And not flaine, but be brought unto the ftake
That fhal ben ordeined on eyther fide;
Thider he fhal by force, and ther abide:
And if fo fall the chevetain be take
On eyther fide, or elles fleth his make,
No longer fhal the tourneying ylaft.
God fpede you; goth forth and lay on faft:
With longe fwerd and with mafe fighteth your fill.
Goth now your way; this is the lordes will.
  The vois of the peple touched to the heven,
So loude crieden they with mery fteven,
God fave fwiche a lord that is fo good,
He wilneth no deftruction of blood.
  Up gon the trompes and the melodie,
And to the liftes rit the compagnie
By ordinance, thurghout the cite large,
Hanged with cloth of gold and not with farge.
Ful like a lord this noble duk gan ride,
And thefe two Thebans upon eyther fide,

ỽ. 2559. *ylaft*] The prepofitive *y* is an addition of my own for the fake of the metre; but perhaps we might read "No "longer fhal the tourneyinge *laft*." See the n. on ver. 1658. I fhould obferve that fome mff. read *tournament*, and mf. D. *tourmentenge*, which may lead us to fufpect that Chaucer poffibly wrote *tournaymenting*.

ỽ. 2563. *The vois of the peple*] So *The Thefeida*;

> Di nobili e del popolo il romore
> Toccho le ftelle, fi fu alto e forte,
> Li dei, dicendo, ferva tal fignore
> Che de gli amici fuoi fugge la morte.

And after rode the quene and Emelie,
And after that another compagnie
Of on and other after hir degree;
And thus they paſſen thurghout the citee,
And to the liſtes comen they be time:
It n'as not of the day yet fully prime.
When ſet was Theſeus ful rich and hie,
Ipolita the quene, and Emelie,
And other ladies in degrees aboute,
Unto the fetes preſeth all the route.
And weſtward thurgh the gates under Mart
Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,
With baner red, is entred right anon;
And in the ſelve moment Palamon
Is, under Venus, eſtward in the place,
With baner white, and hardy chere and face.
In all the world to ſeken up and doun,
So even without variatioun
Ther n'ere ſwiche compagnies never twey;
For ther was non ſo wiſe that coude ſey
That any hadde of other avantage
Of worthineſſe, ne of eſtat ne age,
So even were they choſen for to geſſe:
And in two renges fayre they hem dreſſe.
Whan that hir names red were everich on,
That in her nombre gile were ther non,
Tho were the gates ſhette, and cried was loude,
Do now your devoir, yonge knightes proude.

The heraudes left hir priking up and doun.
Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun.
Ther is no more to ſay, but eſt and weſt
In gon the ſperes ſadly in the reſt;
In goth the ſharpe ſpore into the ſide:
Ther ſee men who can juſte and who can ride:
Ther ſhiveren ſhaftes upon ſheldes thicke;
He feleth thurgh the herte ſpone the pricke:
Up ſpringen ſperes twenty foot on highte;
Out gon the ſwerdes as the ſilver brighte:
The helmes they to-hewen and to-ſhrede;
Out breſt the blod with ſterne ſtremes rede:
With mighty maces the bones they to-breſte;
He thurgh the thickeſt of the throng gan threſte:
Ther ſtomblen ſtedes ſtrong, and doun goth all;
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball:
He foineth on his foo with a tronchoun,
And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun:

ỽ. 2608. *the herte ſpone*] This part of the human body is not mentioned in any dictionary that I have ſeen. The following paſſage of Johnſon [*Sad Shepherd*, A. I, S. vi,] would incline one to ſuſpect that it means the concave part of the breaſt, where the lower ribs unite with the *cartilago enſiformis;*

——he that undoes *him*; [the deer]
Doth cleave the briſket bone, upon the *ſpoon*
Of which a little griſtle grows——

The gloſſ. ſuppoſes *ſpone* to be a participle, ſignifying thruſt, driven, puſht, from the It. *ſpingere*.

ỽ. 2617. *He foineth on his foo*] I have ventured to ſubſtitute *foo* inſtead of *foot* or *feet*, the readings of the mſſ. *Foot* ſeems to have been originally introduced by a copiſt from the preceding line, and to have been afterwards altered to *feet*, in order to make ſome ſenſe.

He thurgh the body is hurt, and sith ytake
Maugre his hed, and brought unto the stake,
As forword was, right ther he must abide;
Another lad is on that other side:
And somtime doth hem Theseus to rest,
Hem to refresh and drinken if hem lest.
Ful oft a day han thilke Thebanes two
Togeder met and wrought eche other wo:
Unhorsed hath eche other of hem twey.
Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
Whan that hire whelpe is stole whan it is lite,
So cruel on the hunt as is Arcite
For jalous herte upon this Palamon;
Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell leon
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
As Palamon to sleen his foo Arcite:
The jalous strokes on hir helmes bite;
Out renneth blood on both her sides rede.
Somtime an ende ther is of every dede;
For er the sonne unto the reste went
The stronge King Emetrius gan hent
This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,
And made his swerd depe in his flesh to bite;

℣. 2628. *the vale of Galaphey*] This word is variously written, Colaphey, Galgaphey, Galapey. There was a town called Galapha in Mauritania Tingitana, upon the river Malva, [*Cellar. Geog. Ant.* v. ii. p. 935.] which perhaps may have given name to the vale here meant. For *Belmarie*, ver. 2632, see the note on ver. 57.

And by the force of twenty is he take
Unyolden, and ydrawen to the ſtake:
And in the reſcous of this Palamon
The ſtronge King Licurge is borne adoun;
And King Emetrius for all his ſtrengthe
Is borne out of his ſadel a ſwerdes lengthe,
So hitte him Palamon or he were take:
But all for nought, he was brought to the ſtake:
His hardy herte might him helpen naught;
He moſte abiden whan that he was caught
By force and eke by compoſition.
  Who ſorweth now but woful Palamon,
That moſte no more gon again to fight?
And whan that Theſeus had ſeen that ſight
Unto the folk that foughten thus eche on
He cried, Ho! no more, for it is don.
I wol be trewe juge and not partie.
Arcite of Thebes ſhal have Emelie,
That by his fortune hath hire fayre ywonne.
  Anon ther is a noiſe of peple begonne
For joye of this ſo loud and high withall
It ſemed that the liſtes ſhulden fall.
  What can now fayre Venus done above?
What ſaith ſhe now? what doth this quene of Love
But wepeth ſo for wanting of hire will
Til that hire teres in the liſtes fill:
She ſayde, I am aſhamed douteles.
  Saturnus ſayde, Daughter, hold thy pees:

Mars hath his will, his knight hath all his bone,
And by min hed thou ſhalt ben eſed ſone.
The trompoures with the loude minſtralcie,
The heraudes, that ſo loude yell and crie,
Ben in hir joye for wele of Dan Arcite.
But herkeneth me, and ſtenteth noiſe a lite,
Whiche a miracle ther befell anon.
This fierce Arcite hath of his helme ydon,
And on a courſer for to ſhew his face
He priketh endelong the large place,
Loking upward upon this Emelie,
And ſhe again him caſt a frendlich eye,
(For women, as to ſpeken in commune,
They folwen all the favour of Fortune)
And was all his in chere as his in herte.
Out of the ground a Fury infernal ſterte,

℣. 2673. *The trompoures*] The trumpeters; ſo the beſt mſſ. If the learned editor of Ancient Scottiſh Poems had found this word in this ſenſe in his copy of Chaucer he would not, I apprehend, have looked any further for an explanation of it in *The Dance*, by *Dunbar*, ſt. ii. v. 10, p. 27.

℣. 2677. *Whiche a miracle*] It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that *which*, in our ancient language, was often uſed for who and what. It is uſed for what here, and again, ver. 5621, 6875.

℣. 2685. *And was all his in chere as his in herte*] I have patched up this verſe as well as I could out of the different copies. There is no authority, as I recollect, for the firſt *in*, except *Ca.* 2, but it ſeems abſolutely neceſſary: and all the copies read—*as* in his *herte*—which I think is evidently wrong.

℣. 2686. *a Fury*] Moſt of the copies have *a fire*, mſ. *A.* reads *a Fuyr*, from which I have made the preſent reading, as in The Theſeida it is Herinis, *i. e.* Erinnys, one of the Furies.

From Pluto ſent, at requeſte of Saturne,
For which his hors for fere gan to turne,
And lepte aſide, and foundred as he lepe;
And er that Arcite may take any kepe
He pight him on the pomel of his hed,
That in the place he lay as he were ded,
His breſt to-broſten with his ſadel bow;
As blake he lay as any cole or crow,
So was the blood yronnen in his face.
 Anon he was yborne out of the place,
With herte ſore, to Theſeus paleis:
Tho was he corven out of his harneis,
And in a bed ybrought ful fayre and blive,
For he was yet in memorie and live,
And alway crying after Emelie.
Duk Theſeus with all his compagnie
Is comen home to Athenes his citee
With alle bliſſe and gret ſolempnite.
Al be it that this aventure was falle
He n'olde not diſcomforten hem alle.
Men ſayden eke that Arcite ſhal not die,
He ſhal ben heled of his maladie.
And of another thing they were as fayn,
That of hem alle was ther non yſlain,
Al were they ſore yhurt, and namely on,
That with a ſpere was thirled his breſt bone.

v. 2698. *corven*] Cut out of his harneſs. I ſuppoſe to ſave the time and trouble of regularly diſarming him the laces, &c. were cut.

To other woundes and to broken armes
Som hadden ſalves and ſome hadden charmes;
And fermacies of herbes, and eke ſave
They dronken, for they wold hir lives have:
For which this noble duk, as he wel can,
Comforteth and honoureth every man,
And made revel all the longe night
Unto the ſtrange lordes, as was right.
Ne ther n'as holden no diſcomforting
But as at juſtes or a tourneying;
For ſothly ther n'as no diſcomfiture,
For falling n'is not but an aventure:
Ne to be lad by force unto a ſtake
Unyolden, and with twenty knightes take,
O perſon all alone, withouten mo,
And haried forth by armes, foot, and too,
And eke his ſtede driven forth with ſtaves,
With footmen, bothe yemen and eke knaves,
It was aretted him no vilanie;
Ther may no man clepen it cowardie.
For which anon Duk Theſeus let crie,
To ſtenten alle rancour and envie,
The gree as wel of o ſide as of other,
And eyther ſide ylike, as others brother;

V. 2715. *And fermacies*] Pharmacies. I have added the *And*, which ſeems as neceſſary to the ſenſe as to the metre.

V. 2735. *The gree*] The prize, the honour of the day. So in P. P. fol. 98;

The *gre* yet hath he gotten, for al his grete wound.

And yave hem giftes after hir degree,
And helde a feſte fully dayes three;
And conveyed the kinges worthily
Out of his toun a journee largely;
And home went every man the righte way;
Ther n'as no more but Farewel, Have good day.
Of this bataille I wol no more endite,
But ſpeke of Palamon and of Arcite.
  Swelleth the breſt of Arcite, and the ſore
Encreſeth at his herte more and more.
The clotered blood for any leche-craft
Corrumpeth, and is in his bouke ylaft,
That neyther veine-blood ne ventouſing,
Ne drinke of herbes, may ben his helping.
The vertue expulſif or animal,
Fro thilke vertue cleped natural,
Ne may the venime voiden ne expell;
The pipes of his longes gan to ſwell,

And in that curious old ballad, The Turnament of Tottenham, ver. 91, [*Ancient Poetry*, v. ii.;]

> [To] which of all the bachelery granted is the *gree*.

And again, ver. 186;

> They gathered Perkin about on every ſide,
> And grant him there the *gree*, the more was his pride.

It was neceſſary to vindicate this old phraſe, as the editions have diſcarded it for *they grete*.

℣. 2740. *a journee*] A day's work, or *way*, Fr. To make this ſtill clearer the editions in general read—*a dayes journey*—and ſpoil the verſe.

℣. 2748. *bouke*] The trunk of the body probably, from the Sax. *buce*, *venter*.

And every lacerte in his breſt adoun
Is ſhent with venime and corruptioun.
Him gaineth neyther for to get his lif
Vomit upward ne dounward laxatif:
All is to-broſten thilke region;
Nature hath now no domination:
And certainly ther nature wol not werche.
Farewel phyſike; go bere the man to cherche.
This is all and ſom, that Arcite moſte die;
For which he ſendeth after Emelie,
And Palamon, that was his coſin dere;
Than ſayd he thus, as ye ſhuln after here.
  Nought may the woful ſpirit in myn herte
Declare o point of all my ſorwes ſmerte
To you my lady, that I love moſt,
But I bequethe the ſervice of my goſt
To you aboven every creature,
Sin that my lif ne may no lenger dure.
  Alas the wo! alas the peines ſtrong,
That I for you have ſuffered, and ſo longe!
Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!
Alas departing of our compagnie!
Alas min hertes quene! alas my wif!
Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif!
What is this world? what axen men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Alone withouten any compagnie.
Farewel my ſwete, farewel min Emelie!

And softe take me in your armes twey
For love of God, and herkeneth what I sey.
  I have here with my cosin Palamon
Had strif and rancour many a day agon
For love of you, and for my jalousie;
And Jupiter so wis my soule gie,
To speken of a servant proprely,
With alle circumstances trewely,
That is to sayn, trouth, honour, and knighthede,
Wisdom, humblesse, estat, and high kinrede,
Fredom, and all that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I non
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and wol don all his lif;
And if that ever ye shal ben a wif
Foryete not Palamon, the gentil man.
  And with that word his speche faille began;
For from his feet up to his brest was come
The cold of deth that had him overnome;
And yet moreover in his armes two
The vital strength is lost and all ago;
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his herte sike and sore,

v. 2802. *overnome*] Overtaken, from *overniman*, Sax.
v. 2803. *And yet*] So in *The Theseida*, l. x.;

E anchor ne le brazza era perduta
La vital forza, sol ne lo intelletto
E nel core era ancora sostenuta
La pocha vita.—

Gan faillen whan the herte felte deth;
Duſked his eyen two, and failled his breth:
But on his ladie yet caſt he his eye;
His laſte word was, Mercy, Emelie!
His ſpirit changed hous, and wente ther
As I came never I cannot tellen wher;
Therfore I ſtent, I am no diviniſtre;
Of ſoules find I not in this regiſtre:
Ne me liſt not th'opinions to telle
Of hem, though that they writen wher they dwelle.
Arcite is cold, ther Mars his ſoule gie.
Now wol I ſpeken forth of Emelie.
 Shright Emelie, and houleth Palamon,
And Theſeus his ſiſter toke anon
Swouning, and bare hire from the corps away.
What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,
To tellen how ſhe wep both even and morwe?
For in ſwiche cas wimmen have ſwiche ſorwe,
Whan that hir houſbonds ben fro hem ago,
That for the more part they ſorwen ſo,
Or elles fallen in ſwiche maladie,
That atte laſte certainly they die.

ꝟ. 2813. *Therfore I ſtent*] This is apparently a fling at Boccace's pompous deſcription of the paſſage of Arcite's ſoul to heaven, *Theſ.* l. xi. It ſhould be obſerved however that our Author had already made uſe of the ſame deſcription in his *Troilus*, ver. 1806, *ſeq.* It is not in The Philoſtrato.

ꝟ. 2817. *ther Mars his ſoule gie*] The force of *ther*, in this paſſage, will beſt appear by a collation of other ſimilar paſſages. See particularly ver. 5022, 7143, 9182.

Infinite ben the ſorwes and the teres
Of olde folk and folk of tendre yeres
In all the toun for deth of this Theban;
For him ther wepeth bothe child and man:
So gret a weping was ther non certain
Whan Hector was ybrought all freſh yſlain
To Troy: alas! the pitee that was there;
Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.
Why woldeſt thou be ded? thiſe women crie,
And haddeſt gold ynough and Emelie.
No man might gladen this Duk Theſeus
Saving his olde fader Egeus,
That knew this worldes tranſmutatioun,
As he had ſeen it chaungen up and doun,
Joye after wo, and wo after gladneſſe,
And ſhewed him enſample and likeneſſe.
Right as ther died never man (quod he)
That he ne lived in erth in ſom degree,
Right ſo ther lived never man (he ſeyd)
In all this world that ſomtime he ne deyd:
This world n'is but a thurghfare ful of wo,
And we ben pilgrimes paſſing to and fro:
Deth is an end of every worldes ſore.
And over all this yet ſaid he mochel more
To this effect, ful wiſely to enhort
The peple that they ſhuld hem recomfort.
Duk Theſeus with all his beſy cure
He caſteth now wher that the ſepulture

v. 2856. *He caſteth*] I have added *He* to complete the verſe. The uſe of pronouns redundantly is common in Chaucer.

Of good Arcite may beſt ymaked be,
And eke moſt honourable in his degree;
And at the laſt he toke concluſion
That ther as firſt Arcite and Palamon
Hadden for love the bataille hem betwene,
That in that ſelve grove, ſote and grene,
Ther as he hadde his amorous deſires,
His complaint, and for love his hote fires,
He wolde make a fire, in which the office
Of funeral he might all accompliſe;
And let anon commande to hack and hewe
The okes old, and lay hem on a rew
In culpons, wel araied for to brenne.
His officers with ſwifte feet they renne
And ride anon at his commandement.
And after this, this Theſeus hath ſent
After a bere, and it all overſpradde
With cloth of gold the richeſt that he hadde,
And of the ſame ſuit he cladde Arcite.
Upon his hondes were his gloves white,
Eke on his hed a croune of laurer grene,
And in his hond a ſwerd ful bright and kene.

Ṽ. 2862. *in that ſelve grove*] In *The Theſeida* Arcita is buried

——Nel boſco, ove ſoventa
Aver ſovente ſoleva de amore.

Ṽ. 2866. *Of funeral*] *Of* is a conjectural ſupplement; or the verſe may be (perhaps better) completed by taking in the word *fully* from mſ. *NC.* and ed. *Ca.* 2,—in which the office

Funeral he might all *fully* accomplice.

Ṽ. 2872. *And after this*] The ſecond *this* is from conjecture only. Some mſſ. read—And after this Theſeus hath *yſent*—which perhaps is right.

He laid him bare the visage on the bere,
Therwith he wept that pitee was to here;
And for the peple shulde seen him alle,
Whan it was day he brought him to the halle,
That roreth of the crying and the soun.
  Tho came this woful Theban Palamon
With flotery berd and ruggy ashy heres,
In clothes blake, ydropped all with teres,
And (passing over of weping Emelie)
The reufullest of all the compagnie.
  And in as much as the service shuld be
The more noble and riche in his degree,

ṽ. 2879. *bare the visage*] If this expression were in Milton the criticks would not fail to call it an elegant Græcism; in Chaucer we can only hope that it may be allowed to be an elegant Anglicism. Froissart says that the corpse of our Edw. III. was carried "tout au long de la cité de Londres, à viaire decouvert, jusques à Westmonstier." V. i. c. 326.

ṽ. 2885. *With flotery berd*] Thes. l. xi.;

> Con rabuffata braza [or barba] e trisito crine
> E polveroso.—

Flotery seems literally to mean floting, as hair dishevelled (*rabuffata*) may be said to flote upon the air. *Ruggy* is rough.

2887. *And (passing over*] According to this reading the sense is plain that Palamon was the reufullest, &c. passing over or excepting Emelie; but all the mss. that I have seen read—*other*. If we adhere to that we must dispose the parenthesis thus;

> And (passing *other* of weping) Emelie
> The reufullest, &c.—

and the sense will be, that with Palamon came also Emelie, (passing others of or in weping) the reufullest, &c. But such a construction would be very harsh, and unlike Chaucer's usual facility, and therefore I rather believe we should read—*over*—with ed. *Urr.*

Duk Theſeus let forth three ſtedes bring,
That trapped were in ſtele all glittering,
And covered with the armes of Dan Arcite;
And eke upon theſe ſtedes gret and white
Ther ſaten folk, of which on bare his ſheld,
Another his ſpere up in his hondes held;
The thridde bare with him his bow Turkeis,
Of brent gold was the cas and the harneis;
And riden forth a pas with ſorweful chere
Toward the grove, as ye ſhul after here.
The nobleſt of the Grekes that ther were
Upon hir ſhuldres carrieden the bere,
With ſlacke pas, and eyen red and wete,
Thurghout the citee, by the maiſter ſtrete,
That ſprad was all with black, and wonder hie
Right of the ſame is all the ſtrete ywrie.
Upon the right hand went olde Egeus,
And on that other ſide Duk Theſeus,
With veſſels in hir hond of gold ful fine,
All ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wine;
Eke Palamon with ful gret compagnie,
And after that came woful Emelie
With fire in hond, as was that time the giſe,
To don the office of funeral ſervice.
High labour and ful gret apparailling
Was at the ſervice of that fire making,

℣. 2897. *his bow Turkeis*] So in *The Rom. de la R.* Love is ſaid to have *deux arcs Turquois*, ver. 924.

℣. 2904. *the maiſter ſtrete*] The principal ſtreet; "Le ſouverain carrefour." *Froiſſart*, v. iv. c. 28.

That with his grene top the heaven raught,
And twenty fadom of brede the armes ſtraught;
This is to ſain, the boughes were ſo brode.
Of ſtre firſt ther was laied many a lode.
But how the fire was maked up on highte,
And eke the names how the trees highte,
As oke, fir, birch, aſpe, alder, holm, poplere,
Wilow, elm, plane, aſh, box, cheſtein, lind, laurere,
Maple, thorn, beche, haſel, ew, whipultre,
How they were feld, ſhal not be told for me;
Ne how the goddes rannen up and doun
Diſherited of hir habitatioun,
In which they woneden in reſt and pees,
Nimphes, Faunes, and Amadriades;
Ne how the beſtes and the briddes alle
Fledden for fere whan the wood gan falle;
Ne how the ground agaſt was of the light,
That was not wont to ſee the ſonne bright;
Ne how the fire was couched firſt with ſtre,
And then with drie ſtickes cloven a-thre,
And than with grene wood and ſpicerie,
And than with cloth of gold and with perrie,
And gerlonds hanging with ful many a flour,
The mirre, th'encenſe alſo with ſwete odour;
Ne how Arcita lay among all this,
Ne what richeſſe about his body is;
Ne how that Emelie, as was the giſe,
Put in the fire of funeral ſervice;

Ne how she swouned whan she made the fire,
Ne what she spake, ne what was hire desire;
Ne what jewelles men in the fire caste,
Whan that the fire was gret and brente faste;
Ne how som cast hir sheld and som hir spere,
And of hir vestimentes which they were,
And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,
Into the fire, that brent as it were wood;
Ne how the Grekes with a huge route
Three times riden all the fire aboute
Upon the left hond, with a loud shouting,
And thries with hir speres clatering,
And thries how the ladies gan to crie;
Ne how that led was homeward Emelie;
Ne how Arcite is brent to ashen cold;
Ne how the liche-wake was yhold
All thilke night; ne how the Grekes play;
The wake-plaies ne kepe I not to say;

v. 2960. *the liche-wake*] The custom of watching with dead bodies (*lice*, Sax.) is probably very ancient in this country. It was abused, as other wakes and vigils were. See *Du Cange* in v. *Vigiliæ*. "In vigiliis circa corpora mortuorum vetantur choreæ "et cantilenæ, seculares ludi et alii turpes et fatui." *Synod. Wigorn. an.* 1240, c. 5. Chaucer seems to have confounded the wake-plays (as they were called) of his own time with the funeral-games of the Ancients. So in *Troilus*, v. 303, Troilus says to Pandarus,

> But of the fire and flambe funeral
> In which my body brennen shall to glede,
> And of the feste and playes palestral,
> At my vigile I pray thee take good hede.

Who wreſtled beſt naked, with oile enoint,
Ne who that bare him beſt in no diſjoint:
I woll not tellen eke how they all gon
Home til Athenes whan the play is don,
But ſhortly to the point now wol I wende,
And maken of my longe Tale an ende.
  By proceſſe and by lengthe of certain yeres
All ſtenten is the mourning and the teres
Of Grekes by on general aſſent:
Than ſemeth me ther was a parlement
At Athenes upon certain points and cas;
Amonges the which points yſpoken was
To have with certain contrees alliance,
And have of Thebanes fully obeiſance:
For which this noble Theſeus anon
Let ſenden after gentil Palamon,
Unwiſt of him what was the cauſe and why:
But in his blacke clothes forwefully
He came at his commandement on hie;
Tho ſente Theſeus for Emelie.
  Whan they were ſet, and huſht was al the place,
And Theſeus abiden hath a ſpace,
Or any word came from his wiſe breſt
His eyen ſet he ther as was his leſt,
And with a ſad viſage he ſiked ſtill,
And after that right thus he ſayd his will.

Ỳ. 2964. *in no diſjoint*] With no diſadvantage: ſo ver. 13341, in ſwiche *diſjoint*; at ſuch diſadvantage.

The firste Mover of the cause above,
Whan he firste made the fayre chaine of love,
Gret was th' effect, and high was his entent;
Wel wist he why and what therof he ment;
For with that fayre chaine of love he bond
The fire, the air, the watre, and the lond,
In certain bondes, that they may not flee:
That same prince and Mover eke (quod he)
Hath stablisht, in this wretched world adoun,
Certain of dayes and duration
To all that are engendred in this place,
Over the which day they ne mow not pace,
Al mow they yet the dayes wel abrege.
Ther nedeth non autoritee allege,
For it is preved by experience,
But that me lust declaren my sentence.
Than may men by this ordre wel discerne
That thilke Mover stable is and eterne;
Wel may men knowen, but it be a fool,
That every part deriveth from his hool;
For Nature hath not taken his beginning
Of no partie ne cantel of a thing,
But of a thing that parfit is and stable,
Descending so til it be corrumpable;

ỽ. 2993. *that fayre chaine of love*] Our Author's philosophy is borrowed, as it is usually, from *Boethius*, l. ii. met. 8;

Hanc rerum seriem ligat,
Terras ac pelagus regens,
Et cælo imperitans, amor.

See also, for what follows, l. iv. pr. 6.

And therfore of his wife purveyance
He hath fo wel befet his ordinance,
That fpeces of thinges and progreffions
Shullen enduren by fucceffions,
And not eterne, withouten any lie;
This maieft thou underftand and feen at eye.
Lo the oke, that hath fo long a norifhing
Fro the time that it ginneth firft to fpring,
And hath fo long a lif, as ye may fee,
Yet at the lafte wafted is the tree.
Confidereth eke how that the harde ftone
Under our feet, on which we trede and gon,
It wafteth as it lieth by the wey;
The brode river fomtime wexeth drey;
The grete tounes fee we wane and wende;
Than may ye fee that all thing hath an ende.
Of man and woman fee we wel alfo,
That nedes in on of the termes two,
That is to fayn, in youthe or elles age,
He mote be ded the king as fhall a page;
Som in his bed, fom in the depe fee,
Som in the large feld, as ye may fee:
Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilke wey;
Than may I fayn that alle thing mote dey.

℣. 3019. *Lo the oke*] So in *The Thefeida;*

Lo querci, che anno fi lungo nutrimento
E tanta vita quanto noi vedemo,
Anno pur alcun tempo finimento.
Le dure pietre ancor, &c.

What maketh this but Jupiter the King,
The which is prince and cauſe of alle thing,
Converting alle unto his propre wille,
From which it is derived, ſoth to telle?
And here-againes no creature on live
Of no degree availleth for to ſtrive.
Than is it wiſdom, as it thinketh me,
To maken vertue of neceſſite,
And take it wel that we may not eſchewe,
And namely that to us all is dewe;
And whoſo grutcheth ought he doth folie,
And rebel is to him that all may gie.
And certainly a man hath moſt honour
To dien in his excellence and flour,
Whan he is ſiker of his goode name;
Than hath he don his frend ne him no ſhame;
And glader ought his frend ben of his deth,
Whan with honour is yolden up his breth,
Than whan his name appalled is for age,
For all foryetten is his vaſſallage:
Than is it beſt, as for a worthy fame,
To dien whan a man is beſt of name.
The contrary of all this is wilfulneſſe.
Why grutchen we? why have we hevineſſe,

℣. 3043. *Than is it wiſdom*] From *The Theſeida*;

E pero fare de la neceſſitate
Virtu, quando biſogna, e ſapientia,
E il contrario e chiara vanitate.

℣. 3056. *his vaſſallage*] Valour, proweſs. *Froiſſart*, v. i. c. 271, "à grand honneur et *vaſſelage*." See *Du Cange*, in v. *Vaſſaticum*.

That good Arcite, of chivalry the flour,
Departed is, with dutee and honour,
Out of this foule priſon of this lif?
Why grutchen here his coſin and his wif
Of his welfare, that loven him ſo wel?
Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never a del,
That both his ſoule and eke hemſelf offend,
And yet they mow hir luſtes not amend.
What may I conclude of this longe ſerie,
But after ſorwe I rede us to be merie,
And thanken Jupiter of all his grace,
And er that we departen from this place,
I rede that we make of ſorwes two
O parfit joye laſting evermo:
And loketh now wher moſt ſorwe is herein,
Ther wol I firſte amenden and begin.
Siſter, (quod he) this is my full aſſent,
With all th' avis here of my parlement,
That gentil Palamon, your owen knight,
That ſerveth you with will, and herte, and might,
And ever hath don ſin ye firſt him knew,
That ye ſhall of your grace upon him rew,
And taken him for huſbond and for lord:
Lene me your hand, for this is oure accord.
Let ſee now of your womanly pitee;
He is a kinges brothers ſone pardee,

ỽ. 3078. *With all th' avis*] So the ſtatute 5 H. IV. is ſaid in the preamble to be made——"*de l'advis* et aſſent des Seig-"nurs," *&c.* The ſame form is uſed in moſt of the acts of that reign.

And though he were a poure bachelere,
Sin he hath served you so many a yere,
And had for you so gret adversite,
It moste ben considered, leveth me,
For gentil mercy oweth to passen right.
  Than sayd he thus to Palamon the Knight;
I trow ther nedeth litel sermoning
To maken you assenten to this thing.
Cometh ner, and take your lady by the hond.
  Betwixen hem was maked anon the bond
That highte Matrimoine or Mariage,
By all the conseil of the baronage;
And thus with alle blisse and melodie
Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie;
And God, that all this wide world hath wrought,
Send him his love that hath it dere ybought.
For now is Palamon in alle wele,
Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hele,
And Emelie him loveth so tendrely,
And he hire serveth all so gentilly,
That never was ther no word hem betwene
Of jalousie, ne of non other tene.
  Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie,
And God save all this fayre compagnie.

ỽ. 3091. *oweth*] By writing this word so (according to some mss.) we preserve a proper distinction between *oweth*, the third person sing. of the present tense, and *ought*, which was formerly only used in the past tense.

ỽ. 3109. *Thus endeth Palamon*] Before I quit this Tale I will just take notice that the same subject has been treated twice in

THE MILLERES PROLOGUE.

WHAN that the Knight had thus his Tale told,
In all the compagnie n'as ther yong ne old
That he ne ſaid it was a noble ſtorie,
And worthy to be drawen to memorie,
And namely the gentiles everich on.
Our Hoſte lough and ſwore, So mote I gon
This goth aright; unbokeled is the male;
Let ſee now who ſhal tel another Tale,
For trewely this game is wel begonne:
Now telleth ye ſire Monk, if that ye conne,
Somwhat to quiten with the Knightes Tale.
  The Miller, that for-dronken was all pale,

French verſe, many years ſince Chaucer's time, by two ladies; the one, Anne de Graville, is ſaid by Du Verdier [*Bibl.* p. 42.] to have tranſlated "de viell langage et proſe Le beau Romant "des deux amants Palamon et Arcita." It began thus;

Victorieux en armes et amours
Fut Theſeus, apres que pluſieurs jours
Eut ſejourne en l'Amazone terre,
Ou Cupido et Mars luy firent guerre,
Les quels vainquit et Hypolite auſi——

The other, Jeanne de la Fontaine, is mentioned by La Croix du Maine; and it was moſt probably her poem that Johannes Secundus has celebrated, l. iii. eleg. xv, as he appears to have written her epitaph and a nænia upon her death. *V. Lib. Funer.* —*inter Opp. Secund.*—In the new edit. of *Les Bibliotheques Françoiſes* the poem of Anne de Graville is ſaid to be ſtill preſerved in the royal library at Paris; and I find from a note of M. de la Monnoye in that edit. that he was well apprized of our Chaucer's having borrowed this Tale from The Theſeida.

So that unnethes upon his hors he ſat,
He n'old avalen neither hood ne hat,
Ne abiden no man for his curteſie,
But in Pilates vois he gan to crie,
And ſwore by armes, and by blood, and bones,
I can a noble Tale for the nones,
With which I wol now quite the Knightes Tale.
  Our Hoſte ſaw that he was dronken of ale,
And ſayd, Abide, Robin, my leve brother,
Som better man ſhall tell us firſt another;
Abide, and let us werken thriftily.
  By Goddes ſoule (quod he) that wol not I,
For I wol ſpeke, or elles go my way.
  Our Hoſte anſwerd, Tell on a devil way;
Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome.
  Now herkeneth, quod the Miller, all and ſome:
But firſt I make a proteſtatioun
That I am dronke, I know it by my ſoun,
And therfore if that I miſſpeke or ſay
Wite it the ale of Southwerk I you pray;
For I wol tell a legend and a lif
Both of a carpenter and of his wif,
How that a clerk hath ſet the wrightes cappe.
  The Reve anſwerd and ſaide, Stint thy clappe;
Let be thy lewed dronken harlotrie.
It is a ſinne and eke a gret folie

ỽ. 3126. *in Pilates vois*] In ſuch a voice as Pilate was uſed to ſpeak with in the myſteries. Pilate being an odious character was probably repreſented as ſpeaking with a harſh diſagreeable voice.

To apeiren any man, or him defame,
And eke to bringen wives in ſwiche a name;
Thou mayſt ynough of other thinges ſain.
  This dronken Miller ſpake ful ſone again,
And ſayde, Leve brother Oſewold,
Who hath no wif he is no cokewold;
But I ſay not therfore that thou art on;
Ther ben ful goode wives many on.
Why art thou angry with my Tale now?
I have a wif parde as wel as thou,
Yet n'olde I for the oxen in my plough
Taken upon me more than ynough
As demen of myſelf that I am on;
I wol beleven wel that I am non.
An huſbond ſhuld not ben inquiſitif
Of Goddes privite ne of his wif:
So he may finden Goddes foiſon there
Of the remenant nedeth not to enquere.
  What ſhuld I more ſay, but this Millere
He n'olde his wordes for no man forbere,
But told his cherles Tale in his manere,
Me thinketh that I ſhal reherſe it here;
And therfore every gentil wight I pray,
For Goddes love, as deme not that I ſay

ỽ. 3156.] After this verſe the two following are found in ſo many mſſ. that perhaps they ought to have been inſerted in the text;

And ever a thouſand good ageins on badde,
That knoweſt thou wel but if thou be madde.

ỽ. 3172. *as deme not*] This phraſe has occurred before, ver. 2304. *as kepe me*; ver. 2319, *as ſende*. I once thought that

Of evil entent, but that I mote reherſe
Hir Tales alle, al be they better or werſe,
Or elles falſen ſom of my matere;
And therfore who ſo liſt it not to here
Turne over the leef, and cheſe another Tale,
For he ſhal find ynow bothe gret and ſmale,
Of ſtorial thing that toucheth gentilleſſe,
And eke moralite and holineſſe.
Blameth not me if that ye cheſe amis;
The Miller is a cherl, ye know wel this,
So was the Reve, (and many other mo)
And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.
Aviſeth you now, and put me out of blame;
And eke men ſhuld not make erneſt of game.

THE MILLERES TALE.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Oxenforde
A riche gnof, that geſtes helde to borde,

as in theſe caſes was uſed elliptically for *do ſo much as*; but then the following verb muſt have been in the infinitive mood, whereas it is often in the imperative. See ver. 5773, *as* taketh; ver. 6631, *as* doth; ver. 13352, *as* beth. I am therefore rather inclined to underſtand it in the ſenſe of *ſo*, according to its original etymology. *As* is an abbreviation of *als*, and that of *al ſwa*; *ſic omnino*. See ver. 5481, 5778, 7007.

The Milleres Tale] Nicholas, a ſcholar of Oxford, practiſeth with Aliſon, the carpenter's wife of Oſney, to deceive her huſband, but in the end is rewarded accordingly. This is one of thoſe Tales that Lydgate (in his Prologue to The Story of the Siege of Thebes) ſays are of ribauldrie,

To makin laughtir in the company.

And of his craft he was a carpenter.
With him ther was dwelling a poure ſcoler,
Had lerned art, but all his fantaſie
Was turned for to lerne aſtrologie,
And coude a certain of concluſions
To demen by interrogations,
If that men aſked him in certain houres
Whan that men ſhulde have drought or elles ſhoures;
Or if men aſked him what ſhulde falle
Of every thing, I may not reken alle.
  This clerk was cleped Hendy Nicholas;
Of derne love he coude and of ſolas;
And therto he was ſlie and ful prive,
And like a maiden meke for to ſe.
A chambre had he in that hoſtelrie
Alone, withouten any compagnie,
Ful fetiſly ydight with herbes ſote,
And he himſelf was ſwete as is the rote
Of licoris, or any ſetewale.
His almageſte, and bokes gret and ſmale,
His aſtrelabre, longing for his art,
His augrim ſtones, layen faire apart

So, reader, you know what you are to expect; read or forbear as you think fitting. *Urry.*

ỽ. 3199. *Hendy Nicholas*] *Hendy* or *Hende*, (as it was more commonly written) ſignified courteous: ſo ver. 6868;

—A ſire, ye ſhuld ben *hende*
And curteis, as a man of youre eſtat.

ỽ. 3210. *augrim ſtones*] *Augrim* is a corruption of *algorithm*, the Arabian term for numeration. *Augrim ſtones* therefore

On fhelves couched at his beddes hed,
His preffe ycovered with a falding red;
And all above ther lay a gay fautrie,
On which he made on nightes melodie
So fwetely, that all the chambre rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he fong;
And after that he fong the kinges note:
Ful often bleffed was his mery throte,
And thus this fwete clerk his time fpent
After his frendes finding and his rent.
  This carpenter had wedded new a wif
Which that he loved more than his lif:
Of eightene yere fhe was I geffe of age.
Jalous he was, and held hire narwe in cage,
For fhe was wild and yonge, and he was old,
And demed himfelf belike a cokewold.
He knew not Caton, for his wit was rude,
That bade a man fhulde wedde his fimilitude;

were the pebbles or counters which were anciently ufed in numeration.

℣. 3217. *the kinges note*] What this note or tune was I muft leave to be explained by the mufical antiquaries, *Angelus ad Virginem*, I fuppofe, was Ave Maria, &c.

℣. 3223. *Of eightene yere*] The words—*I geffe*—are not in the mff. Mf. *A.* reads *feventene*, which perhaps may be right, if *feventene* be pronounced as of four fyllables. *Aff.* 1 and 2 would remove all difficulties, by reading *Of eightene yere* this woman was of age.

℣. 3227. *He knew not Caton*] The calling of this author *Caton* fhews that he was more ftudied in French than in Latin.

Men ſhulden wedden after hir eſtate,
For youthe and elde is often at debate;
But ſithen he was fallen in the ſnare
He moſt endure (as other folk) his care.
  Fayre was this yonge wif, and therwithal
As any weſel hire body gent and ſmal.
A ſeint ſhe wered, barred all of ſilk,
A barme-cloth eke as white as morwe milk
Upon hire lendes, ful of many a gore;
White was hire ſmok, and brouded all before
And eke behind on hire colere aboute
Of cole-black ſilk within and eke withoute:
The tapes of hire white volupere
Were of the ſame ſuit of hire colere;

See below, ver. 9251, 14946, 16155. Who he was or of what age is uncertain; but his authority four or five hundred years ago ſeems to have been as great as if he had really been the famous Cenſor of Rome. However, the maxim here alluded to is not properly one of Cato's; but I find it in a kind of Supplement to The Moral Diſtichs entitled *Facetus*, *int. Auctores octo morales. Lugd.* 1538, cap. iii.;

Duc tibi prole parem ſponſam moreſque venuſtam.
Si cum pace velis vitam deducere juſtam.

The ſame treatiſe, or at leaſt one with the ſame beginning, and on the ſame ſubject, is mentioned in the *Cat. mſſ. Coll. Trin. Dublin*, n. 275, under the title of *Urbanus*. It is there attributed to Daniel Eccleſienſis (Churche) who lived about the year 1180. See *Bayle, Cent.* iii. 17, and *Fabric. Bib. Med. Æt.* in v.

℣. 3237. *many a gore*] This word is uſed again in ver. 13719. I do not underſtand it in either place.

Hire fillet brode of filk, and fet full hye;
And fikerly fhe had a likerous eye:
Ful fmal ypulled were hire browes two,
And they were bent, and black as any flo:
She was wel more blisful for to fee
Than is the newe perienete tree,
And fofter than the wolle is of a wether.
  And by hire girdel heng a purfe of lether
Taffeled with filk and perled with latoun.
In all this world to feken up and doun
Ther n'is no man fo wife that coude thenche
So gay a popelot or fwiche a wenche.
Ful brighter was the fhining of hire hewe
Than in the Tour the noble yforged newe;
But of hire fong, it was as loud and yerne
As any fwalow fitting on a berne.
Therto fhe coude fkip and make a game
As any kid or calf folowing his dame.

℣. 3247. *blisful for to fee*] The better mff. read—*on* to fee—which I believe is right. See *Lydg. Troy.* b. iii. ch. xxii.;

His brother Troylus, fo goodly *on* to fee—

and *Gower*, *Conf. Amant.* fol. 17, b.;

Tho was she fouler *unto* [r. *on*, *to*] *fe*.

℣. 3248. *the newe perienete tree*] Some of the mff. read *perjonette*, as if the word were derived from the Ital. *pero giovanetto*, rather than from the Fr. *poire* or *pere jeunette*. In either cafe it fignifies a young pear.

℣. 3251. *perled with latoun*] That is, I believe, ornamented with latoun in the fhape of pearls. It is probable that fome very elegant purfes were embroidered with real pearls.

℣. 3254. *So gay a popelot*] This word may either be confidered as a diminutive from *poupée*, a puppet, or as a corruption of *papillot*, a young butterfly.

Hire mouth was ſwete as braket or the meth,
Or hord of apples laid in hay or heth.
Winſing ſhe was as is a joly colt,
Long as a maſt, and upright as a bolt.
A broche ſhe bare upon hire low colere,
As brode as is the boſſe of a bokelere.
Hire ſhoon were laced on hire legges hie;
She was a primerole, a piggeſnie,
For any lord to liggen in his bedde,
Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.
  Now ſire, and eft ſire, ſo befell the cas,
That on a day this Hendy Nicholas
Fel with this yonge wif to rage and pleye,
While that hire huſbond was at Oſeney,
As clerkes ben ful ſubtil and ful queint,
And prively he caught hire by the queint,
And ſayde, Ywis but if I have my will
For derne love of thee, lemman, I ſpill;
And helde hire faſte by the hanche bones,
And ſayde, Lemman, love me wel at ones,
Or I wol dien, al ſo God me ſave.
  And ſhe ſprong as a colt doth in the trave;

Ѷ. 3268. *a primerole*] Old Fr. for a primroſe. It is uſed by Gower, *Conf. Amant.* fol. 148.—*A piggeſnie.* The Romans uſed *oculus* as a term of endearment, and perhaps *piggeſnie*, in vulgar language, only means *ocellus*, the eyes of that animal being remarkably ſmall. The word occurs again in *The Remedie of Love*, ver. 257, though I do not believe that to be a work of Chaucer.

And with hire hed ſhe writhed faſte away,
And ſayde, I wol not kiſſe thee by my fay.
Why, let be, (quod ſhe) let be, Nicholas,
Or I wol crie out Harow and Alas!
Do way your hondes for your curteſie.
  This Nicholas gan mercy for to crie,
And ſpake ſo faire, and profered him ſo faſt,
That ſhe hire love him granted at the laſt,
And ſwore hire oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,
That ſhe wold ben at his commandement
Whan that ſhe may hire leiſer wel eſpie.
Myn huſbond is ſo ful of jalouſie
That but ye waiten wel and be prive
I wot right wel I n'am but ded, quod ſhe:
Ye moſten be ful derne as in this cas.
  Nay, therof care you not, quod Nicholas:
A clerk hath litherly beſet his while
But if he coude a carpenter begile.
And thus they were accorded and yſworne
To waite a time, as I have ſaid beforne.

Ѷ. 3286. *Harow*] It would much exceed the limits of theſe Notes to recite the ſeveral opinions concerning the original of this word. The curious reader may conſult *Du Cange*, in v. and *Hickes*, *Gr. Fr. Theot.* p. 96. I rather believe it to have been derived from *har*, *altus*, and *op*, *clamor*, two Iſlandick words, which were probably once common to all the Scandinavian nations. See *Gudmund. Andr. Lex. Iſland.* by *Reſenius*. *Hafn.* 1683. In ſupport of this opinion it may be obſerved that the very word *bareop* or *barop*, was uſed by ſome of the inhabitants of the Low-countries in the ſame ſenſe in which *Harou* was by the Normans. *Du Cange*, in v. *Haroep*.

When Nicholas had don thus every del,
And thacked hire about the lendes wel,
He kissed hire swete, and taketh his sautrie,
And plaieth fast, and maketh melodie.
  Than fell it thus, that to the parish cherche
(Of Cristes owen werkes for to werche)
This good wif went upon a holy day;
Hire forehed shone as bright as any day,
So was it washen whan she lete hire werk.
  Now was ther of that chirche a parish clerk
The which that was ycleped Absolon.
Crulle was his here, and as the gold it shon,
And strouted as a fanne large and brode;
Ful streight and even lay his joly shode:
His rode was red, his eyen grey as goos,
With Poules windowes corven on his shoos:
In hosen red he went ful fetisly:
Yclad he was ful smal and proprely
All in a kirtel of a light waget;
Ful faire and thicke ben the pointes set;

v. 3308. *Of Cristes*] *Of* is added from conjecture only.

v. 3318. *With Poules windowes*] Perhaps this means that his shoes were cut in squares, like panes of glass. Bayle mentions *fenestratos calceos* as making part of the habit of the Franciscans. *Cent.* iv. 27 and 91. They also occur in the Cistercian statutes *an.* 1529, and the monks are forbidden to wear them. *Du Cange*, in v. *Calcei Fenestrati.*

v. 3321. *of a light waget*] Or *watchet*. Skinner explains *watchet* to mean a colour a whitish blue; but in this place it seems rather to mean some kind of cloth, denominated per-

And therupon he had a gay surplise,
As white as is the blosme upon the rise.
A mery child he was, so God me save;
Wel coud he leten blod, and clippe and shave,
And make a chartre of lond and a quitance:
In twenty manere coud he trip and dance,
(After the scole of Oxenforde tho)
And with his legges casten to and fro;
And playen songes on a smal ribible;
Therto he song somtime a loud quinible:
And as wel coud he play on a giterne:
In all the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne
That he ne visited with his solas,
Ther as that any gaillard tapstere was;
But soth to say he was somdel squaimous
Of farting, and of speche dangerous.
This Absolon, that joly was and gay,
Goth with a censer on the holy day,

haps from the town of Watchet in Somersetshire. Instead of *light* some mss. read *fin*, and ms. *Awbit*. This last epithet would be quite inconsistent with Skinner's explanation.

ỽ. 3329. *the scole of Oxenforde*] The school of Oxford seems to have been in much the same estimation for its dancing as that of Stratford for its French: see before; ver. 125. *Oxenforde* is a quadrisyllable; *Oxnaforda*, Sax.

ỽ. 3336. *tapstere*] A female keeper of a tap or tavern. See n. on ver. 2019, and the *Prol.* to the Continuation of the *C. T.* ed. *Urr.* p. 594.

ỽ. 3337. *squaimous*] Squeamish; but I know not how to make that sense agree with what follows. Robert of Brunne [in his translation of *Manuel des Pechees*, ms. *Bod.* 2078, fol. 46,] writes this word *esquaimous*, which is nearer to its original, *exquamiare*, a corruption of *excambiare*.

Cenfing the wives of the parifh fafte,
And many a lovely loke he on hem cafte,
And namely on this carpenteres wif;
To loke on hire him thought a mery lif:
She was fo propre, and fwete, and likerous,
I dare wel fain if fhe had ben a mous
And he a cat he wolde hire hente anon.
This parifh clerk, this joly Abfolon,
Hath in his herte fwiche a love longing,
That of no wif toke he non offering;
For curtefie, he fayd, he n'olde non.
The moone at night ful clere and brighte fhon,
And Abfolon his giterne hath ytake,
For paramours he thoughte for to wake;
And forth he goth jolif and amorous,
Til he came to the carpenteres hous,
A litel after the cockes had ycrow,
And dreffed him up by a fhot window
That was upon the carpenteres wal.
He fingeth in his vois gentil and fmal,
Now, dere Lady—if thy wille be,
I pray you that ye—wol rewe on me;

ỷ. 3358. *a fhot window*] That is, I fuppofe, a window that was *fhut*. It might perhaps be better to write this word (with fome of the mff.) *fhet* or *fhette*, as Chaucer does in other places, ver. 16605, 16610. Mf. *A.* reads *fhop*, and *HA. fhort*.

ỷ. 3361, 2.] Thefe two lines, containing Abfolon's fong, were meant, I apprehend, to be broken into four fhort verfes, which will rhyme together very harmonioufly if the accent be laid upon the laft of *lady*, as it often is in fuch compofitions.

Ful wel accordant to his giterning.
This carpenter awoke, and herd him ſing,
And ſpake unto his wif, and ſaid anon,
What, Aliſon! heres thou not Abſolon,
That chanteth thus under our boures wal?
And ſhe anſwerd hire huſbond therwithal,
Yes, God wot, John, I here him every del.
This paſſeth forth; what wol ye bet than wel?
Fro day to day this joly Abſolon
So loveth hire that him is wo-begon:
He waketh all the night, and all the day
He kembeth his lockes brode, and made him gay;
He woeth hire by menes and brocage,
And ſwore he wolde ben hire owen page:
He ſingeth brokking as a nightingale;
He ſent her pinnes, methe, and ſpiced ale,
And wafres piping hot out of the glede;
And for ſhe was of toun he profered mede;
For ſom folk wol be wonnen for richeſſe,
And ſom for ſtrokes, and ſom with gentilleſſe.
Somtime to ſhew his lightneſſe and maiſtrie
He plaieth Herode on a ſkaffold hie.
But what availeth him as in this cas?
So loveth ſhe this Hendy Nicholas,

℣. 3382. *And ſom for ſtrokes*] In the margin of mſ. *C.* 1 is the following note, "Ovid, Ictibus agreſtis," &c.

℣. 3384. *He plaieth Herode*] This is much in character. The pariſh-clerks had always a principal ſhare in the repreſentation of myſteries. See the Pref. to Dodſley's Old Plays, p. 12.

That Abſolon may blow the buckes horne;
He ne had for his labour but a ſcorne:
And thus ſhe maketh Abſolon hire ape,
And all his erneſt tourneth to a jape.
Ful ſoth is this proverbe, it is no lie;
Men ſay right thus alway, The neighe ſlie
Maketh oft time the fer leef to be lothe:
For though that Abſolon be wood or wrothe,
Becauſe that he fer was from hire ſight,
This neighe Nicholas ſtood in his light.
  Now bere thee wel, thou Hendy Nicholas,
For Abſolon may waile and ſing alas.
  And ſo befell that on a Saturday
This carpenter was gon to Oſenay,
And Hendy Nicholas and Aliſon
Accorded ben to this concluſion,
That Nicholas ſhal ſhapen him a wile
This ſely jalous huſbond to begile;
And if ſo were the game went aright
She ſhuld ſlepe in his armes alle night,
For this was hire deſire and his alſo.
And right anon, withouten wordes mo,
This Nicholas no lenger wolde tarie,
But doth ful ſoft unto his chambre carie
Both mete and drinke for a day or twey.
  And to hire huſbond bad hire for to ſey,

v. 3392. *the neighe ſlie*] Gower has this proverb, *Conf. Am.* b. iii. f. 58;

An olde ſawe is, who that is *ſlygh*
In place wher he may be *nyghe*,
He maketh the *ferre leef loth*.

If that he axed after Nicholas,
She ſhulde ſay ſhe n'iſte not wher he was;
Of all the day ſhe ſaw him not with eye;
She trowed he was in ſom maladie,
For for no crie hire maiden coud him calle
He n'olde anſwer for nothing that might falle.
  Thus paſſeth forth all thilke Saturday,
That Nicholas ſtill in his chambre lay,
And ete, and ſlept, and dide what him liſt,
Til Sonday that the ſonne goth to reſt.
  This ſely carpenter hath gret mervaile
Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,
And ſaid, I am adrad by Seint Thomas
It ſtondeth not aright with Nicholas;
God ſhilde that he died ſodenly;
This world is now ful tikel ſikerly:
I ſaw to-day a corps yborne to cherche
That now on Monday laſt I ſaw him werche.
  Go up (quod he unto his knave) anon,
Clepe at his dore, or knocke with a ſton;
Loke how it is, and tell me boldely.
  This knave goth him up ful ſturdely,
And at the chambre dore while that he ſtood
He cried and knocked as that he were wood;
What? how? what do ye, Maiſter Nicholay?
How may ye ſlepen all the longe day?
But all for nought, he herde not a word.
An hole he fond ful low upon the bord,

Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe,
And at that hole he loked in ful depe,
And at the laſt he had of him a ſight.
  This Nicholas ſat ever gaping upright,
As he had kyked on the newe mone.
  Adoun he goth, and telleth his maiſter ſone
In what array he ſaw this ilke man.
  This carpenter to bliſſen him began,
And ſaid, Now helpe us Seinte Frideſwide!
A man wote litel what ſhal him betide.
This man is fallen with his aſtronomie
In ſom woodneſſe or in ſom agonie.
I thought ay wel how that it ſhulde be;
Men ſhulde not knowe of Goddes privetee.
Ya, bleſſed be alway a lewed man,
That nought but only his beleve can.
So ferd another clerk with aſtronomie;
He walked in the feldes for to prie

ṽ. 3449. *Seinte Frideſwide*] *Seint* is one of the very few French adjectives which, after their naturalization here, retained for a conſiderable time, I apprehend, a diſtinction of gender. See the *Eſſay*, *&c.* p. 124.---Chaucer always writes it *Seinte*, when he uſes it in the feminine gender, and the final *e* is often to be pronounced, as in this place. See ver. 7186, 10292, *Seinte* Marie-----ver. 7406, 7701, *Seinte* Charitee. Of the ſame form are *excellente*, ver. 10459, and *peregrine*, ver. 10742.—There is great propriety in making the carpenter invoke St. Frideſwide, who was patroneſs of a conſiderable priory at Oxford, and in high eſtimation there.

ṽ. 3457. *another clerk*] He alludes to a ſtory which is told of the famous Thales by Plato in his *Theætetus*, p. 127, ed. *Fic.* but our Author probably read it in the Cento Novelle Antiche, N. 36. It is there entitled “ D'uno Strologo ch' ebbe nome “ Milenſius, che fu ripreſo da una donna.”

Upon the ſterres, what ther ſhuld befalle,
Til he was in a marlepit yfalle.
He ſaw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas
Me reweth ſore of Hendy Nicholas:
He ſhal be rated of his ſtudying,
If that I may, by Jeſus, heven king.
  Get me a ſtaf, that I may underſpore
While that thou, Robin, heveſt of the dore:
He ſhal out of his ſtudying as I geſſe.
And to the chambre dore he gan him dreſſe.
His knave was a ſtrong carl for the nones,
And by the haſpe he haf it of at ones:
Into the flore the dore fell anon.
  This Nicholas ſat ay as ſtille as ſton,
And ever he gaped upward into the eire.
  This carpenter wend he were in deſpeire,
And hent him by the ſhulders mightily,
And ſhoke him hard, and cried ſpitouſly;
What, Nicholas? what, how man? loke adoun;
Awake, and thinke on Criſtes paſſioun.
I crouche thee from elves and from wightes.
Therwith the nightſpel ſaid he anon rightes

v. 3479. *wightes*] Witches; in the Teutonick *wite-vrouwe*; but whether they were ſo called from their wiſdom or from their being ſuppoſed to be clothed in white is not clear. A widow, in that language, is called a *wit-vrouwe*, from the latter circumſtance. *Kilian* in v. See *Keyſler's Diſſertation de Mulieribus Fatidicis*, in which, with a great deal of learning and probability, he has traced the popular notions of witches and witchcraft in the northern parts of Europe from a very early period. The faculty of floting upon the water, ſo as not to be

On foure halves of the hous aboute
And on the threſwold of the dore withoute:
Jeſu Criſt and Seint Benedight
Bliſſe this hous from every wicked wight,
Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noſter!
Wher woneſt thou Seint Peters ſuſter?
  And at the laſt this Hendy Nicholas
Gan for to ſiken ſore, and ſaid, Alas!
Shal all the world be loſt eſtſones now?
  This carpenter anſwered, What ſaieſt thou?

capable of being drowned, is aſcribed by Pliny to a race of male-witches in Pontus. *Nat. Hiſt.* l. vii. c. 2, "Non poſſe mergi, ne "quidem veſtibus degravatos."

ỽ. 3480. *the nightſpel*] The charm which follows, ver. 3483—6, is ſo lamely repreſented in all the mſſ. that I have left it as I found it in the common editions. It might perhaps be a little improved by reading it thus;

> Jeſu Criſt and Seint Benedight
> Bliſſe this hous from every wight,
> Fro the nightes mare, Pater-noſter!
> Wher woneſt thou Seint Peters ſuſter?

In ver. 2 *wicked* may be left out upon the authority of mſ. *A.* and others. It is certainly an unneceſſary epithet.——Ver. 3, *Pater-noſter* was often repeated in the middle as well as at the end of charms. ——Ver. 4, inſtead of *woneſt* ſome copies read *wendeſt*. I do not underſtand how the nightmare came to be allied to St. Peter.——To ſay the truth I ſuſpect this charm to be an interpolation. We have a nightſpel of another form in *Gervaſ. Tilber. Otia Imper.* l. iii. c. 93. See alſo *The Decameron*, d. vii. n. 1;

> Fantaſima, Fantaſima,
> Che di notte vai,
> A coda ritta ci veniſti,
> A coda ritta te n'andrai, &c.

Concerning the nightmare ſee *Keyſler, Antiq. Septent.* p. 497.

What? thinke on God, as we do, men that fwinke.
  This Nicholas anfwered, Fetch me a drinke;
And after wol I fpeke in privetee
Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:
I wol tell it non other man certain.
  This carpenter goth doun and cometh again,
And brought of mighty ale a large quart;
And whan that eche of hem had dronken his part,
This Nicholas his dore fafte fhette,
And doun the carpenter by him he fette,
And faide, John, min hofte lefe and dere,
Thou fhalt upon thy trouthe fwere me here
That to no wight thou fhalt my confeil wrey,
For it is Criftes confeil that I fay,
And if thou tell it man thou art forlore;
For this vengeance thou fhalt have therfore,
That if thou wreye me thou fhalt be wood.
  Nay, Crift forbede it for his holy blood,
Quod tho this fely man: I am no labbe,
Ne though I fay it I n'am not lefe to gabbe.
Say what thou wolt, I fhal it never telle
To child ne wif, by him that harwed helle.

ỳ. 3509. *no labbe*] No blab; *labben*, Holl. *klappen*, Belg. *blaterare*, Kilian.

ỳ. 3512. *harwed helle*] *Harried*, Sax. harraffed, fubdued. Our anceftors were very fond of a ftory of Chrift's exploits in his *defcenfus ad inferos*, which they called *The Harrowing of Helle*. They took it, with feveral others of the fame ftamp, from the gofpel of Nicodemus.' *Fabr. Cod. Apoc. N. T.* There is a poem upon this fubject in mf. *Bod.* 1687;

  Hou Jefu Crift *herowed helle*
  Of harde geftes ich wille telle.

Now, John, (quod Nicholas) I wol not lie,
I have yfounde in min aftrologie,
As I have loked in the moone bright,
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,
Shal fall a rain, and that fo wild and wood,
That half fo gret was never Noes flood:
This world (he faid) in leffe than in an houre
Shal all be dreint, fo hidous is the fhoure:
Thus fhal mankinde drenche and lefe hir lif.
This carpenter anfwerd, Alas my wif!
And fhal fhe drenche? alas min Alifoun!
For forwe of this he fell almoft adoun,
And faid, Is ther no remedy in this cas?
Why yes, for God, quod Hendy Nicholas;
If thou wolt werken after lore and rede,
Thou maift not werken after thin owen hede;
For thus faith Salomon, that was ful trewe,
Werke all by confeil, and thou fhalt not rewe.
And if thou werken wolt by good confeil
I undertake, withouten maft or feyl,
Yet fhal I faven hire, and thee and me.
Haft thou not herd how faved was Noe,
Whan that our Lord had warned him beforne,
That al the world with water fhuld be lorne?

And in the Chefter Whitfun-Playes, mf. *Harl.* 2013, the company of cookes, which was to exhibit the 17th pageant, or the *defcenfus ad inferna*, is thus addreffed;

You cookes with your carriage fee that you doe well,
In pagente fett out *the harrowinge of hell.*

See alfo *P. P.* paff. xix. f. 101—3.

ỹ. 3526. *for God*] *Pour Dieu*, Fr.

Yes, (quod this carpenter) ful yore ago.
Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also
The sorwe of Noe with his felawship,
Or that he mighte get his wif to ship?
Him had be lever, I dare wel undertake,
At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,

ℽ. 3539. *The sorwe of Noe*] It will be in vain, I apprehend, to look for this anecdote in *Genesis*, even in Dr. Kennicot's edition. Nicholas probably quoted it from The Mysteries, with which the carpenter was better acquainted. The dispute between Noah and his wife upon this occasion makes a considerable part of the 3d pageant of The Chester Whitsun-Playes above-mentioned. Mf. *Harl.* 2013. The following lines will shew the grounds of her refusal to embark;

Noe. Wife, come in, why standes thou there?
Thou art ever froward, that dare I swere.
Come in on Goddes halfe; tyme it were,
For fear lest that wee drowne.
Wife. Yea, Sir, set up your saile,
And rowe forth with evil haile,
For withouten anie faile
I wil not oute of this toune;
But I have my gossepes everich one;
One foote further I will not gone;
They shal not drown by St. John,
And I may save ther life.
They loved me full well by Christ:
But thou wilt let them into thie chist,
Ellis rowe forth, Noe, when thou list,
And get thee a newe wife.

At last Sem, with the assistance of his brethren, fetches her on board by force, and upon Noah's welcoming her she gives him a box on the ear.——These Playes are said (perhaps truly) to have been first written in 1328, but the Harleian mf. represents them as they were to be exhibited in 1600. There is a better copy of the same Playes in the *Bodl. Lib. E. N.* 115, transcribed by one William Bedford 1604; but even in that we see but small remains of the original diction and orthography.

That ſhe had had a ſhip hire ſelf alone;
And therfore woſt thou what is beſt to done?
This axeth haſt, and of an haſtif thing
Men may not preche and maken tarying.
Anon go get us faſt into this in
A kneding trough or elles a kemelyn
For eche of us; but loke that they ben large,
In which we mowen ſwimme as in a barge;
And have therin vitaille ſuffiſant
But for a day; fie on the remenant;
The water ſhall aſlake and gon away
Abouten prime upon the nexte day.
But Robin may not wete of this, thy knave,
Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not ſave:
Axe not why; for though thou axe me
I wol not tellen Goddes privetee.
Sufficeth thee, but if thy wittes madde,
To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde.
Thy wif ſhal I wel ſaven out of doute.
Go now thy way, and ſpede thee hereaboute.
  But whan thou haſt for hire, and thee, and me,
Ygeten us theſe kneding tubbes thre,
Than ſhalt thou hang hem in the roofe ful hie,
That no man of our purveyance eſpie:
And whan thou haſt don thus as I have ſaid,
And haſt our vitaille faire in hem ylaid,
And eke an axe to ſmite the cord a-two
Whan that the water cometh, that we may go

And breke an hole on high upon the gable
Unto the gardin ward, over the ſtable,
That we may frely paſſen forth our way,
Whan that the grete ſhoure is gon away,
Than ſhal thou ſwim as mery, I undertake,
As doth the white doke after hire drake;
Than wol I clepe, How, Aliſon! how, John!
Be mery, for the flood wol paſſe anon.
And thou wolt ſain, Haile! Maiſter Nicholay,
Good morwe! I ſee thee wel, for it is day.
And than ſhall we be lordes all our lif
Of all the world, as Noe and his wif.
But of o thing I warne thee ful right,
Be wel aviſed on that ilke night,
That we ben entred into ſhippes bord,
That non of us ne ſpeke not o word,
Ne clepe ne crie, but be in his praiere,
For it is Goddes owen heſte dere.
  Thy wif and thou moſte hangen fer a-twinne,
For that betwixen you ſhal be no ſinne,
No more in loking than ther ſhal in dede.
This ordinance is ſaid; go, God thee ſpede.
To morwe at night, whan men ben all aſlepe,
Into our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,
And ſitten ther, abiding Goddes grace.
Go now thy way, I have no lenger ſpace
To make of this, no lenger ſermoning:
Men ſain thus, Send the wiſe, and ſay nothing:

Thou art so wise it nedeth thee nought teche.
Go, save our lives, and that I thee beseche.
  This sely carpenter goth forth his way,
Ful oft he said Alas! and Wala wa!
And to his wif he told his privetee,
And she was ware, and knew it bet than he
What all this queinte cast was for to sey;
But natheles she ferde as she wold dey,
And said, Alas! go forth thy way anon;
Helpe us to scape, or we be ded eche on:
I am thy trewe veray wedded wif;
Go, dere spouse! and helpe to save our lif.
  Lo, what a gret thing is affection!
Men may die of imagination,
So depe may impression be take.
This sely carpenter beginneth quake;
Him thinketh veraily that he may see
Noes flood comen walwing as the see
To drenchen Alison, his honey dere:
He wepeth, waileth, maketh sory chere;
He siketh, with ful many a sory swough.
He goth and geteth him a kneding trough,
And after a tubbe and a kemelin,
And prively he sent hem to his in,
And heng hem in the roof in privetee.
His owen hond than made he ladders three,

v. 3624. *His owen hond*] With his own hand. So Gower, *Conf. Amant.* fol. 76. b.;

> The crafte Mynerve of wolle fonde,
> And made cloth *her owen honde.*

To climben by the renges and the ſtalkes
Unto the tubbes honging in the balkes;
And hem vitailled, kemelin, trough, and tubbe,
With bred and cheſe, and good ale in a jubbe,
Sufficing right ynow as for a day.
  But er that he had made all this array
He ſent his knave, and eke his wenche alſo,
Upon his nede to London for to go.
And on the Monday, whan it drew to night,
He ſhette his dore, withouten candel light,
And dreſſed all thing as it ſhulde bee;
And ſhortly up they clomben alle three.
They ſitten ſtille wel a furlong way.
Now, *Pater-noſter*, Clum, ſaid Nicholay,
And Clum, quod John, and Clum, ſaid Aliſon:
This carpenter ſaid his devotion,
And ſtill he ſit, and biddeth his praiere,
Awaiting on the rain, if he it here.
  The dede ſlepe, for wery beſineſſe,
Fell on this carpenter, right as I geſſe,
Abouten curfew time, or litel more.
For travaille of his goſt he groneth ſore,
And eft he routeth, for his hed miſlay.
Doun of the ladder ſtalketh Nicholay,

See alſo fol. 113, a.;
  Thyng which he ſayd *his owne mouth*.

ỽ. 3625. *the ſtalkes*] The ſteps, *Gloſſ. Urr.* but I rather believe the *renges* to mean the ſteps, and the *ſtalkes* the upright pieces of a ladder.

ỽ. 3638. *Clum*] From the Sax. *clumian*, *muſſitare*, *murmuare*.

And Aliſon ful ſoft adoun hire ſpedde.
Withouten wordes mo they went to bedde,
Ther as the carpenter was wont to lie;
Ther was the revel and the melodie.
And thus lith Aliſon and Nicholas
In beſineſſe of mirthe and in ſolas,
Til that the bell of *laudes* gan to ring,
And freres in the chancel gon to ſing.
  This pariſh clerk, this amorous Abſolon,
That is for love alway ſo wo-begon,
Upon the Monday was at Oſenay
With compagnie, him to diſport and play,
And aſked upon cas a cloiſterer
Ful prively after John the carpenter;
And he drew him apart out of the chirche.
He ſaid, I no't, I ſaw him not here wirche
Sith Saturday; I trow that he be went
For timbre ther our abbot hath him ſent;
For he is wont for timbre for to go,
And dwellen at the Grange a day or two;
Or elles he is at his hous certain:
Wher that he be I cannot ſothly ſain.
  This Abſolon ful joly was and light,
And thoughte, now is time to wake al night,
For ſikerly I ſaw him nat ſtiring
About his dore ſin day began to ſpring.
So mote I thrive I ſhal at cockes crow
Ful prively go knocke at his window,

That ſtant ful low upon his boures wall:
To Aliſon wol I now tellen all
My love longing; for yet I ſhal not miſſe
That at the leſte way I ſhal hire kiſſe.
Some maner comfort ſhal I have parfay,
My mouth hath itched al this longe day;
That is a ſigne of kiſſing at the leſte:
All night me mette eke I was at a feſte:
Therfore I wol go ſlepe an houre or twey,
And all the night than wol I wake and pley.
  Whan that the firſte cock hath crowe anon
Up riſt this joly lover Abſolon,
And him arayeth gay, at point deviſe;
But firſt he cheweth grein and licoriſe,
To ſmellen ſote or he had ſpoke with here.
Under his tonge a trewe love he bere,
For therby wend he to ben gracious.
He cometh to the carpenteres hous,
And ſtill he ſtant under the ſhot window;
Unto his breſt it raught, it was ſo low;
And ſoft he cougheth with a ſemiſoun.
  What do ye, honycombe, ſwete Aliſoun,
My faire bird, my ſwete ſinamome!
Awaketh, lemman min, and ſpeketh to me.
Ful litel thinken ye upon my wo,
That for your love I ſwete ther as I go.

ỽ. 3692. *a trewe love*] What kind of thing this was to be borne under the tongue I do not underſtand.

No wonder is though that I fwelte and fwete,
I mourne as doth a lamb after the tete.
Ywis, lemman, I have fwiche love longing
That like a turtel trewe is my mourning.
I may not ete no more than a maid.
  Go fro the window, jacke fool, fhe faid:
As helpe me God it wol not be, compame.
I love another, or elles I were to blame,
Wel bet than thee by Jefu, Abfolon.
Go forth thy way, or I wol caft a fton;
And let me flepe; a twenty divel way.
  Alas! (quod Abfolon) and wala wa!
That trewe love was ever fo yvel befette:
Than kiffe me, fin that it may be no bette,
For Jefus love, and for the love of me.
  Wilt thou than go thy way therwith? quod fhe.
Ya certes, lemman, quod this Abfolon.
Than make thee redy, (quod fhe) I come anon.
  This Abfolon doun fet him on his knees,
And faide, I am a lord at all degrees:

℣. 3703. *I fwelte and fwete*] *Swæltan*, Sax. fignifies to die. Chaucer ufes *fwelte* to fignify the effect of a great oppreffion of fpirits. See ver. 1358, 9650, *R. R.* 2480. Hence our word *fultry* (*fweltry*) to exprefs a fuffocating heat.

℣. 3709. *it wol not be, compame*] So mf. *C.* 1. It is put (for the fake of the rhyme) inftead of the Fr. *compaine*, *compagnon*. We ufe *friend* in the fame fenfe. In mf. *C.* it is written *compaine*; in fome of the beft mff. *com bame*. The editions read—

As helpe *me God* and fweet *Saint Jame*.

For after this I hope ther cometh more;
Lemman, thy grace, and, fwete bird! thyn ore.
  The window fhe undoth, and that in hafte.
Have don, (quod fhe) come of, and fpede thee fafte,
Left that our neigheboures thee efpie.
  This Abfolon gan wipe his mouth ful drie.
Derke was the night as pitch or as the cole,
And at the window fhe put out hire hole,
And Abfolon him felle ne bet ne wers,
But with his mouth he kift hire naked ers
Ful favorly, er he was ware of this.
  Abak he ftette, and thought it was amis,
For wel he wift a woman hath no berd.
He felt a thing all rowe, and long yherd,
And faide, Fy, alas! what have I do?
  Te he, quod fhe, and clapt the window to;
And Abfolon goth forth a fory pas.
  A berd, a berd! faid Hendy Nicholas;
By Goddes *corpus* this goth faire and wel.
  This fely Abfolon herd every del,
And on his lippe he gan for anger bite,
And to himfelf he faid I fhal thee quite.

ỳ. 3724. *thyn ore*] The editt. have made it *thy nore*. But *ore* is the right word; it fignifies grace, favour, protection. See P. G. p. 381, *mylce* and *ore*, mercy and grace——p. 475, In was *ore* Ich am ido, In whofe protection I am put. And *Li beaus difconus*, mf. *Cotton, Cal. A.* ii. fol. 49, b.;

Syr Ly beaus thurftede fore,
And feyde, Maugys *thyn ore*
To drinke lette me go.

Where *thyne ore* muft be underftood to mean with thy favour, as in this paffage of Chaucer.

Who rubbeth now, who froteth now his lippes
With duſt, with ſond, with ſtraw, with cloth, with chippes,
But Abſolon? that ſaith full oft Alas!
My ſoule betake I unto Sathanas
But me were lever than all this toun (quod he)
Of this deſpit awroken for to be.
Alas! alas! that I ne had yblent.
His hote love is cold and all yqueint;
For fro that time that he had kiſt hire ers
Of paramours ne raught he not a kers,
For he was heled of his maladie;
Ful often paramours he gan deſie,
And wepe as doth a child that is ybete.
A ſofte pas he went him over the ſtrete
Until a ſmith, men callen Dan Gerveis,
That in his forge ſmithed plow-harneis;
He ſharpeth ſhare and cultre beſily.
This Abſolon knocketh all eſily,
And ſaid, Undo, Gerveis, and that anon.
  What, who art thou? It am I Abſolon.
What, Abſolon? what, Criſtes ſwete tre,
Why riſe ye ſo rath? ey *benedicite!*
What eileth you? ſome gay girle, God it wote,
Hath brought you thus upon the viretote:
By Seint Neote ye wote wel what I mene.
  This Abſolon ne raughte not a bene

℣. 3768. *the viretote*] This is the reading of the beſt mſſ. The explanation of the word I leave to the reader's ſagacity.

Of all his play; no word again he yaf:
He hadde more tawe on his diſtaf
Than Gerveis knew, and ſaide, Frend ſo dere,
That hote culter in the cheminee here
As lene it me, I have therwith to don;
I wol it bring again to thee ful ſone.
  Gerveis anſwered, Certes were it gold,
Or in a poke nobles all untold,
Thou ſhuldeſt it have, as I am trewe ſmith.
Ey, Criſtes foot, what wol ye don therwith?
Therof, quod Abſolon, be as be may,
I ſhal wel tellen thee another day;
And caught the culter by the colde ſtele.
Ful ſoft out at the dore he gan to ſtele,
And went unto the carpenteres wall;
He coughed firſt, and knocked therwithall
Upon the window, right as he did er.
  This Aliſon anſwered, Who is ther
That knocketh ſo? I warrant him a theſe.
  Nay, nay, (quod he) God wot, my ſwete leſe,
I am thin Abſolon, thy dereling.
Of gold (quod he) I have thee brought a ring;
My mother yave it me, ſo God me ſave,
Ful fine it is, and therto wel ygrave;
This wol I yeven thee if thou me kiſſe.
  This Nicholas was riſen for to piſſe,

v. 3772. *more tawe on his diſtaf*] So in *Froiſſart*, v. iv. p. 92, edit. 1574, "Il aura en bref temps autres eſtoupes en ſa "quenoille."

And thought he wolde amenden all the jape,
He shulde kisse his ers er that he scape;
And up the window did he hastily,
And out his ers he putteth privily
Over the buttok, to the hanche bon;
And therwith spake this clerk, this Absolon,
Speke swete bird, I n'ot not wher thou art.
  This Nicholas anon let fleen a fart
As gret as it had been a thonder dint,
That with the stroke he was wel nie yblint;
And he was redy with his yren hote,
And Nicholas amid the ers he smote.
  Off goth the skinne an hondbrede al aboute.
The hote culter brenned so his toute,
That for the smert he wened for to die;
As he were wood for wo he gan to crie
Helpe, water, water! help for Goddes herte!
  This carpenter out of his slomber sterte,
And herd on crie Water as he were wood,
And thought, alas! now cometh Noes flood.
He set him up withouten wordes mo,
And with his axe he smote the cord atwo,
And doun goth all; he fond neyther to selle
Ne breed ne ale til he came to the selle,

℣. 3809. *an hondbrede al aboute*] *Al* has been added for the sake of the metre, but I believe unnecessarily. The original phrase was *an hondes brede*, an hands-breadth; so that *hond-brede* (as it is written in some mss.) would naturally continue to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

℣. 3819. *he fond neyther to selle*] This is a Fr. phrase. *Fabliaux*, t. ii. p. 282;

Upon the flore, and ther aſwoune he lay.
  Up ſterten Aliſon and Nicholay,
And crieden, Out and harrow! in the ſtrete.
  The neigheboures bothe ſmale and grete
In rannen for to gauren on this man,
That yet aſwoune lay bothe pale and wan,
For with the fall he broſten hath his arm.
But ſtonden he muſt unto his owen harm,
For whan he ſpake he was anon bore doun
With Hendy Nicholas and Aliſoun.
They tolden every man that he was wood,
He was agaſte ſo of Noes flood
Thurgh fantaſie, that of his vanitee
He had ybought him kneding tubbes three,
And had hem honged in the roof above,
And that he praied hem for Goddes love
To ſitten in the roof *par compagnie.*
  The folk gan laughen at his fantaſie.
Into the roof they kyken and they gape,
And turned all his harm into a jape.
For what ſo that this carpenter anſwerd
It was for nought, no man his reſon herd.
With othes gret he was ſo ſworne adoun
That he was holden wood in all the toun,
For everich clerk anon right held with other;
They ſaid the man was wood, my leve brother;

Aine tant come il miſt a deſcendre
Ne trouva point de pain a vendre.
In the next verſe *ſelle*, for the ſake of the rhyme, is put for *ſille*; Sax. *ſyl*, Fr. *ſueil*, Lat. *ſolum*.

And every wight gan laughen at this ſtrif.
 Thus ſwived was the carpenteres wif
For all his keping and his jalouſie,
And Abſolon hath kiſt hire nether eye,
And Nicholas is ſcalded in the toute.
This Tale is don, and God ſave all the route.

THE REVES PROLOGUE.

WHAN folk han laughed at this nice cas
Of Abſolon and Hendy Nicholas,
Diverſe folk diverſely they ſaide,
But for the more part they lought and plaide;
Ne at this Tale I ſaw no man him greve
But it were only Oſewold the Reve:
Becauſe he was of carpenteres craft
A litel ire is in his herte ylaft;
He gan to grutch and blamen it a lite.
So the ik, quod he, ful wel coude I him quite
With blering of a proude milleres eye,
If that me liſt to ſpeke of ribaudrie.

℣. 3853. *Whan folk han laughed*] The better mſſ. read—*laughen*, which therefore is probably right. Chaucer ſometimes forms the participle of the paſt time in *en*, even in thoſe verbs of which he alſo uſes the participle in *ed*. See ver. 3311, *waſhen*, 7354, *faren*; for *waſhed* and *fared*.

℣. 3862. *So the ik*] *So the I*, ſo may I *the*, or *thrive*. This ancient phraſe is terribly corrupted in moſt of the mſſ. and editt. It occurs again below, ver. 12881, 16397.

℣. 3863. *With blering*] With a trick put upon a proud miller: ſo ver. 17201, *blered* is thyn eye; thou art cheated. And R. R. ver. 3912, almoſt *blered* is mine eye; I am almoſt cheated.

But ik am olde; me lift not play for age;
Gras time is don, my foddre is now forage:
This white top writeth min olde yeres;
Min herte is alfo mouled as min heres;
But if I fare as doth an open ers,
That ilke fruit is ever lenger the wers
Til it be roten in mullok or in ftre.
  We olde men, I drede, fo faren we;
Til we be roten can we not be ripe;
We hoppe alway while that the world wol pipe;
For in our will ther ftiketh ever a nayl,
To have an hore hed and a grene tayl,
As hath a leke; for though our might be gon
Our will defireth folly ever in on;
For whan we may not don than wol we fpeken,
Yet in our afhen cold is fire yreken.
  Four glades han we which I fhal devife,
Avaunting, lying, anger, and covetife;
Thefe foure fparkes longen unto elde;
Our olde limes mow wel ben unwelde,

℣. 3877. *As hath a leke*] Boccace has the fame allufion, *Decam. Introd.* to D. iv.; "Et quegli, che contra alla mia eta "parlando vanno, moftran male che conofcano, che per che "il porro habbi il capo bianco, che la coda fia verde."

℣. 3880. *Yet in our afhen*] There is fo great a refemblance between this line and the following of *The Churchyard Elegy*, *Dodfley's Coll.* vol. 4,

Ev'n in our *afhes* live their wonted fires——

that I fhould certainly have confidered the latter as an imitation, if Mr. Gray himfelf had not referred us to the 169 (170) fonnet of Petrarch as his original;

Ch' i' veggio nel penfier, &c.

But will ne ſhall not faillen that is ſothe:
And yet have I alway a coltes tothe,
As many a yere as it is paſſed henne
Sin that my tappe of lif began to renne:
For ſikerly whan I was borne anon
Deth drow the tappe of lif and let it gon;
And ever ſith hath ſo the tappe yronne,
Til that almoſt all empty is the tonne;
The ſtreme of lif now droppeth on the chimbe.
The ſely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe
Of wretchedneſſe that paſſed is ful yore:
With olde folk ſave dotage is no more.
  Whan that our Hoſte had herd this ſermoning
He gan to ſpeke as lordly as a king,
And ſayde, What amounteth all this wit?
What, ſhall we ſpeke all day of holy writ?
The devil made a Reve for to preche,
Or of a ſouter a ſhipman or a leche.
  Say forth thy Tale, and tary not the time;
Lo Depeford, and it is half way prime:

Ỽ. 3893. *the chimbe*] *Kime*, Teut. means the prominency of the ſtaves beyond the head of the barrel. The imagery is very exact and beautiful.

Ỽ. 3902. *of a souter a ſhipman or a leche*] The proverbial expreſſion, *Ex ſutore medicus*, was perhaps derived from the fable of Phædrus with that title, l. i. fab. 14. The other, *Ex ſutore nauclerus*, is alluded to by Pynſon the printer at the end of his edit. of Lyttelton's Tenures, 1525. [*Ames*, p. 488,] ſpeaking of one Redman, another printer, he ſays----" Miror " profecto unde nunc tandem ſe fateatur typographum, niſi " forte quum Diabolus *ſutorem nauclerum*, et illum calcographum fecit."

Ỽ. 3904. *it is half way prime*] In the *Diſcourſe*, &c. § 14

Lo Grenewich, ther many a ſhrew is inne:
It were al time thy Tale to beginne.
Now, ſires, quod this Oſewold the Reve,
I pray you alle that ye not you greve
Though I anſwere, and somdel ſet his howve,
For leful is with force force off to ſhowve.
This dronken Miller hath ytold us here
How that begiled was a carpentere,
Paraventure in ſcorne, for I am on;
And by your leve I ſhal him quite anon:
Right in his cherles termes wol I ſpeke;
I pray to God his necke mote to-breke.
He can wel in min eye ſeen a ſtalk,
But in his owen he cannot ſeen a balk.

I have ſuppoſed that this means *halfway* paſt *prime*, about half hour after ſeven A. M. the half way between prime and teſce. In the fictitious *Modus tenendi Parliamentum* (a book not much older than Chaucer) "Hora mediæ primæ" ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe, c. "de diebus et horis Parliamenti." Mſ. *Cotton, Nero, D.* vi. On common days "Parliamentum debet inchoari horâ mediæ primæ——in diebus feſtivis horâ primâ "propter divinum ſervitium." In a contemporary French tranſlation of this treatiſe, mſ. *Harl.* 305, "hora mediæ primæ" is rendered "a la my heure le prime;" in an old Engliſh verſion, mſ. *Harl.* 930, *the oure of myd pryme*; and in another, mſ. *Harl.* 1309, *midde prime time.* Our Author uſes *prime large*, ver. 10674, to ſignify that *prime* was conſiderably paſt.

* ℣. 3909. *ſet his howve*] His hood: ſo in *Tr.* b. iii. 775, an *howve* above a caul ſignifies a *hood* over a cap. And in *P. P.* fol. 4, Serjeants at law are deſcribed *in howves of ſilk*; but in fol. 16, it is ſaid,

Shal no Sergeant for his ſervice were no *ſilke hode.*

Both words ſeem to be derived from the Teut. *hoofd*, a head. —Hood and cap being equally coverings for the head, to ſet a man's *howve* is the ſame as to ſet his *cap*. See n. on ver. 587.

THE REVES TALE.

At Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrigge,
Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge,
Upon the whiche brook ther ſtont a melle;
And this is veray ſothe that I you telle.
A miller was ther dwelling many a day,
As any peacock he was proude and gay:
Pipen he coude, and fiſhe, and nettes bete,
And turnen cuppes, and wraſtlen wel and ſhete.
Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,
And of a ſwerd ful trenchant was the blade:
A joly popper bare he in his pouche;
Ther n'as no man for peril dorſt him touche.
A Shefeld thwitel bare he in his hoſe:
Round was his face, and camuſe was his noſe:

The Reves Tale] Denyſe Simkin, the miller of Trompington, deceiveth two clarkes of Soller's hall in Cambridge in ſtealing their corn, but they ſo manage their matters that they revenge the wrong to the full. This Tale is imitated from Boccace, Novel the 6th, Day the 9th.---This you may paſs over if you pleaſe. *Urry.*

V. 3927. *a long pavade*] It appears from ver. 3958 that the *pavade* was a weapon of offence; of what ſort I cannot tell, as I do not remember to have met with the word any where elſe. *Pavois*, Fr. in thoſe times ſignified a long ſhield.

V. 3929. *A joly popper*] A bodkin, according to *Sp.* and *Sk.* who however produce no authority for ſuch an interpretation. The name ſeems to be fitter for a piſtol, though I am not prepared to prove that piſtols were carried in the pocket in Chaucer's time.

As pilled as an ape was his ſkull:
He was a market-beter at the full.
Ther dorſte no wight hond upon him legge,
That he ne ſwore he ſhuld anon abegge.
A thefe he was forſoth of corn and melé,
And that a ſlie, and uſant for to ſtele:
His name was hoten Deinous Simekin.
A wif he hadde comen of noble kin:
The perſon of the toun hire father was:
With hire he yaf ful many a panne of bras

℣. 3934. *a market-beter*] One that makes quarrels in markets, ſays the Gloſſ. but according to Mr. Upton [*Pref. to Obſerv. on Shakeſp.* p. 20,] "*A market-beter* is one who raiſes the "price of the market.----*To beat the fire* Chaucer uſes in The "Knight's Tale [ver. 2255, 2294.] for----*to rouſe, to ſtir up.*" Though this explanation of Mr. Upton's be not quite ſatisfactory, I think it far preferable to the other.—See the *Gloſſ.* and *Supp.* in v. *Market-beter*. In a more modern author *to beat the market* ſeems to ſignify merely to go up and down the *market*. *Promos and Caſſand.* by *Whetſtone*, act iv. ſc. 6, a ſervant ſays,

> Wilde foule, &c. are ſo deare——
> That this houre I have *the market bett*
> To drive a bargayne to my moſt profytt.

℣. 3939. *Deinous Simekin*] His name was Simon, [ver. 4020, 4024,] of which Simekin is the diminutive, and from his diſdainful inſolent manners he had acquired the ſurname of *Deinous*, juſt as Nicholas, in the former Tale, ver. 3199, was cleped *Hendy* from the very oppoſite behaviour. A great number of our ſurnames have been derived from qualities of the mind, and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that at the beginning they were merely perſonal, like what we call nicknames. It is probable that the uſe of hereditary ſurnames was not even in Chaucer's time fully eſtabliſhed among the lower claſſes of people.

For that Simkin shuld in his blood allie:
She was yfostered in a nonnerie;
For Simkin wolde no wif, as he sayde,
But she were wel ynourished and a mayde,
To saven his estat of yemanrie:
And she was proud and pert as is a pie.
A ful faire sight was it upon hem two.
On holy dayes beforne hire wold he go
With his tipet ybounde about his hed,
And she came after in a gite of red,
And Simkin hadde hosen of the same.
Ther dorste no wight clepen her but Dame:
Was non so hardy, that went by the way,
That with hire dorste rage or ones play,
But if he wold be slain of Simekin
With pavade, or with knif or bodekin;
(For jalous folk ben perilous evermo,
Algate they wold hir wives wenden so.)
And eke, for she was somdel smoterlich,
She was as digne as water in a dich,
And al so ful of hoker and of bismare,
Hire thoughte that a ladie shuld hire spare,
What for hire kinrede and hire nortelrie
That she had lerned in the nonnerie.
A doughter hadden they betwix hem two
Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,
Saving a child that was of half yere age;
In cradle it lay, and was a propre page.

This wenche thicke and wel ygrowen was,
With camuſe noſe and eyen grey as glas;
With buttokes brode, and breſtes round and hie,
But right faire was hir here, I wol nat lie.
The perſon of the toun, for ſhe was faire,
In purpos was to maken hire his haire
Both of his catel and of his meſuage,
And ſtrange he made it of hire mariage.
His purpos was for to beſtow hire hie
Into ſome worthy blood of anceſtrie,
For holy chirches good mote ben deſpended
On holy chirches blood that is deſcended;
Therfore he wolde his holy blood honoure
Though that he holy chirche ſhuld devoure.
Gret ſoken hath this miller out of doute
With whete and malt of all the land aboute,
And namely ther was a gret college
Men clep the Soler hall at Cantebrege,

v. 3988. *the Soler hall*] This is the true reading; it means *the hall with the ſoler.* Before the ſtudents in our univerſities were incorporated they lived in lodging-houſes called inns, halls, and hoſtels, which were often diſtinguiſhed by names taken from ſome peculiarity in their conſtruction. One at Cambridge was called *Tyled Oſtle*, [*Parker's Scel. Cantab. ap. Lel. Collect.* t. v. p. 189.] And at Oxford Oriel-College probably derives its name from a large meſſuage vulgarly known by the name of *Le Oriele*, upon the ſite of which it ſtands, *Ayliffe's Hiſt.* v. i. p. 287. An *oriel* or *oriol* was a porch, [*Du Cange*, in v. *Oriolum*,] as a *ſoler* ſeems originally to have ſignified an open gallery or balcony at the top of the houſe, though latterly it has been uſed for any upper room, loft, or garret. [*Idem*, in v. *Solarium.* *Watts, Gloſſ. ad Mat. Par.*] *Froiſſart*, v. i. c. 234,

Ther was hir whete and eke hir malte yground.
And on a day it happed in a ſtound
Sike lay the manciple on a maladie,
Men wenden wiſly that he ſhulde die;
For which this miller ſtale both mele and corn
An hundred times more than beforn,
For therbeforn he ſtale but curteiſly,
But now he was a thefe outrageouſly,
For which the wardein chidde and made fare,
But therof ſet the miller not a tare;
He craked boſt, and ſwore it n'as not ſo.

Than were ther yonge poure ſcoleres two
That dwelten in the halle of which I ſay;
Teſtif they were, and luſty for to play,
And only for hir mirth and revelrie
Upon the wardein beſily they crie
To yeve hem leve but a litle ſtound
To gon to mille and ſeen hir corn yground;
And hardily they dorſten lay hir necke
The miller ſhuld not ſtele hem half a pecke
Of corn by ſleighte, ne by force hem reve.

And at the laſt the wardein yave hem leve.
John highte that on, and Alein highte that other;
Of o toun were they born that highte Strother,

"Les femmes de la ville monterent en leurs logis et en *ſoliers*." In the deſcription of Cambridge above cited, p. 188, there is mentioned a *garret-oſtle*.——Mr. Warton ſtrongly confirms this reading, *Hiſt. of Eng. Po.* p. 432, note (*n.*)

ṽ. 4012. *Strother*] I cannot find any place of this name in

Fer in the north, I cannot tellen where.
This Alein maketh redy all his gere,
And on a hors the fak he caft anon :
Forth goth Alein the clerk and alfo John,
With good fwerd and with bokeler by hir fide.
John knew the way, him neded not no guide,
And at the mille the fak adoun he laith.
Alein fpake firft; All haile, Simond, in faith,
How fares thy faire doughter and thy wif?
Alein, welcome, (quod Simkin) by my lif,

England; there is a Struthers or Strauther in the fhire of Fife in Scotland.

ỳ. 4021. *How fares*] It may be obferved that Chaucer has given his northern clerks a northern dialect. I will juft point out a few particulars in which their language differs from that ufed in the reft of his Work.——1. They terminate the third perfon fingular and the whole plural number of their verbs in *es* inftead of *eth* or *en*; fo in the prefent inftance we have—*fares*, and in the lines immediately following—*bas*, *behoves*, *bas*, *werkes*, *gas*, *wagges*, *falles*.—2. They ufe *a* in a great number of words which Chaucer in other places writes with *o*, as *fwa* for *fo*, *hame* for *home*, *fra* for *fro*; ver. 4071, 2, *banes* and *anes* for *bones* and *ones*, &c. That this was the northern practice appears from the following note. *Hift. Abbat. Pipewell*, *Monaft. Ang.* v. i. p. 816, "Et fciendum quod Monachi *boreales* fcripferunt in cartis noftris *Rabage* pro *Robawe*."——3. Many of their words are of the obfolete Sax. form, as ver. 4031, *benen* for *bennes*; ver. 4076, *whilke* for *whiche*; ver. 4083, *alfwa* for *alfo*; ver. 4128, *flike* (from *fwilke*) inftead of *fwiche*; ver. 4130, *gar* for *make*, or *let*, &c.—4. If I am not miftaken he has defignedly given them a vulgar ungrammatical phrafeology. I do not remember in any other part of his writings fuch a line as ver. 4043;

I *is* as ill a miller as *is* ye.

See alfo ver. 4084, I *is*; ver. 4087, thou *is*.

And John alſo. How now, what do ye here?
By God, Simond, (quod John) nede has no pere;
Him behoves ſerve himſelf that has na ſwain,
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes ſain.
Our manciple I hope he wol be ded,
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his hed;
And therfore is I come, and eke Alein,
To grind our corn and cary it hame agein;
I pray you ſpede us henen that ye may.
  It ſhal be don (quod Simkin) by my fay.
What wol ye don while that it is in hand?
By God, right by the hopper wol I ſtand,
(Quod John) and ſeen how that the corn gas in;
Yet ſaw I never by my fader kin
How that the hopper wagges til and fra.
  Alein anſwered, John, and wolt thou ſwa?
Than wol I be benethe by my croun,
And ſee how that the mele falles adoun
In til the trogh; that ſhal be my diſport;
For, John, in faith I may ben of your ſort:

ꝟ. 4027. *I hope*] I expect. It ſignifies the mere expectation of a future event, whether good or evil, as ελπιζω Gr. and *ſpero* Lat. often do. So in Shakeſpeare, *Ant. and Cl.*

———I cannot *hope*
Cæſar and Anthony ſhall well greet together.

ꝟ. 4038. *anſwered*] Sax. *andſwarode* is a compound word of *and*, *contra*, and *ſwaran*, which in the Iſlandick ſignifies *dicere*. *Barthol. Ant. Dan.* p. 690, Thorbiorg ſvarar, *Thorbiorga dicit*. This etymology accounts for its being accented upon the middle ſyllable—*anſwéred*. See ver. 4126.

I is as ill a miller as is ye.
  This miller ſmiled at hir nicetee,
And thought all this n'is don but for a wile.
They wenen that no man may hem begile,
But by my thrift yet ſhal I blere hir eie
For all the ſleighte in hir philoſophie.
The more queinte knakkes that they make
The more wol I ſtele whan that I take.
In ſtede of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren.
The greteſt clerkes ben not the wiſeſt men,
As whilom to the wolf thus ſpake the mare:
Of all hir art ne count I not a tare.

℣. 4053. *to the wolf thus ſpake the mare*] The ſtory alluded to is told of a mule in *Cent. Nov. Ant. N.* 91: the Mule pretends that his name is written upon the bottom of his hind-foot: the wolf attempting to read it the mule gives him a kick on the forehead and kills him; upon which the fox, who was preſent, obſerves, "Ogni huomo, che ſa lettera, non è ſa-"vio." There is a ſimilar ſtory of a wolf and a mare in The moſt delectable Hiſtory of Reynard the Fox, edit. 1701, chap. xviii, but whether that ſtory be in Caxton's edition, whether it be in the Dutch book from which Caxton tranſlated, whether the Dutch book be an original compoſition or a tranſlation, when it was written, *&c.* are all points upon which I wiſh to be informed by ſome more knowing antiquary. I will juſt obſerve that one of the fox's tricks, chap. xiv, ſeems to be alluded to by Richal de Berbeilſel [*Richard de Berbezieux*] a Provencal poet, who died in 1383. [*Quadrio*, t. ii. p. 144.] I will cite the paſſage from mſ. *Crofts*, fol. 191, though I do not underſtand the laſt clauſe;

Anc Rauart d'Iſengrin
Tan gen no ſap venjar,
Quan lo fiz eſcorzar,
Ell dit por eſchernir
Chapels et gan Com eu faz no mair.

Out at the dore he goth ful prively
Whan that he saw his time softely.
He loketh up and doun, til he hath found
The clerkes hors ther as he stood ybound
Behind the mille under a levesell,
And to the hors he goth him faire and well,
And stripeth of the bridel right anon.

And whan the hors was laus he gan to gon
Toward the fen ther wilde mares renne,
And forth with wehee thurgh thick and thinne.
This miller goth again, no word he said,
But doth his note, and with these clerkes plaid,
Till that hir corn was faire and wel yground.
And whan the mele is sacked and ybound
This John goth out and fint his hors away,
And gan to crie Harow and wala wa!
Our hors is lost: Alein, for Goddes banes
Step on thy feet; come of, man, al at anes:

Reynard here seems to have procured Isegrim's skin to be stript off to make him a hood and gloves. In the English he procures the wolf's shoes to be pulled off and put upon his own feet.

ꝟ. 4059. *a levesell*] This word is plainly derived from the Sax. *lefe*, *folium*, and *setl*, *sedes*. *Metesel* is a word of the same form. *Peter of Langt*. p. 334, "It neghed nere *metesel*;" it was near the time of sitting down to dinner. A *levesell* therefore signifies a leafy seat, an arbour. It may be understood in the same sense in The Persones Tale, "right as the gay "*levesell* at the taverne is signe of the win that is in the celler." So that perhaps our old proverb, Good wine needs no bush, meant originally—no arbour to drink it in. Latterly however *levesell* was used for bush, as in this passage of *Rowley's Ellinoure and Juga*, st. iv. 3, 4.

Alas! our wardein has his palfrey lorn.
This Alein al forgat both mele and corn;
Al was out of his mind his husbandrie:
What, whilke way is he gon? he gan to crie.
The wif came leping inward at a renne;
She sayd, Alas! youre hors goth to the fenne
With wilde mares as fast as he may go.
Unthank come on his hand that bond him so,
And he that better shuld have knit the rein.
Alas! (quod John) Alein, for Cristes pein
Lay doun thy swerd, and I shal min alswa;
I is ful wight, God wate, as is a ra.
By Goddes saule he shal not scape us bathe.
Why ne had thou put the capel in the lathe?
Ill haile, Alein, by God thou is a fonne.
These sely clerkes han ful fast yronne

No mo the amblyng palfrie and the horne
Shall from *the lessel* rouze the foxe awaie.

—See *The Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. —When this note was written I was in hopes of being able to refer the reader to some more creditable edition of this poem; but the influence of those malignant stars which so long confined poor Rowley in his iron chest seems still to predominate. Seriously it were much to be wished that the gentleman who is possessed of the still remaining fragments of this unfortunate author would print them as soon as possible. If he should not have leisure or inclination to be the editor himself he might easily find a proper person to take that trouble for him, as nothing more would be requisite than to print the several pieces faithfully from their respective mss. distinguishing which of those mss. are originals and which transcripts, and also by whom and when the transcripts were made, as far as that can be ascertained.

Toward the fen, bothe Alein and eke John;
And whan the miller ſaw that they were gon
He half a buſhel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wif go knede it in a cake.
He ſayd, I trow the clerkes were aferde:
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berde
For all his art. Ye, let hem gon hir way.
Lo wher they gon. Ye, let the children play:
They get him not ſo lightly by my croun.
These ſely clerkes rennen up and doun
With Kepe, kepe; Stand, ſtand; joſſa, warderere.
Ga whiſtle thou, and I ſhal kepe him here.
But ſhortly, til that it was veray night
They coude not, though they did all hir might,
Hir capel catch, he ran alway ſo faſt,
Til in a diche they caught him at the laſt.
Wery and wet, as beſtes in the rain,
Cometh ſely John, and with him cometh Alein.
Alas (quod John) the day that I was borne!
Now are we driven til hething and til ſcorne.
Our corn is ſtolne, men wol us fonnes calle,
Both the wardein and eke our felawes alle,

℣. 4094. *make a clerkes berde*] *i. e.* cheat him. *Faire la barbe*, Fr. is to ſhave or trim the beard; but Chaucer tranſlates the phraſe literally, at leaſt when he uſes it in its metaphorical ſenſe. See ver. 5943, and *H.* of *F.* ii. 181. Boccace has the ſame metaphor, *Decam.* viii. 10. Speaking of ſome exorbitant cheats, he ſays that they applied themſelves——*non a radere ma a ſcorticare, huomini;* and a little lower—*ſi a ſoavemente la* barbiera *ſaputo menare il raſoio.*

And namely the miller, wala wa!
  Thus plaineth John as he goth by the way
Toward the mille, and Bayard in his hond.
The miller sitting by the fire he fond,
For it was night, and forther might they nought,
But for the love of God they him besought
Of herberwe and of ese, as for hir peny.
  The miller saide agen, If ther be any,
Swiche as it is yet shull ye have your part.
Myn hous is streit, but ye have lerned art;
Ye can by arguments maken a place
A mile brode of twenty foot of space.
Let see now if this place may suffice,
Or make it roume with speche, as is your gise.
  Now, Simond, (said this John) by Seint Cuthberd
Ay is thou mery, and that is faire answerd.
I have herd say man sal take of twa thinges,
Slike as he findes, or slike as he bringes.
But specially I pray thee, hoste dere,
Gar us have mete and drinke, and make us chere,
And we sal paien trewely at the full:
With empty hand men may na haukes tull.
Lo here our silver redy for to spend.
  This miller to the toun his doughter send
For ale and bred, and rosted hem a goos,
And bond hir hors he shuld no more go loos,
And in his owen chambre hem made a bedde,
With shetes and with chalons faire yspredde,

v. 4138. *chalons*] Whatever they were they probably were

Nat from his owen bed ten foot or twelve:
His doughter had a bed all by hire ſelve,
Right in the ſame chambre by and by:
It mighte be no bet, and cauſe why,
Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.
They ſoupen, and they ſpeken of ſolace,
And drinken ever ſtrong ale at the beſt.
Abouten midnight wente they to reſt.

Wel hath this miller verniſhed his hed,
Ful pale he was, for-dronken, and nought red.
He yoxeth, and he ſpeketh thurgh the noſe,
As he were on the quakke or on the poſe.
To bed he goth, and with him goth his wif;
As any jay ſhe light was and jolif;
So was hire joly whiſtle wel ywette.
The cradel at hire beddes feet was ſette
To rocken, and to yeve the child to ſouke.
And whan that dronken was all in the crouke
To bedde went the doughter right anon,
To bedde goth Alein and alſo John.
Ther n'as no more; nedeth hem no dwale.
This miller hath ſo wiſly bibbed ale,
That as an hors he ſnorteth in his ſlepe,
Ne of his tail behind he toke no kepe.
His wif bare him a burdon a ful ſtrong,
Men might hir routing heren a furlong.

ſo called from their being made at Chalons. The gloſſary interprets them to be blankets; but a paſſage in the *Monaſt.* v. ii. p. 720, would rather lead one to ſuppoſe them coverlets—"aut pannos pictos, qui vocantur Chaluns, loco lectiſternii."

The wenche routeth eke *par compagnie.*
  Alein the clerk, that herd this melodie,
He poketh John, and ſayde, Slepeſt thou?
Herdeſt thou ever ſlike a ſong er now?
Lo whilke a complin is ymell hem alle;
A wilde fire upon hir bodies falle,
Wha herkned ever ſlike a ferly thing?
Ye, they ſhall have the flour of yvel ending.
This lange night ther tides me no reſte;
But yet na force, all ſhal be for the beſte.
For, John, (ſayd he) as ever mote I thrive,
If that I may yon wenche wol I ſwive.
Som eſement has lawe yſhapen us;
For, John, ther is a lawe that ſaieth thus,
That if a man in o point be agreved
That in another ſhe ſhal be releved.
Our corn is ſtolne, ſothly it is na nay,
And we han had an yvel fit to-day;
And ſin I ſhal have nan amendement
Again my loſſe I wol have an eſement:
By Goddes ſaule it ſhal nan other be.
  This John anſwered, Alein, aviſe thee;
The miller is a perilous man, he ſayde,
And if that he out of his ſlepe abraide,
He mighte don us bathe a vilanie.
Alein anſwered, I count him nat a flie.
And up he riſt, and by the wenche he crept.
This wenche lay upright, and faſte ſlept,

Til he ſo nigh was, er ſhe might eſpie,
That it had ben to late for to crie:
And ſhortly for to ſay, they were at on.
Now play Alein, for I wol ſpeke of John.
This John lith ſtill a furlong way or two,
And to himſelf he maketh routh and wo.
Alas! (quod he) this is a wicked jape;
Now may I ſay that I is but an ape.
Yet has my felaw ſomwhat for his harme;
He has the millers doughter in his arme:
He auntred him, and hath his nedes ſpedde,
And I lie as a draf ſak in my bedde;
And whan this jape is tald another day
I ſhal be halden a daffe or a cokenay:

ỽ. 4206. *a cokenay*] That this is a term of contempt, borrowed originally from the kitchen, is very probable. A cook, in the baſe Latinity, was called *coquinator* and *coquinarius*, from either of which *cokenay* might eaſily be derived. In *P. P.* fol. 35. b.;

> And yet I ſay by my ſoule I have no ſalt bacon,
> Ne no *cokeney* by Chriſte coloppes to make.

It ſeems to ſignify a cook. And ſo, perhaps, in The Turnament of Tottenham, *Anc. Poet.* t. ii. p. 24;

> At that feaſt were they ſerved in rich array;
> Every five and five had a *cokeney*.

That is, I ſuppoſe, a cook or ſcullion, to attend them.——In thoſe rhymes aſcribed to Hugh Bigot which Camden has publiſhed, *Brit. Col.* 451, (upon what authority I know not)

> Were I in my caſtle of Bungey
> Upon the river of Waveney,
> I would ne care for the King of *Cockeney*.

The author, in calling London *Cockeney*, might poſſibly allude to that imaginary country of idleneſs and luxury which was anciently known by the name of *Cokaigne* or *Cocagne*, a name which Hickes has ſhewn to be derived from *coquina*,

I wol arise and auntre it by my fay:
Unhardy is unsely, thus men say.
And up he rose, and softely he went
Unto the cradel, and in his hand it hent,
And bare it soft unto his beddes fete.
Sone after this the wif hire routing lete,
And gan awake, and went hire out to pisse,
And came again, and gan the cradel misse,
And groped here and ther, but she fond non.
Alas! (quod she) I had almost misgon;
I had almost gon to the clerkes bedde:
Ey *benedicite!* than had I foule yspedde.
And forth she goth til she the cradel fond.
She gropeth alway forther with hire hond,
And fond the bed, and thoughte nat but good,
Because that the cradel by it stood,
And n'iste wher she was, for it was derk,
But faire and wel she crept in by the clerk,

Gr. A. S. p. 231. He has there published an excellent description of the country of Cokaigne in old English verse, but probably translated from the French; at least the French have had the same fable among them, for Boileau plainly alludes to it, sat. vi.;

Paris est pour un riche un pais de *Cocagne.*

The festival of La Cocagna at Naples, described by *Keysler*, v. ii. p. 369, appears to have the same foundation. It probably commenced under the Norman government. There is a mock-heroick poem in the Sicilian dialect entitled *La Cuccagna Conquistata*, by Gio. Battista Basili, Palerm. 1674, in which the description of *l'alma citta di Cuccagna* begins thus;

Sedi *Cuccagna* sutta una montagna
Di furmaggiu grattatu, et havi in cima
Di maccaruni una caudara magna.

And lith ful ſtill, and wold han caught a ſlepe.
Within a while this John the clerk up lepe,
And on this goode wif he laieth on ſore;
So mery a fit ne had ſhe nat ful yore:
He priketh hard and depe as he were mad.
This joly lif han theſe two clerkes lad
Til that the thridde cok began to ſing.
Alein wex werie in the morwening,
For he had ſwonken all the longe night,
And ſayd, Farewel, Malkin, my ſwete wight:
The day is come, I may no longer bide,
But evermo wher ſo I go or ride
I is thin awen clerk, ſo have I hele.
Now, dere lemman, quod ſhe, go, farewele;
But or thou go o thing I wol thee tell.
Whan that thou wendeſt homeward by the mell,
Right at the entree of the dore behind
Thou ſhalt a cake of half a buſhel find
That was ymaked of thin owen mele,
Which that I halpe my fader for to ſtele:
And, goode lemman, God thee ſave and kepe.
And with that word ſhe gan almoſt to wepe.
Alein upriſt, and thought er that it daw
I wol go crepen in by my felaw;
And fond the cradel at his hand anon.
By God, thought he, all wrang I have miſgon:
My hed is tottie of my ſwink to night,
That maketh me that I go nat aright.

I wot wel by the cradel I have miſgo;
Here lith the miller and his wif alſo.
And forth he goth a twenty divel way
Unto the bed, ther as the miller lay.
He wend have cropen by his felaw John,
And by the miller in he crept anon,
And caught him by the nekke, and gan him ſhake,
And ſayd, Thou John, thou ſwineſhed, awake
For Criſtes ſaule, and here a noble game;
For by that lord that called is Seint Jame,
As I have thries as in this ſhort night
Swived the millers doughter bolt upright
While thou haſt as a coward ben agaſt.
 Ye, falſe harlot, quod the miller, haſt?
A, falſe traitour, falſe clerk, (quod he)
Thou ſhalt be ded by Goddes dignitee,
Who dorſte be ſo bold to diſparage
My doughter, that is come of ſwiche linage.
And by the throte-bolle he caught Alein,
And he him hent deſpitouſly again,
And on the noſe he ſmote him with his fiſt;
Doun ran the blody ſtreme upon his breſt:
And in the flore with noſe and mouth to-broke
They walwe, as don two pigges in a poke.
And up they gon, and doun again anon,
Til that the miller ſporned at a ſton,
And doun he fell backward upon his wif,
That wiſte nothing of this nice ſtrif:

For ſhe was fall aſlepe a litel wight
With John the clerk, that waked had all night,
And with the fall out of hire ſlepe ſhe braide.
Helpe, holy crois of Bromeholme! (ſhe ſayde)
In manus tuas, Lord, to thee I call.
Awake, Simond, the fend is on me fall;
Myn herte is broken; helpe; I n'am but ded;
Ther lith on up my wombe and up myn hed:
Helpe, Simkin, for the falſe clerkes fight.
This John ſtert up as faſt as ever he might,
And graſpeth by the walles to and fro
To find a ſtaf, and ſhe ſtert up alſo,
And knew the eſtres bet than did this John,
And by the wall ſhe toke a ſtaf anon,
And ſaw a litel ſhemering of a light,
For at an hole in ſhone the mone bright,
And by that light ſhe ſaw hem bothe two,
But ſikerly ſhe n'iſte who was who,
But as ſhe ſaw a white thing in hire eye;
And whan ſhe gan this white thing eſpie
She wend the clerk had wered a volupere,
And with the ſtaf ſhe drow ay nere and nere,
And wend han hit this Alein atte full,
And ſmote the miller on the pilled ſkull,
That doun he goth, and cried, Harrow! I die.
Thiſe clerkes bete him wel, and let him lie,
And greithen hem, and take hir hors anon,
And eke hir mele, and on hir way they gon;

And at the mille dore eke they toke hir cake
Of half a bushel flour ful wel ybake.
Thus is the proude miller wel ybette,
And hath ylost the grinding of the whete,
And paid for the souper every del
Of Alein and of John that bete him wel;
His wif is swived and his doughter als;
Lo, swiche it is a miller to be fals:
And therfore this proverb is sayd ful soth,
Him thar not winnen wel that evil doth;
A gilour shal himself begiled be;
And God, that siteth hie in mageftee,
Save all this compagnie gret and smale.
Thus have I quit the miller in my Tale.

THE COKES PROLOGUE.

The Coke of London, while the Reve spake,
For joye (him thought) he clawed him on the bak:
A ha (quod he) for Cristes passion,
This miller had a sharpe conclusion
Upon this argument of herbergage.
Wel sayde Salomon in his langage
Ne bring not every man into thin hous,
For herberwing by night is perilous.

V. 4318. *Him thar not*] I have restored this old word upon the authority of the best mss. in this and other places. See ver. 5911, 5918, 6947, 17301. It is derived from the Sax. *thearfan, necesse, habere*, and is generally used as an impersonal. Him behoveth not to *winne* or acquire good that doth evil." I have ventured to substitute *winne* instead of the common reading *wene*, of which I could make no sense. *Ms. B. S.* reads, He may nought *wilne*.

Wel ought a man avifed for to be
Whom that he brought into his privetee.
I pray to God fo yeve me forwe and care
If ever, fithen I highte Hodge of Ware,
Herd I a miller bet yfette a-werk;
He had a jape of malice in the derk.
But God forbede that we ftinten here,
And therfore if ye vouchen fauf to here
A Tale of me that am a poure man,
I wol you tell as wel as ever I can
A litel jape that fell in our citee.
Our Hofte anfwerd and fayde, I grant it thee:
Now tell on, Roger, and loke that it be good,
For many a paftee haft thou letten blood,
And many a Jacke of Dover haft thou fold
That hath been twies hot and twies cold:
Of many a pilgrim haft thou Criftes curfe,
For of thy perfelee yet fare they the werfe,

ỽ. 4345. *a Jacke of Dover*] The general purport of this phrafe is fufficiently explained in the following line, but the particular meaning I have not been able to inveftigate.

ỽ. 4348. *of thy perfelee*] An old Boke of Kokery, which I have confulted upon this occafion, mf *Harl.* 4016, has a receipt for "gofe or capon farced," but it does not mention parfeley; it only fays in general terms, "Take yolkes of eyeron (egges) "hard yfodde and hew hem fmale with the herbes --and cafte "therto pouder of ginger peper canell and falt and grapes in "tyme of yere."——— I have lately met with another (I fuppofe the true) receipt for fluffing a goofe, in mf. *Harl.* 279. It begins—"Take *percely* and fwynis grece or fewet of a fhepe "and parboyle hem," &c.

That they han eten in thy ſtoble goos,
For in thy ſhop goth many a flie loos.
Now tell on, gentil Roger by thy name,
But yet I pray thee be not wroth for game;
A man may ſay ful ſoth in game and play.
Thou ſayſt ful ſoth, quod Roger, by my fay;
But ſoth play *quade ſpel*, as the Fleming ſaith,
And therfore, Herry Bailly, by thy faith
Be thou not wroth, or we departen here,
Though that my Tale be of an hoſtelere:
But natheles, I wol not telle it yet,
But er we part ywis thou ſhalt be quit.
And therwithal he lough and made chere,
And ſayd his Tale, as ye ſhul after here.

THE COKES TALE.

A Prentis whilom dwelt in our citee,
And of a craft of vitaillers was he:
Gaillard he was as goldfinch in the ſhawe,
Broune as a bery, a propre ſhort felawe,
With lokkes blake kembed ful fetiſly:
Dancen he coude ſo wel and jolily

v. 4355. *ſoth play quade ſpel*] As this is ſaid to have been a Flemiſh proverb I have inſerted *ſpel* from mſſ. *Aſk.* 1, 2, inſtead of the common reading *play*. *Spel*, in Teut. is *ludus*, as *quade* or *quaed* is *malus*. Sir John Harrington, in his Apologie of Poetrie, quotes an old ſaying of the ſame import, *Soth bourde is no bourde*.

The Cokes Tale] The deſcription of an unthrifty prentice given to dice, women, and wine, waſting thereby his maſter's goods, and purchaſing to himſelf Newgate. The moſt part of this Tale is loſt, or never finiſhed by the Author.

That he was cleped Perkin Revelour:
He was as ful of love and paramour
As is the hive ful of hony fwete;
Wel was the wenche with him mighte mete.
  At every bridale would he fing and hoppe;
He loved bet the taverne than the fhoppe;
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe
Out of the fhoppe thider wold he lepe,
And til that he had all the fight yfein,
And danced wel, he wold not come agein;
And gadred him a meinie of his fort
To hoppe and fing, and maken fwiche difport;
And ther they fetten fteven for to mete
To plain at the dis in fwiche a ftrete;
For in the Toun ne was ther no prentis
That fairer coude cafte a pair of dis
Than Perkin coude, and therto he was fre
Of his difpence, in place of privetee;
That fond his maifter wel in his chaffare,
For often time he fond his box ful bare.
  For fothly a prentis, a revelour,
That haunteth dis, riot and paramour,
His maifter fhal it in his fhoppe abie,
Al have he no part of the minftralcie;
For theft and riot they ben convertible,
Al can they play on giterne or ribible.

℣. 4375. *riding—in Chepe*] There were fometimes jufts in Cheapfide. *Hollingf.* v. ii. p. 348. But perhaps any proceffion may be meant. Mff. *Afk.* 1, 2. read *revel*.

℣. 4377. *And til*] *And* is added.

℣. 4394. *they play*] So mf. C.; all the reft read *he*.

Revel and trouth, as in a low degree,
They ben ful wroth all day, as men may see.
  This joly prentis with his maister abode,
Til he was neigh out of his prentishode,
Al were he snibbed bothe erly and late,
And somtime lad with revel to Newgate:
But at the last his maister him bethought,
Upon a day whan he his paper sought,
Of a proverbe that saith this same word,
Wel bet is roten appel out of hord
Than that it rote alle the remenant:
So fareth it by a riotous servant;
It is wel lasse harm to let him pace
Than he shende all the servants in the place:
Therfore his maister yaf him a quitance,
And bad him go, with sorwe and with meschance.
And thus this joly prentis had his leve:
Now let him riot all the night or leve.
  And for ther n'is no thefe without a louke
That helpeth him to wasten and to souke
Of that he briben can or borwe may,
Anon he sent his bed and his array
Unto a compere of his owen sort
That loved dis, and riot, and disport,
And had a wif that held for contenance
A shoppe, and swived for hire sustenance.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

v. 4413. *a louke*] A receiver to a thief, *Sp. Sk.* This explanation, I believe, is a mere fancy, but I have nothing better to propose.

THE MAN OF LAWES PROLOGUE.

OUR Hoſte ſaw wel that the brighte ſonne
The ark of his artificial day had ronne
The fourthe part and half an houre and more;
And though he were not depe expert in lore
He wiſte it was the eighte-and-twenty day
Of April, that is meſſager to May,
And ſaw wel that the ſhadow of every tree
Was as in lengthe of the ſame quantitee
That was the body erect that cauſed it,
And therfore by the ſhadow he toke his wit
That Phebus, which that ſhone ſo clere and bright,
Degrees was five-and-forty clombe on hight;
And for that day, as in that latitude,
It was ten of the clok he gan conclude,
And ſodenly he plight his hors aboute.
  Lordings, quod he, I warne you all this route
The fourthe partie of this day is gon:
Now for the love of God and of Seint John
Leſeth no time, as ferforth as ye may.
Lordings, the time it waſteth night and day,
And ſteleth from us, what prively ſleping,
And what thurgh negligence in our waking,
As doth the ſtreme, that turneth never again,
Deſcending fro the montagne into a plain.

ṽ. 4421. *Our Hoſte ſaw wel*] Concerning the time of day meant to be pointed out in the following lines ſee the *Diſcourſe, &c.* § 5.

Wel can Senek and many a philoſophre
Bewailen time more than gold in coffre;
For loſſe of catel may recovered be,
But loſſe of time ſhendeth us, quod he.
It wol not come again withouten drede,
No more than wol Malkins maidenhede
When ſhe hath loſt it in hire wantonneſſe:
Let us not moulen thus in idelneſſe.
  Sire Man of Lawe, quod he, ſo have ye blis,
Tell us a Tale anon, as forword is.
Ye ben ſubmitted thurgh your free aſſent
To ſtonde in this cas at my jugement.
Acquiteth you now, and holdeth your beheſt;
Than have ye don your devoir at the leſt.
  Hoſte, quod he, *de par dieux jeo aſſente,*
To breken forword is not min entente.
Beheſt is dette, and I wold hold it fayn
All my beheſt, I can no better ſayn.
For ſwiche lawe as man yeveth another wight
He ſhuld himſelven uſen it by right.
Thus wol our text; but natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale ſain,
But Chaucer (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on riming craftily)

℣. 4450. *Malkins maidenhede*] A common phraſe. *P. P.* fol. vii. a. b.;

Ye have no more merit of maſſe ne of houres
Than *Malkin of hire maydenhood*, that no man deſireth.

℣. 4467. *But Chaucer*] So mſſ. *C.* 1, *Aſk.* 1, 2. In the editt. it had been ſtrangely corrupted into *That.*

Hath ſayd hem in ſwiche Engliſh as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not ſayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath ſayd hem in another:
For he hath told of lovers up and doun
Mo than Ovide made of mentioun
In his *Epiſtolis*, that ben ful olde.
What ſhuld I tellen hem ſin they ben tolde?
In youthe he made of Ceys and Alcyon,
And ſithen hath he ſpoke of everich on
Thiſe noble wives, and thiſe lovers eke,
Who ſo that wol his large volume ſeke

℣. 4477. *In youthe he made of Ceys*] The ſtory of Ceyx and Alcyone is related in the introduction to the poem which was for ſome time called The Dreme of Chaucer, but which, in the mſſ. *Fairf.* 16, and *Bod.* 638, is more properly entitled The Booke of the Ducheſſe. The following note, which has been prefixed to it in all the later editions, is in mſ. *Fairf.* in the handwriting of John Stowe; "By the perſon of a mourning knight "ſitting under an oke is meant John of Gaunt, Duke of Lan-"caſter, greatly lamenting the death of one whom hee entirely "loved, ſuppoſed to be Blanche the Ducheſſe." I believe John is very right in his conjecture. Chaucer himſelf, in his Leg. of G. W. 418, ſays, that he made The Deth of Blaunche the Ducheſſe; and in the poem now under conſideration he plainly alludes to her name, ver. 948;

And faire white ſhe hete;
That was my ladys name right.

On the other hand the knight is repreſented, ver. 455, 6;

Of the age of foure-and-twenty yere,
Upon his berde but litel here.—

whereas John of Gaunt, at the death of Blanche in 1369, was about nine-and-twenty years of age. But this perhaps was a deſigned miſrepreſentation.—I will juſt obſerve that the manner in which Chaucer ſpeaks of his own age at the time of this compoſition is a confirmation of what has been ſuggeſted in

Cleped The Seintes Legende of Cupide:
Ther may he se the large woundes wide
Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe;
The swerd of Dido for the false Enee;
The tree of Phillis for hire Demophon;
The plaint of Deianire and Hermion,
Of Adriane and Ysiphilee;
The barreine ile stonding in the see;
The dreint Leandre for his fayre Hero;
The teres of Heleine, and eke the wo
Of Briseide and of Ladomia;
The crueltee of thee, Quene Medea,

the *Discourse*, &c. n. 3. that The Canterbury Tales were the work of his latest years. When the Duchess Blanch died he was one-and-forty, a time of life which, I believe, a man seldom calls his *youth*, till he is advanced at least twenty years beyond it.

ỳ. 4481. *The Seintes Legende of Cupide*] In the editt. it is called The Legende of Good Women; in ms. *Fairf.* 16, The Legendis of ix Gode Women. According to Lydgate [*Prol. to Boccace*] the number was to have been *nineteen*, and perhaps the Legende itself affords some ground for this notion; see ver. 183. But this number was probably never completed, and the last story of Hypermnestra is seemingly unfinished.——In this passage the Man of Lawe omits two ladies, *viz.* Cleopatra and Philomela, whose histories are in The Legende, and he enumerates eight others of whom there are no histories in The Legende as we have it at present: are we to suppose that they have been lost?—With respect to the time of Chaucer's writing The Legende see the *Discourse*, &c. n. 3.

ỳ. 4486. *The plaint of Deianire*] This reading is supported by several mss. of middling authority, but the better copies read *Diane*, and ms. *A. Syane.* There is a nymph *Cyane* in Ovid [*Metam.* l. v.] who weeps herself into a fountain, but not for love.

Thy litel children hanging by the hals
For thy Jafon, that was of love fo fals:
O Hipermeftra, Penelope, Alcefte!
Your wifhood he commendeth with the befte.
  But certainly no word ne writeth he
Of thilke wicke enfample of Canace,
That loved hire owen brother finfully;
(Of all fwiche curfed ftories I fay Fy)
Or elles of Tyrius Appolonious,
How that the curfed king Antiochus
Beraft his doughter of hire maidenhede,
That is fo horrible a tale for to rede,
Whan he hire threw upon the pavement.
And therfore he of ful avifement
N'old never write in non of his fermons
Of fwiche unkinde abhominations:
Ne I wol non reherfe, if that I may,
But of my Tale how fhal I don this day?
Me were loth to be likened douteles
To Mufes that men clepe Pierides,
(*Metamorphofeos* wote what I mene)
But natheles I recche not a bene
Though I come after him with hawebake;
I fpeke in profe, and let him rimes make.

ỳ. 4512. *To Mufes that men clepe Pierides*] He rather means, I think, the daughters of Pierus, who contended with the Mufes, and were changed into pies. *Ovid. Metam.* l. v.

ỳ. 4515. *with hawebake*] So mf. *A.* The other readings are—*hawe i bake*, mff. *Afk.* 1, 2.—*hawke bake*, B. C.—*bery*

And with that word he with a ſobre chere
Began his Tale, and ſayde as ye ſhull here.

THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O Scathful harm, condition of poverte,
With thirſt, with cold, with hunger, ſo confounded,
To aſken helpe thee ſhameth in thin herte,
If thou non aſk, ſo ſore art thou ywounded,
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.
Maugre thin hed thou muſt for indigence
Or ſtele or begge, or borwe thy diſpence.
Thou blameſt Criſt, and ſayſt ful bitterly,
He miſdeparteth richeſſe temporal;
Thy neighebour thou witeſt ſinfully,
And ſayſt thou haſt to litel and he hath all:
Parfay (ſayſt thou) ſomtime he reken ſhall,
Whan that his tayl ſhal brennen in the glede,
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.
Herken what is the ſentence of the wiſe,
Bet is to dien than have indigence,
Thy ſelve neighebour wol thee deſpiſe;

bake, B. 2. 1.—*have wee bauke*, E.—*have we bake*, B. ȿ. HA. *have ybake*, Ca. 2.—*thee whiche hath no lak*, Ca. 1.—The reader may take his choice of them.

The Man of Lawes Tale] Lady Cuſtance, the Emperor's daughter of Rome, after her marriage with the Soudan of Surrey, through the malice of the Soudan's mother ſuffereth great trouble and miſery with her young child Maurice, but yet in the end is reſtored to comfort.

Ѷ. 4534. *Bet is to dien*] This ſaying of Solomon is quoted in *Rom. de la Ro.* 8573, "Mieux vault mourir que pauvres eſtre."

If thou be poure ſarewel thy reverence.
Yet of the wiſe man take this ſentence,
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke;
Beware therfore or thou come to that pricke.
  If thou be poure thy brother hateth thee,
And all thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas!
O riche marchants! ful of wele ben ye,
O noble, o prudent folk! as in this cas,
Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,
But with ſiſ cink, that renneth for your chance;
At Criſtenmaſſe mery may ye dance.
  Ye ſeken lond and ſee for your winninges;
As wiſe folk ye knowen all th' eſtat
Of regnes; ye ben fathers of tidinges
And tales buth of pees and of debat:
I were right now of tales deſolat,
N'ere that a marchant, gon is many a yere,
Me taught a Tale which that ye ſhull here.
  In Surrie whilom dwelt a compagnie
Of chapmen rich, and therto ſad and trewe,
That wide were ſenten hir ſpicerie,
Clothes of gold, and ſatins riche of hewe:
Hir chaffare was ſo thrifty and ſo newe,
That every wight hath deintee to chaffare
With hem, and eke to ſellen hem hir ware.
  Now fell it that the maiſters of that ſort
Han ſhapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhood or for diſport,

Non other meſſage wold they thider ſende,
But comen hemſelf to Rome, this is the ende;
And in ſwiche place as thought hem avantage
For hir entente they taken hir herbergage.
Sojourned han theſe marchants in that toun
A certain time, as fell to hir pleſance:
And ſo befell that the excellent renoun
Of the emperoures doughter, Dame Cuſtance,
Reported was with every circumſtance
Unto theſe Surrien marchants in ſwiche wiſe
Fro day to day as I ſhal you deviſe.
This was the commun vois of every man:
Our emperour of Rome, God him ſe,
A doughter hath that ſin the world began,
To recken as wel hire goodneſſe as beaute,
N'as never ſwiche another as is ſhe;
I pray to God in honour hire ſuſtene,
And wold ſhe were of all Europe the quene.
In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
Youthe withouten grenehed or folie:
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide;
Humbleſſe hath ſlaien in hire tyrannie:
She is mirrour of alle curteſie,
Hire herte is veray chambre of holineſſe,
Hire hond miniſtre of fredom for almeſſe.
And al this vois was ſoth, as God is trewe;
But now to purpos let us turne agein.
Theſe marchants han don fraught hir ſhippes newe,

And whan they han this bliſful maiden ſein
Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,
And liven in wele; I can ſay you no more.
  Now fell it that theſe marchants ſtood in grace
Of him that was the Soudan of Surrie;
For whan they came from any ſtrange place
He wold of his benigne curteſie
Make hem good chere, and beſily eſpie
Tidings of ſundry regnes, for to lere
The wonders that they mighte ſeen or here.
  Amonges other thinges ſpecially
Theſe marchants han him told of Dame Cuſtance
So gret nobleſſe, in erneſt ſeriouſly,
That this Soudan hath caught ſo gret pleſance
To han hire figure in his remembrance,
That all his luſt and all his beſy cure
Was for to love hire while his lif may dure.
  Paraventure in thilke large book
Which that men clepe the Heven ywritten was
With ſterres, whan that he his birthe took,
That he for love ſhuld han his deth, alas!
For in the ſterres, clerer than is glas,
Is writen, God wot, who ſo coud it rede,
The deth of every man withouten drede.
  In ſterres many a winter therbeforn

ỽ. 4617. *In ſterres*] This paſſage is imitated from the *Megacoſmus* of Bernardus Sylveſtris, an eminent philoſopher and

Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;
The ftrif of Thebes, and of Hercules,
Of Sampfon, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deth; but mennes wittes ben fo dull
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.
This Soudan for his prive councel fent,
And fhortly of this matere for to pace,
He hath to hem declared his entent,
And fayd hem certain, but he might have grace
To han Cuftance, within a litel fpace
He n'as but ded, and charged hem in hie
To fhapen for his lif fom remedie.
Diverfe men diverfe thinges faiden;
They argumentes caften up and doun;
Many a fubtil refon forth they laiden;

poet about the middle of the 12th century. *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Ætat.* in v. *Bernardus Carnotenfis et Sylveftris.* I will tranfcribe here the original lines from mf. *Bod.* 1265;

Præjacet in ftellis feries, quam longior ætas
Explicet et fpatiis temporis ordo fuis,
Sceptra Phoronei, fratrum difcordia Thebis,
Flamma Phaethontis, Deucalionis aqua.
In ftellis Codri paupertas, copia Crœfi,
Inceftus Paridis, Hippolytique pudor.
In ftellis Priami fpecies, audacia Turni,
Senfus Ulyxeus, Herculeufque vigor.
In ftellis pugil eft Pollux et navita Typhis
Et Cicero rhetor et geometra Thales.
In ftellis lepidum dictat Maro, Milo figurat,
Fulgurat in Latia nobilitate Nero.
Aftra notat Perfis, Ægyptus parturit artes,
Græcia docta legit, prælia Roma gerit.

The four lines in Italicks are quoted in the margin of mf. *C.* 1.

They ſpeken of magike and abuſion;
But finally, as in concluſion,
They cannot ſeen in that non avantage,
Ne in non other way ſave mariage.
Than ſaw they therin ſwiche difficultee
By way of reſon, for to ſpeke all plain,
Becauſe ther was ſwiche diverſitee
Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they ſayn
They trowen that no Criſten prince wold fayn
Wedden his child under our lawe ſwete,
That us was yeven by Mahound our prophete.
And he anſwered, Rather than I leſe
Cuſtance I wol be criſtened douteles:
I mote ben hires, I may non other cheſe,
I pray you hold your arguments in pees;
Saveth my lif, and beth not reccheles
To geten hire that hath my lif in cure,
For in this wo I may not long endure.
What nedeth greter dilatation?
I ſay by tretiſe and ambaſſatrie,
And by the Popes mediation,
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,
That in deſtruction of Maumetrie,
And in encreſe of Criſtes lawe dere,
They ben accorded ſo as ye may here:
How that the Soudan and his baronage,
And all his lieges, ſhuld ycriſtened be,
And he ſhal han Cuſtance in mariage,

And certain gold, I n'ot what quantitee,
And hereto finden ſuffiſant ſuretee.
The ſame accord is ſworne on eyther ſide;
Now, fair Cuſtance, almighty God thee gide.
  Now wolden ſom men waiten, as I geſſe,
That I ſhuld tellen all the purveiance
The which that the Emperour of his nobleſſe
Hath ſhapen for his doughter Dame Cuſtance.
Wel may men know that ſo gret ordinance
May no man tellen in a litel clauſe
As was arraied for ſo high a cauſe.
  Biſhopes ben ſhapen with hire for to wende,
Lordes, ladies, and knightes of renoun,
And other folk ynow; this is the end:
And notified is thurghout al the toun
That every wight with gret devotioun
Shuld prayen Criſt that he this mariage
Receive in gree, and ſpede this viage.
  The day is comen of hire departing,
I ſay the woful day fatal is come
That ther may be no longer tarying,
But forward they hem dreſſen all and ſome.
Cuſtance, that was with ſorwe all overcome,
Ful pale ariſt, and dreſſeth hire to wende,
For wel ſhe ſeth ther n'is non other ende.
  Alas! what wonder is it though ſhe wept,
That ſhal be ſent to ſtraunge nation
Fro frendes that ſo tendrely hire kept,

And to be bounde under ſubjection
Of on ſhe knoweth not his condition?
Houſbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,
That knowen wives, I dare ſay no more.
  Fader, (ſhe ſaid) thy wretched child Cuſtance,
Thy yonge doughter, foſtered up ſo ſoft,
And ye, my moder, my ſoveraine pleſance
Over all thing, (out taken Criſt on loft)
Cuſtance your child hire recommendeth oft
Unto your grace, for I ſhal to Surrie,
Ne ſhal I never ſeen you more with eye.
  Alas! unto the Barbare nation
I muſte gon, ſin that it is your will;
But Criſt that ſtarſe for our redemption,
So yeve me grace his heſtes to fulfill,
I wretched woman no force though I ſpill:
Women arn borne to thraldom and penance,
And to ben under mannes governance.
  I trow at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall
Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,
Ne at Rome for the harm thurgh Hanniball,
That Romans hath venqueſhed times three,
N'as herd ſwiche tendre weping for pitee

Ѷ. 4709. *Or Ilion brent*] There is great confuſion among the mſſ. in this line. I have made the beſt ſenſe that I could, without departing too far from them. Mſ. *A.* reads

Or whanne Ilion brende Thebes the citee,

which might lead one to conjecture,

Or whanne Philip brende Thebes the citee.

This laſt phraſe is French. See *Froiſſart*, v. i. c. 225, "Dedans "Rénes *la cité* et environ."

As in the chambre was for hire parting;
But forth ſhe mote wheder ſhe wepe or ſing.
O firſte moving cruel firmament!
With thy diurnal ſwegh that croudeſt ay,
And hurtleſt all from eſt til occident,
That naturally wold hold another way,
Thy crouding ſet the heven in ſwiche array
At the beginning of this fierce viage
That cruel Mars hath ſlain this marriage.
Infortunat aſcendent tortuous,
Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas!
Out of his angle into the derkeſt hous,
O Mars, o Atyzar! as in this cas;
O feble Mone! unhappy ben thy pas,
Thou knitteſt thee ther thou art not received,
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.
Imprudent Emperour of Rome, alas!
Was ther no philoſophre in al thy toun?
Is no time bet than other in ſwiche cas?
Of viage is ther non electioun,
Namely to folk of high conditioun,

℣. 4725. *O Mars, o Atyzar*] So mſ. *A.* Other mſſ. read, *Athaſir*, *Atayzar*, *Attezar*, *Atazir*. I am not aſtrologer enough to determine which is the right word. *Atizar*, Span. and *Attiſer*, Fr. ſignify to light a fire, to inflame; but whether that ſenſe can have any place here I am doubtful.

℣. 4732. *is ther non electioun*] In the margin of mſ. *C.* 1, is the following quotation, "Omnes concordati ſunt, quod "*Electiones* ſint debiles, niſi in divitibus: habent enim iſti, li-"cet debilitentur eorum *electiones*, radicem, i. nativitates

Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe?
Alas! we ben to lewed or to ſlow.
  To ſhip is brought this woful faire maid
Solempnely, with every circumſtance:
Now Jeſu Criſt be with you all, ſhe ſaid.
Ther n'is no more, but Farewel, fair Cuſtance.
She peineth hire to make good countenance;
And forth I let hire ſayle in this manere,
And turne I wol againe to my matere.
  The mother of the Soudan, well of vices,
Eſpied hath hire ſones pleine entente,
How he wol lete his olde ſacrifices;
And right anon ſhe for her conſeil ſente,
And they ben comen to know what ſhe mente;
And whan aſſembled was this folk in ſere
She ſet hire doun, and ſayd as ye ſhul here.
  Lordes, (ſhe ſayd) ye known everich on
How that my ſone in point is for to lete
The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
Yeven by Goddes meſſager Mahomete;
But on avow to grete God I hete,
The lif ſhal rather out of my body ſterte
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.
  What ſhuld us tiden of this newe lawe
But thraldom to our bodies and penance,
And afterward in helle to ben drawe,

" eorum, quæ confortat omnem planetam debilem in iti-
" nere," &c. It is taken from *Liber Electionum*, by one Zael,
mſ. *Harl.* 80, *Bod.* 1648.

For we reneied Mahound our creance?
But, Lordes, wol ye maken aſſurance,
As I ſhal ſay, aſſenting to my lore?
And I ſhal make us ſauf for evermore.
  They ſworen and aſſented every man
To live with hire and die, and by hire ſtond;
And everich on, in the beſt wiſe he can,
To ſtrengthen hire ſhal all his frendes fond.
And ſhe hath this empriſe ytaken in hond
Which ye ſhull heren that I ſhal deviſe,
And to hem all ſhe ſpake right in this wiſe.
  We ſhul firſt feine us Criſtendom to take;
Cold water ſhal not greve us but a lite;
And I ſhal ſwiche a feſte and revel make
That, as I trow, I ſhal the Soudan quite:
For tho his wif be criſtened never ſo white
She ſhal have nede to waſh away the rede
Though ſhe a font of water with hire lede.
  O Soudanneſſe, rote of iniquitee,
Virago thou Semyramee the ſecond,
O ſerpent under femininitee,
Like to the ſerpent depe in helle ybound,
O feined woman! all that may confound
Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice
Is bred in thee, as neſt of every vice.
  O Sathan envious! ſin thilke day
That thou were chaſed from our heritage,
Wel knoweſt thou to woman the olde way:

Thou madeſt Eva bring us in ſervage,
Thou wolt fordon this Criſten mariage:
Thin inſtrument ſo (wala wa the while!)
Makeſt thou of women whan thou wolt begile.
This Soudanneſſe, whom I thus blame and warrie,
Let prively hire conſeil gon hir way:
What ſhuld I in this Tale longer tarie?
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
And ſayd him that ſhe wold reneie hire lay,
And Criſtendom of preſtes hondes fong,
Repenting hire ſhe Hethen was ſo long;
Beſeching him to don hire that honour
That ſhe might han the Criſten folk to feſt;
To pleſen hem I wol do my labour.
The Soudan ſaith, I wol don at your heſt,
And kneling thanked hire of that requeſt;
So glad he was ne n'iſte not what to ſay,
She kiſt hire ſone, and home ſhe goth hire way.
Arrived ben theſe Criſten folk to lond
In Surrie, with a gret ſolempne route,
And haſtily this Soudan ſent his ſond
Firſt to his mother and all the regne aboute,
And ſayd his wif was comen out of doute,
And praide hem for to riden again the quene,
The honour of his regne to ſuſtene.
Gret was the preſſe, and riche was th' array
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay

Received hire with all ſo glad a chere
As any mother might hire doughter dere;
And to the nexte citee ther beſide
A ſofte pas ſolempnely they ride.
Nought trow I the triumph of Julius,
Of which that Lucan maketh ſwiche a boſt,
Was realler or more curious
Than was th' aſſemblee of this blisful hoſt;
Butte this ſcorpion, this wicked goſt,
The Soudanneſſe, for all hire flattering
Caſt under this ful mortally to ſting.
The Soudan cometh himſelf ſone after this
So really, that wonder is to tell,
And welcometh hire with alle joye and blis.
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell;
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.
Whan time came, men thought it for the beſt
That revel ſtint, and men go to hir reſt.
The time come is this olde Soudanneſſe
Ordeined hath the feſte of which I tolde,
And to the feſte Criſten folk hem dreſſe
In general, ya, bothe yonge and olde.
Ther may men feſt and realtee beholde,
And deintees mo than I can you deviſe;
But all to dere they bought it or they riſe.
O ſoden wo, that ever art ſucceſſour
To wordly blis! ſpreint is with bitterneſſe

v. 4841. *O ſoden wo*] I ſhall tranſcribe the following paſſage from the margin of mſ. C. 1, though I know not from what author it is borrowed, as it confirms the readings adopted in

Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:
Wo occupieth the syn of our gladnesse.
Herken this conseil for thy sikernesse,
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware wo of harm that cometh behinde.
  For shortly for to tellen at a word,
The Soudan and the Cristen everich on
Ben all to-hewe and stiked at the bord
But it were only Dame Custance alone.
This olde Soudannesse, this cursed crone,
Hath with hire frendes don this cursed dede,
For she hireself wold all the contree lede.
  Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,
That he n'as all to-hewe er he asterted;
And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,
And in a ship all stereles (God wot)
They han hire set, and bidden hire lerne sayle
Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

the text; "Semper mundanæ lætitiæ tristitia repentina succedit. Mundana igitur felicitas multis amaritudinibus est respersa. Extrema gaudii luctus occupat. Audi ergo salubre consilium; in die bonorum ne immemor sis malorum." The editt. read, *O soudan wo, &c.*

ỽ. 4858. *fote-hot*] Hastily, with all expedition. See *Gower, Conf. Amant.* fol. 81b;

> And forth with all anon *fote hote*
> He stale the cowe—

See also *R. R.* 3827, "Haut le pied," in French, has the same signification. *Cotgrave*, in v.; so that I should suspect *hot*, in our phrase, to be a corruption of *haut*.

A certain treſor that ſhe thither ladde,
And ſoth to ſayn vitaille gret plentee,
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke ſhe hadde,
And forth ſhe ſayleth in the ſalte ſee.
O my Cuſtance! ful of benignitee,
O Emperoures yonge doughter dere!
He that is Lord of fortune be thy ſtere.

She bleſſeth hire, and with ful pitous vois
Unto the crois of Criſt thus ſayde ſhe:
O clere, o weleful auter, holy crois!
Red of the Lambes blood ful of pitee,
That weſh the world fro the old iniquitee,
Me fro the fende and fro his clawes kepe
That day that I ſhal drenchen in the depe.

Victorious tree, protection of trewe,
That only worthy were for to bere
The King of heven with his woundes newe,
The white Lamb, that hurt was with a ſpere;
Flemer of fendes out of him and here
On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,
Me kepe, and yeve me might my lif to amenden.

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature
Thurghout the ſee of Grece, unto the Straite
Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure:
On many a ſory mele now may ſhe baite;
After hire deth ful often may ſhe waite,
Or that the wilde waves wol hire drive
Unto the place ther as ſhe ſhal arive.

Men mighten aſken why ſhe was not ſlain?
Eke at the feſte who might hire body ſave?
And I anſwer to that demand again,
Who ſaved Daniel in the horrible cave,
Ther every wight ſave he, maſter or knave,
Was with the leon frette or he aſterte?
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte.

God liſt to ſhew his wonderful miracle
In hire, for we ſhuld ſeen his mighty werkes:
Criſt, which that is to every harm triacle,
By certain menes oft, as knowen clerkes,
Doth thing for certain ende that ful derke is
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance
Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.

Now ſith ſhe was not at the feſte yſlawe,
Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the ſee?
Who kepte Jonas in the fiſhes mawe,
Til he was ſpouted up at Ninivee?
Wel may men know it was no wight but he
That kept the peple Ebraike fro drenching,
With drye feet thurghout the ſee paſſing.

Who bade the foure ſpirits of tempeſt,
That power han to anoyen lond and ſee,
Both north and ſouth, and alſo weſt and eſt,
Anoyen neyther ſee, ne lond, ne tree?
Sothly the commander of that was he
That fro the tempeſt ay this woman kepte
As wel whan ſhe awoke as whan ſhe ſlepte.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have?
Three yere and more how laſteth hire vitaille?
Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave
Or in deſert? no wight but Criſt *ſans faille*.
Five thouſand folk it was as gret marvaille
With loves five and fiſhes two to fede:
God ſent his foyſon at hire grete nede.

She driveth forth into our ocean
Thurghout our wide ſee, til at the laſt
Under an hold, that nempnen I ne can,
Fer in Northumberlond, the wave hire caſt,
And in the ſand hire ſhip ſtiked ſo faſt
That thennes wolde it not in all a tide:
The wille of Criſt was that ſhe ſhulde abide.

The Conſtable of the caſtle doun is fare
To ſeen this wrecke, and al the ſhip he ſought,
And fond this wery woman ful of care;
He fond alſo the treſour that ſhe brought:
In hire langage mercy ſhe beſought,
The lif out of hire body for to twinne,
Hire to deliver of wo that ſhe was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire ſpeche,
But algate therby was ſhe underſtond.
The Conſtable, whan him liſt no lenger ſeche,
This woful woman brought he to the lond.
She kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes ſond;
But what ſhe was ſhe wolde no man ſeye
For foule ne faire, though that ſhe ſhulde deye.

She ſaid ſhe was ſo maſed in the ſee
That ſhe forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.
The Conſtable hath of hire ſo gret pitee,
And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh:
She was ſo diligent withouten ſlouth
To ſerve and pleſen everich in that place
That all hire love that loken in hire face.

The Conſtable and Dame Hermegild his wif
Were Payenes, and that contree every wher;
But Hermegild loved Cuſtance as hire lif;
And Cuſtance hath ſo long ſojourned ther
In oriſons, with many a bitter tere,
Til Jeſu hath converted thurgh his grace
Dame Hermegild, Conſtableſſe of that place.

In all that lond no Criſten dorſte route;
All Criſten folk ben fled fro that contree
Thurgh Payenes, that conquereden all aboute
The plages of the north by lond and ſee.
To Wales fled the Criſtianitee
Of olde Bretons dwelling in this ile;
Ther was hir refuge for the mene while.

But yet n'ere Criſten Bretons ſo exiled
That ther n'ere ſom which in hir privitee
Honoured Criſt, and Hethen folk begiled,
And neigh the caſtle ſwiche ther dwelten three:
That on of hem was blind, and might not ſee,
But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,
With which men mowen ſee whan they ben blinde.

Bright was the ſonne as in that ſommers day,
For which the Conſtable and his wif alſo,
And Cuſtance, han ytake the righte way
Toward the ſee a furlong way or two,
To plaien and to romen to and fro,
And in hir walk this blinde man they mette,
Croked and olde, with eyen faſt yſhette.

In the name of Criſt, (cried this blinde Breton)
Dame Hermegild, yeve me my ſight again.
This lady wexe afraied of that ſoun,
Leſt that hire huſbond, ſhortly for to ſain,
Wold hire for Jeſu Criſtes love have ſlain,
Til Cuſtance made hire bold, and bad hire werche
The will of Criſt, as doughter of holy cherche.

The Conſtable wexe abaſhed of that ſight,
And ſayde, What amounteth all this fare?
Cuſtance anſwered, Sire, it is Criſtes might,
That helpeth folk out of the fendes ſnare:
And ſo ferforth ſhe gan our lay declare,
That ſhe the Conſtable, er that it were eve,
Converted, and on Criſt made him beleve.

This Conſtable was not lord of the place
Of which I ſpeke, ther as he Cuſtance fond,
But kept it ſtrongly many a winter ſpace
Under Alla King of Northumberlond,
That was ful wiſe, and worthy of his hond
Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here;
But tourne I wol againe to my matere.

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to begile,
Saw of Custance all hire perfectioun,
And cast anon how he might quite hire while,
And made a yonge knight, that dwelt it that toun,
Love hire so hote of foule affectioun,
That veraily him thought that he shuld spille
But he of hire might ones han his wille.

He woeth hire, but it availeth nought;
She wolde do no sinne by no wey;
And for despit he compassed his thought
To maken hire on shameful deth to dey:
He waiteth whan the Constable is away,
And privily upon a night he crepte
In Hermegildes chambre while she slepte.

Wery, forwaked in hire orisons,
Slepeth Custance, and Hermegilde also.
This knight, thurgh Sathanas temptations,
All softely is to the bed ygo,
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,

ỽ. 5002.] The following plot of the knight against Constance, [from this ver. to ver. 5030,] and also her adventure with the steward [from ver 5330 to ver. 5344,] are both to be found (with some small variations) in a story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. 101, ms. *Harl.* 2270. Occleve has versified the whole story, as he has another from the same collection, *De Johnatha et muliere malâ*, ch. 54. *Ibid.* (cxx. *edit.*) See an excellent ms. of Occleve's works, *Bib. Reg.* 17, d. vi. The first poem begins, ---"In the Romain Jestes writen is thus:" the second,---"Some "time an emperour prudent and wise."

ỽ. 5004. *how he might quite hire while*] Her time, labour, &c. So in *The Leg. of Ariad.* v. ult. "the divel *quite him his while.*"

And layd the blody knif by Dame Cuſtance,
And went his way, ther God yeve him miſchance.

Sone after cometh this Conſtable home again,
And eke Alla, that king was of that lond,
And ſaw his wife deſpitouſly yſlain,
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond;
And in the bed the blody knif he fond
By Dame Cuſtance. Alas! what might ſhe ſay?
For veray wo hire wit was all away.

To King Alla was told all this miſchance,
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wiſe,
That in a ſhip was fonden this Cuſtance,
As here before ye han herd me deviſe:
The kinges herte of pitee gan agriſe
Whan he ſaw ſo benigne a creature
Falle in diſeſe and in miſaventure.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,
So ſtant this innocent beforn the king:
This falſe knight, that hath this treſon wrought,
Bereth hire in hond that ſhe hath don this thing:
But natheles there was gret murmuring
Among the peple, and ſayn they cannot geſſe
That ſhe had don ſo great a wickedneſſe;

For they han ſeen hire ever ſo vertuous,
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif.
Of this bare witneſſe everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermegild ſlow with his knif.
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif

Of this witneſs, and thought he wold enquere
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.
  Alas! Cuſtance, thou haſt no champion,
Ne fighten canſt thou not, ſo wala wa!
But he that ſtarf for our redemption,
And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
So be thy ſtronge champion this day:
For but if Criſt on thee miracle kithe
Withouten gilt thou ſhalt be ſlaine as ſwithe.
  She ſet hire doun on knees, and thus ſhe ſayde;
Immortal God! that ſavedeſt Suſanne
Fro falſe blame, and thou merciful mayde,
Mary I mene, doughter to Seint Anne,
Beforn whos child angels ſingen Oſanne,
If I be gilteles of this felonie
My ſocour be, or elles ſhal I die.
  Have ye not ſeen ſomtime a pale face
(Among a prees) of him that hath ben lad
Toward his deth, wher as he geteth no grace,
And ſwiche a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was ſo beſtad
Amonges all the faces in that route,
So ſtant Cuſtance, and loketh hire aboute.
  O quenes living in proſperitee,
Ducheſſes, and ye ladies everich on!
Haveth ſom routhe on hire adverſitee:
An emperoures doughter ſtant alone;
She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone.

O blood real, that ſtondeſt in this drede,
Fer ben thy frendes in thy grete nede!
This Alla king hath ſwiche compaſſioun,
As gentil herte is fulfilled of pitee,
That fro his eyen ran the water doun.
Now haſtily do fecche a book, quod he,
And if this knight wol ſweren how that ſhe
This woman ſlow, yet wol we us aviſe,
Whom that we wol that ſhal ben our juſtice.
A Breton book, written with Evangiles,
Was fet, and on this book he ſwore anon
She giltif was, and in the mene whiles
An hond him ſmote upon the nekke bone,
That doun he fell at ones as a ſtone,
And both his eyen broſt out of his face
In ſight of every body in that place.
A vois was herd, in general audience,
That ſayd, Thou haſt deſclandred gilteles
The doughter of holy chirche in high preſence;
Thus haſt thou don, and yet hold I my pees.
Of this mervaille agaſt was all the prees;
As maſed folk they ſtonden everich on
For drede of wreche, ſave Cuſtance alone.
Gret was the drede and eke the repentance
Of hem that hadden wronge ſuſpection
Upon this ſely innocent Cuſtance:
And for this miracle, in concluſion,
And by Cuſtances mediation,

The king, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Criſtes grace.
  This falſe knight was ſlain for his untrouthe
By jugement of Alla haſtily;
And yet Cuſtance had of his deth gret routhe;
And after this Jeſus of his mercy
Made Alla wedden ful ſolempnely
This holy woman, that is ſo bright and ſhene;
And thus hath Criſt ymade Cuſtance a quene.
  But who was woful (if I ſhal not lie)
Of this wedding but Donegild, and no mo,
The kinges mother, ful of tyrannie?
Hire thoughte hire curſed herte braſt atwo;
She wolde not that hire ſone had do ſo:
Hire thoughte a deſpit that he ſhulde take
So ſtrange a creature unto his make.
  Me liſt not of the chaf ne of the ſtre
Maken ſo long a tale as of the corn.
What ſhulde I tellen of the realtee
Of this mariage, or which cours goth beforn,
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?
The fruit of every tale is for to ſay;
They ete and drinke, and dance, and ſing, and play.
  They gon to bed, as it was ſkill and right,
For though that wives ben ful holy thinges,
They moſten take in patience a night
Swiche maner neceſſaries, as ben pleſinges
To folk that han ywedded hem with ringes,

And lay a lite hir holineſſe aſide
As for the time, it may no bet betide.

On hire he gat a knave childe anon,
And to a biſhop, and his Conſtable eke,
He toke his wif to kepe, whan he is gon
To Scotland ward, his fomen for to ſeke.
Now faire Cuſtance, that is ſo humble and meke,
So long is gon with childe til that ſtill
She halt hire chambre, abiding Criſtes will.

The time is come, a knave child ſhe bere;
Mauricius at the fontſtone they him calle.
This Conſtable doth forth come a meſſager,
And wrote unto his king that cleped was Alle,
How that this bliſful tiding is befalle,
And other tidings ſpedeful for to ſay.
He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

This meſſager, to don his avantage,
Unto the kinges mother rideth ſwithe,
And ſalueth hire ful faire in his langage.
Madame, quod he, ye may be glad and blithe,
And thanken God an hundred thouſand ſithe;
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,
To joye and bliſſe of all this regne aboute.

Lo here the lettre ſeled of this thing,
That I moſt bere in all the haſt I may:
If ye wol ought unto your ſone the king,
I am your ſervant bothe night and day.
Donegilde anſwerd, As now at this time nay;

But here I wol all night thou take thy reſt,
To-morwe wol I ſay thee what me leſt.
  This meſſager drank ſadly ale and wine,
And ſtolen were his lettres privcly
Out of his box, while he ſlept as a ſwine;
And contrefeted was ful ſubtilly
Another lettre, wrought ful ſinfully,
Unto the king direɛte of this matere
Fro his Conſtable, as ye ſhal after here.
  This lettre ſpake, the quene delivered was
Of ſo horrible a fendliche creature,
That in the caſtle non ſo hardy was
That any while dorſte therein endure:
The mother was an elfe by aventure
Ycome, by charmes or by ſorcerie,
And everich man hateth hire compagnie.
  Wo was this king whan he this lettre had ſein,
But to no wight he told his ſorwes ſore,
But of his owen hand he wrote again;
Welcome the ſonde of Criſt for evermore
To me, that am now lerned in his lore:
Lord, welcome be thy luſt and thy pleſance;
My luſt I put all in thyn ordinance.
  Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,
And eke my wif, unto min home coming:
Criſt whan him liſt may ſenden me an heire
More agreable than this to my liking.
This lettre he ſeled, privcly weping,

Which to the meſſager was taken ſone,
And forth he goth, ther is no more to done.
  O meſſager fulfilled of dronkeneſſe!
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faltren ay,
And thou bewreieſt alle ſecreneſſe;
Thy mind is lorne, thou jangleſt as a jay;
Thy face is tourned in a new array:
Ther dronkeneſſe regneth in any route
Ther is no conſeil hid withouten doute.
  O Donegild! I ne have non Engliſh digne
Unto thy malice and thy tirannie,
And therfore to the fende I thee reſigne,
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.
Fy, manniſh, fy! o nay by God I lie;
Fy, fendliche ſpirit! for I dare wel telle
Though thou here walke thy ſpirit is in helle.
  This meſſager cometh fro the king again,
And at the kinges modres court he light,
And ſhe was of this meſſager ful fayn,
And pleſed him in all that ever ſhe might.
He dranke and wel his girdel underpight;
He ſlepeth and he ſnoreth in his giſe
All night until the ſonne gan ariſe.
  Eft were his lettres ſtolen everich on,
And contrefeted lettres in this wiſe.

ỳ. 5191. *O meſſager*] "Quid turpius ebrioſo, cui fœtor in "ore, tremor in corpore; qui promit ſtulta, prodit occulta; "cui mens alienatur, facies transformatur? nullum enim latet "ſecretum ubi regnat ebrietas." *Marg. C.* 1.

But here I wol all night thou take thy reſt,
To-morwe wol I ſay thee what me leſt.
This meſſager drank ſadly ale and wine,
And ſtolen were his lettres prively
Out of his box, while he ſlept as a ſwine;
And contrefeted was ful ſubtilly
Another lettre, wrought ful ſinfully,
Unto the king directe of this matere
Fro his Conſtable, as ye ſhal after here.
This lettre ſpake, the quene delivered was
Of ſo horrible a fendliche creature,
That in the caſtle non ſo hardy was
That any while dorſte therein endure:
The mother was an elfe by aventure
Ycome, by charmes or by ſorcerie,
And everich man hateth hire compagnie.
Wo was this king whan he this lettre had ſein,
But to no wight he told his ſorwes ſore,
But of his owen hand he wrote again;
Welcome the ſonde of Criſt for evermore
To me, that am now lerned in his lore:
Lord, welcome be thy luſt and thy pleſance;
My luſt I put all in thyn ordinance.
Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,
And eke my wif, unto min home coming:
Criſt whan him liſt may ſenden me an heire
More agreable than this to my liking.
This lettre he ſeled, privily weping,

And Cuſtance with a dedly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ſhip ſhe went;
But natheles ſhe taketh in good entent
The will of Criſt, and kneling on the ſtrond
She ſayde, Lord, ay welcome be thy ſond.
  He that me kepte fro the falſe blame,
While I was in the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro ſhame
In the ſalt ſee, although I ſe not how:
As ſtrong as ever he was he is yet now:
In him truſt I, and in his mother dere,
That is to me my ſail and eke my ſtere.
  Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneling pitouſly to him ſhe ſaid,
Pees, litel ſone, I wol do thee no harm:
With that hire couverchief of hire hed ſhe braid,
And over his litel eyen ſhe it laid,
And in hire arme ſhe lulleth it ful faſt,
And into the heven hire eyen up ſhe caſt.
  Mother, quod ſhe, and mayden, bright Marie!
Soth is that thurgh womannes eggement
Mankind was lorne, and damned ay to die,
For which thy child was on a crois yrent:
Thy bliſful eyen ſaw all his turment,
Than is ther no compariſon betwene
Thy wo and any wo man may ſuſtene.
  Thou ſaw thy child yſlain before thin eyen,
And yet now liveth my litel child parfay:

Now, Lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhed, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refute, bright ſterre of day!
Rew on my child, that of thy gentilleſſe
Reweſt on every rewful in diſtreſſe.
O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt,
That never wroughteſt ſinne as yet parde?
Why wol thin harde father have thee ſpilt?
O mercy, dere Conſtable! (quod ſhe)
As let my litel child dwell here with thee;
And if thou darſt not ſaven him fro blame,
So kiſſe him ones in his fadres name.
Therwith ſhe loketh backward to the lond,
And ſaide, Farewel, houſbond routheles!
And up ſhe riſt, and walketh doun the ſtrond
Toward the ſhip; hire foloweth all the prees:
And ever ſhe praieth hire child to hold his pees,
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent
She bleſſeth hire, and into the ſhip ſhe went.
Vitailled was the ſhip, it is no drede,
Habundantly for hire a ful long ſpace;
And other neceſſaries that ſhuld nede
She had ynow, heried be Goddes grace:
For wind and wether, almighty God purchace,
And bring hire home, I can no better ſay,
But in the ſee ſhe driveth forth hire way.
Alla the king cometh home ſone after this
Unto his caſtel, of the which I told,

And aſketh wher his wif and his child is;
The Conſtable gan about his herte cold,
And plainly all the matere he him told
As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,
And ſhewed the king his ſele and his letter;
  And ſaide, Lord, as ye commanded me
Up peine of deth, ſo have I don certain.
This meſſager turmented was til he
Moſte beknowe, and tellen plat and plain
Fro night to night in what place he had lain:
And thus by wit and ſubtil enquering
Imagined was by whom this harm gan ſpring.
  The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,
And all the venime of this curſed dede,
But in what wiſe certainly I n'ot.
The effect is this, that Alla out of drede
His moder ſlew, that moun men plainly rede,
For that ſhe traitour was to hire ligeance.
Thus endeth this old Donegild with meſchance.
  The ſorwe that this Alla night and day
Maketh for his wif and for his child alſo
Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.
But now wol I agen to Cuſtance go,
That fleteth in the ſee in peine and wo
Five yere and more, as liked Criſtes ſonde,
Or that hire ſhip approched to the londe.
  Under an Hethen caſtel at the laſt,
(Of which the name in my text I not find)

Cuſtance and eke hire child the ſee up caſt.
Almighty God, that ſaved all mankind,
Have on Cuſtance and on hire child ſom mind,
That fallen is in Hethen hond eftſone
In point to ſpill, as I ſhal tell you ſone.
 Doun fro the caſtel cometh ther many a wight
To gauren on this ſhip and on Cuſtance:
But ſhortly fro the caſtel on a night,
The lordes ſteward, (God yeve him meſchance)
A theef that had reneyed our creance,
Came into the ſhip alone, and ſaid he wolde
Hire lemman be whether ſhe wolde or n'olde.
 Wo was this wretched woman tho begon;
Hire child cried, and ſhe cried pitouſly;
But bliſful Mary halpe hire right anon,
For with hire ſtrogling wel and mightily
The theef fell over bord al ſodenly,
And in the ſee he drenched for vengeance;
And thus hath Criſt unwemmed kept Cuſtance.
 O foule luſt of luxurie! lo thin ende,
Nat only that thou fainteſt mannes mind,
But veraily thou wolt his body ſhende.
Th' ende of thy werk, or of thy luſtes blind,
Is complaining: how many may men find
That not for werk ſomtime, but for th' entent
To don this ſinne, ben eyther ſlain or ſhent?

ꝟ. 5345. *O foule luſt*] "O extrema libidinis turpitudo, quæ "non ſolum mentem effeminat, ſet etiam corpus enervat: "ſemper ſecuntur dolor et pœnitentia poſt," &c. *Marg. C. 1.*

How may this weke woman han the ſtrengt
Hire to defend again this renegate?
O Golias! unmeſurable of length,
How mighte David maken thee ſo mate?
So yonge, and of armure ſo deſolate,
How dorſt he loke upon thy dredful face?
Wel may men ſeen it was but Goddes grace.

Who yaf Judith corage or hardineſſe
To ſleen him Holofernes in his tent,
And to deliver out of wretchedneſſe
The peple of God? I ſay for this entent,
That right as God ſpirit of vigour ſent
To hem, and ſaved hem out of meſchance,
So ſent he might and vigour to Cuſtance.

Forth goth hire ſhip thurghout the narwe m
Of Jubaltare and Septe, driving alway,
Somtime weſt, and ſomtime north and ſouth,
And ſomtime eſt, ful many a wery day,
Til Criſtes moder (bleſſed be ſhe ay)
Hath ſhapen thurgh hire endeles goodneſſe
To make an end of all hire hevineſſe.

Now let us ſtint of Cuſtance but a throw,
And ſpeke we of the Romane emperour,
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe
The ſlaughter of Criſten folk, and diſhonour
Don to his doughter by a falſe traitour,
I mene the curſed wicked Soudanneſſe,
That at the feſt let ſleen both more and leſſe.

For which this emperour hath ſent anon
His ſenatour, with real ordinance,
And other lordes, God wote, many on,
On Surriens to taken high vengeance:
They brennen, ſleen, and bring hem to meſchance,
Ful many a day: but ſhortly this is th'ende,
Homward to Rome they ſhapen hem to wende.

This ſenatour repaireth with victorie
To Rome ward, ſayling ful really,
And met the ſhip driving, as ſaith the ſtorie,
In which Cuſtance ſitteth ful pitouſly:
Nothing ne knew he what ſhe was, ne why
She was in ſwiche array, ne ſhe wil ſey
Of hire eſtat, though that ſhe ſhulde dey.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif
He yaf hire, and hire yonge ſonne alſo,
And with the ſenatour ſhe lad hire lif.
Thus can our Lady bringen out of wo
Woful Cuſtance, and many another mo:
And longe time dwelled ſhe in that place
In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace.

The ſenatoures wif hire aunte was,
But for all that ſhe knew hire never the more:
I wol no longer tarien in this cas,
But to King Alla, which I ſpake of yore,
That for his wif wipeth and ſiketh ſore,
I wol returne, and let I wol Cuſtance
Under the ſenatoures governance.

King Alla, which that had his moder ſlain,
Upon a day fell in ſwiche repentance,
That if I ſhortly tellen ſhal and plain,
To Rome he cometh to receive his penance,
And putte him in the Popes ordinance
In high and low, and Jeſu Criſt beſought
Foryeve his wicked werkes that he had wrought.

The ſame anon thurghout the toun is born,
How Alla king ſhal come on pilgrimage,
By herbergeours that wenten him beforn,
For which the ſenatour, as was uſage,
Rode him againe, and many of his linage,
As wel to ſhewen his high magnificence
As to don any king a reverence.

Gret chere doth this noble ſenatour
To King Alla, and he to him alſo:
Everich of hem doth other gret honour;
And ſo befell that in a day or two
This ſenatour is to King Alla go
To feſt, and ſhortly, if I ſhal not lie,
Cuſtances ſone went in his compagnie.

Som men wold ſain at requeſte of Cuſtance
This ſenatour hath lad this child to feſte:
I may not tellen every circumſtance;
Be as be may ther was he at the leſte:
But ſoth is this, that at his mothers heſte
Beforn Alla, during the metes ſpace,
The child ſtood, loking in the kinges face.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,
And to the ſenatour he ſaid anon,
Whos is that faire child that ſtondeth yonder?
I n'ot, quod he, by God, and by Seint John;
A moder he hath, but fader hath he non
That I of wote: but ſhortly in a ſtound
He told Alla how that this child was found.

But God wot, quod this ſenatour alſo,
So vertuous a liver in all my lif
Ne ſaw I never as ſhe, ne herd of mo
Of wordly woman, maiden, widewe or wif:
I dare wel ſayn hire hadde lever a knif
Thurghout hire breſt than ben a woman wikke;
Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke.

Now was this child as like unto Cuſtance
As poſſible is a creature to be:
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of Dame Cuſtance, and theron muſed he,
If that the childes moder were aught ſhe
That is his wif, and prively he ſighte,
And ſped him fro the table that he mighte.

Parfay, thought he, fantome is in min hed;
I ought to deme of ſkilful jugement
That in the ſalte ſee my wif is ded.
And afterward he made his argument;
What wot I if that Criſt have hider ſent
My wif by ſee, as wel as he hire lent
To my contree, fro thennes that ſhe went?

And after noon home with the ſenatour
Goth Alla, for to ſee this wonder chance.
This ſenatour doth Alla gret honour,
And haſtily he ſent after Cuſtance;
But truſteth wel hire luſte not to dance:
Whan that ſhe wiſte wherfore was that ſonde
Unnethe upon hire feet ſhe mighte ſtonde.

Whan Alla ſaw his wif faire he hire grette,
And wept that it was routhe for to ſee;
For at the firſte look he on hire ſette
He knew wel veraily that it was ſhe;
And ſhe for ſorwe as domb ſtant as a tree:
So was hire herte ſhette in hire diſtreſſe
Whan ſhe remembered his unkindeneſſe.

Twies ſhe ſwouneth in his owen ſight;
He wepeth and him excuſeth pitouſly:
Now God, quod he, and all his halwes bright,
So wiſly on my ſoule as have mercy,
That of your harme as gilteles am I
As is Maurice my ſone, ſo like your face,
Elles the fend me ſetche out of this place.

Long was the ſobbing and the bitter peine
Or that hir woful hertes mighten ceſe,
Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encreſe.
I pray you all my labour to releſe,
I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,
I am ſo wery for to ſpeke of ſorwe.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist,
That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,
I trow an hundred times han they kist,
And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,
That save the joye that lasteth evermo
Ther is non like that any creature
Hath seen or shal while that the world may dure.

Tho praied she hire husbond mekely,
In relief of hire longe pitous pine,
That he wold pray hire fader specially
That of his magestee he wold encline
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine;
She praied him eke he shulde by no way
Tell hire fader no word of hire say.

Som men wold sayn how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this emperour;
But as I gesse Alla was not so nice,
To him that is so soveraine of honour,
As he that is of Cristen folk the flour,
Send any child, but it is bet to deme
He went himself, and so it may wel seme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly
To come to dinner as he him besoughte;
And wel rede I he loked besily
Upon this child, and on his doughter thought.

ver. 5506. *Som men wold sayn*] See *Gower*, *Conf. Amant* B. ii. fol. 35, b. 11, and the *Discourse*, &c. § 15.---In another circumstance which has been introduced with the same words, ver. 5429, our Author agrees with Gower, *ibid.* fol. 35, a. 1.

Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought
Arraied for this feſte in every wiſe
As ferforth as his conning may ſuffice.
The morwe came, and Alla gan him dreſſe,
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete;
And forth they ride in joye and in gladneſſe;
And whan ſhe ſaw hire fader in the ſtrete
She light adoun and falleth him to fete.
Fader, quod ſhe, your yonge child Cuſtance
Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.
I am your doughter, your Cuſtance, quod ſhe,
That whilom ye han ſent into Surrie;
It am I, fader, that in the ſalte ſee
Was put alone, and dampned for to die:
Now, goode fader, I you mercy crie;
Send me no more into non Hetheneſſe,
But thanketh my lord here of his kindeneſſe.
Who can the pitous joye tellen all
Betwix hem thre ſin they ben thus ymette?
But of my Tale make an ende I ſhal,
The day goth faſt, I wol no longer lette.
Thiſe glade folk to dinner ben yſette;
In joye and bliſſe at mete I let hem dwell,
A thouſand fold wel more than I can tell.
This child Maurice was ſithen Emperour
Made by the Pope, and lived Criſtenly;
To Criſtes chirche did he gret honour:

℣. 5527. *your Cuſtance*] I have added *your* for the ſake of the metre.

But I let all his ſtorie paſſen by;
Of Cuſtance is my Tale ſpecially;
In the olde Romane geſtes men may find
Maurices lif, I bere it not in mind.
  This King Alla, whan he his time ſey,
With his Cuſtance, his holy wif ſo ſwete,
To Englond ben they come the righte wey,
Ther as they live in joye and in quiete:
But litel while it laſteth I you hete;
Joye of this world for time wol not abide,
Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.
  Who lived ever in ſwiche delite o day
That him ne meved eyther conſcience,
Or ire, or talent, or ſom kin affray,
Envie, or pride, or paſſion, or offence?
I ne ſay but for this end this ſentence,
That litel while in joye or in pleſance
Laſteth the bliſſe of Alla with Cuſtance.
  For Deth, that taketh of hie and low his rente,
Whan paſſed was a yere, even as I geſſe,
Out of this world this King Alla he hente,

℣. 5552. *But litel while*] In *Marg. C.* 1, " A mane uſque ad " veſperem mutabitur tempus. tenent tympanum et gaudent " ad ſonum organi," *&c.*

℣. 5555. *Who lived ever*] *Ibid.* " Quis unquam unicam diem " totam in ſua dilectione duxit jocundam? quem in aliqua " parte diei reatus conſcientiæ, *viz.* impetus iræ, vel motus " concupiſcentiæ non turbavit; quem livor, vel ardor avari- " tiæ, vel tumor ſuperbiæ non vexavit, quem aliqua jactura, " vel offenſa, vel paſſio non commoverit," *&c.*

For whom Cuſtance hath ful gret heveneſſe;
Now let us praien God his ſoule bleſſe:
And Dame Cuſtance, finally to ſay,
Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.
  To Rome is come this holy creature,
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and ſound;
Now is ſhe ſcaped all hire aventure:
And whan that ſhe hire fader hath yfound
Doun on hire knees falleth ſhe to ground,
Weping for tenderneſſe in herte blithe,
She herieth God an hundred thouſand ſithe.
  In vertue and in holy almeſſe dede
They liven alle, and never aſonder wende;
Till deth departeth hem this lif they lede:
And fareth now wel, my Tale is at an ende.
Now Jeſu Criſt, that of his might may ſende
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place.

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END OF VOLUME SECOND.